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*The Sea Is Woman*



ALBERT E. IDELL

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*The Sea Is Woman*

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To  
BILL SLOANE  
*for his part in the conception  
of this book*

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## FOREWORD

THE INCIDENTS upon which this novel is based appeared in a chapter of *Poor Man's Doctor*, an autobiography by Dr. Lewis R. Tryon (Prentice-Hall, Inc.). As indicated therein, these were experiences shared by Dr. Tryon and the present author, who has used for the purposes of a work of fiction the factual story recounted in *Poor Man's Doctor*.

The S.S. *Hawkeye State* did make a voyage from San Pedro, California, to New York in November, 1921. There was a mutiny on board on the anniversary of Armistice Day. In fact, practically all of the incidents narrated in this volume actually occurred. Certain of the events have been changed in sequence. The thoughts and feelings ascribed to the individuals are mainly the products of the author's imagination. Especially is this true of the Dr. Brandt of this novel. While Dr. Tryon furnished the inspiration for him, it is in no sense a portrait, nor were the experiences of Dr. Brandt necessarily those of Dr. Tryon.

Just one more disclaimer. The author has sailed upon too many vessels since that memorable voyage to recall the design of the S.S. *Hawkeye State*, and the descriptions of that vessel are accurate only to the extent that he remembers them. He has also tried to restrict himself to nautical terms which could readily be absorbed within a few days by passengers at sea, along with such misconceptions as they might hold.

ALBERT E. IDELL



*The Sea Is Woman*



## *The First Day*

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THE SUN was obscured by a faint haze, but its rays cast a spiderweb tracery on the iron plates of the deck. In addition to these foreshortened shadows of rigging, booms, and cables there were deep stains of shadow cast by the hatches themselves and by the ventilators and the winches and the housing. Shadows that gave an illusion of coolness until one stood in their shelter. This was not the heat of the tropics, but the humid atmosphere typical of Southern California in the late fall. It was warm enough, though, to make the loading of the S.S. *Hawkeye State* proceed with an appearance of indifference to the fact that the vessel was already two days behind schedule. The steam winches groaned with irritating slowness and the stevedores slouched from task to task.

As he watched from the rail, Dr. Brandt became increasingly annoyed with the delay, which was strange, considering that he had dreaded the arrival of the ship all the time that he had been waiting for it—dreaded the need for returning home again.

He had not been impatient during the hours spent kicking his heels on the pier; he had been amused that he was cheating destiny of at least so much time from the

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future it had mapped out for him. But now that he was aboard ship, with the voyage (in a sense) actually begun, he was impatient to be under way. They were late and nobody seemed to care at all! He glanced around angrily, then laughed at his own restlessness.

While his thoughts returned to problems that were a continent away, his eyes followed the movement of the cargo as it came overside. Well-filled burlap bags were loaded into rope slings, swung aboard to the drone of the stevedores' cries, and dropped through the hatch beneath him. He could peer far into the hold as though he were looking down an elevator shaft, at the bottom of which men crawled like ants, removing the bags from the slings and trundling them in hand trucks to points beyond his vision.

What were in the bags, that so many of them needed to go to New York? And why had the crew deserted the ship in a body just after he had come aboard?

Forward, beyond the second hatch, two men in blue caps chatted together. There was no other sign of anyone belonging to the ship, or of passengers rushing about on those first giddy inspection jaunts that usually accompanied a sailing.

What had happened to the other third-class passengers who had come aboard with him? They had shared in that two-day vigil, going on fools' errands from Los Angeles down to San Pedro at each false alarm that their vessel was actually making port. The agents of the Line had not been very efficient; there had been mismanagement of the worst sort in putting all those people to the expense of fares for

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the unnecessary trips by electric car. He had suffered with them from the additional expenses of their unexpected stay. The hotels in Los Angeles had not been cheap, and passengers who traveled third-class had to count their pennies. In an aside of thought, Dr. Brandt wondered if he could afford the little, last flings ashore in Panama and Havana which he had promised himself.

His annoyance at the slowness of loading gave way to depression. There was something distressing about the whole ship. About standing at the rail alone. About the two officers, arguing now, as was evident from the exaggerated motions of their arms.

There was something distressing, too, about the aimless way the stevedores appeared to be working, about the formlessness of the bags coming aboard, about the way the crew had left. Bag and baggage, they had gone. He had watched them leave, like rats departing from a doomed ship. It wasn't a bad simile at all. They had been a craven bunch. Or sloven, more than craven—sloven and sullen.

And it was silly to feel depressed because of the monotony of those burlap bags coming over the side. The doctor thought back to past cargoes he had watched in their loading. Bananas, green against the purple of Negro shoulders and each bunch hacked clean at the stem by other Negroes. He could visualize the bright flash of their machete blades. He had known exotic cargoes. Bales of sharkskins, tons of copra, bundles of vanilla. Burlap bags, too, filled with cocoa or coffee. Even other and prosaic American cargoes had held more interest—sides of beef and pails of lard, tins



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of gasoline and rolls of wire. And the cargoes he had watched in the loading during the war. . . .

No. He wanted to forget the war. It had ended three years ago—in 1918. He must forget it. It was bad enough being on this ship, which had brought back the war too vividly at the instant when he had first seen it, so that in a moment approximating hysteria he had thought of giving up his ticket and all his carefully thought-out plans with it.

Why hadn't he found out that the *Hawkeye State* was a converted troop transport? Of all things, a troop transport for his last taste of freedom before shackling himself again to private practice. Emergency shipping! Without sheer and without beauty, for in the emergency of war there had been no time to think of appearance. But might it not have paid, anyway? Beauty in a ship has to do with trimness and speed. A little more care in planning, and there might not have been left these homely craft to plague the seas. Like ugly sculpins, they had been spawned in jerry-built ways, along the mud flats of America. Some of them had never been used, and—again like sculpins—were still whitening their bones on those flats.

In an unhappy moment the Shipping Board had taken this ship and tried to make a liner of her. It was funny, in a way. A bad joke, at which one had to laugh nevertheless. This rectangular monstrosity on peacetime seas! Not even Congress could change a troop transport very much. Adequate staterooms had probably been fashioned amidships, but third-class had been untouched. It was the appearance of the men's quarters below, where he would have to sleep for the next fortnight, that had driven him back on deck.

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Let the other passengers pick for themselves what they fancied as the choice of berths—near the portholes or close to the saloon. He didn't care; all that had mattered was to get out on deck again, away from that nightmare scene of triple-tiered bunks. Too many times he had walked the narrow passageways between them, both in reality and in dreams.

Dr. Brandt fumbled in his coat pocket for cigarettes. He held the one he was smoking between thumb and middle finger in such a way that he could draw on it down to the last half-inch. It was a habit acquired in France, when cigarettes had been scarce, and each one was conserved as long as possible. He searched clumsily—after so many years in uniform still unaccustomed to the pockets in his informal gray flannels—then tossed away what was no more than a bit of charred paper and ash. He rubbed his thumb where he had burned it, annoyed less by the pain than by the discovery that his pack was empty. He had cigarettes among his things, but it would be a little while before he would be driven below in search for them.

He had another habit—of leaning his weight against whatever was convenient to the purpose. He did so now, making use of the rail and a supporting stanchion, so that his tall figure contorted into an S-like shape.

His eyes, deep brown and restless, idly swept along the empty pier; when he reached again for a cigarette, he remembered that he had none, then forgot his desire as a group of men lined up by the gangplank. They had the same tired, spiritless, and sullen air of those who had gone ashore an hour before. The scourings of the waterfront!

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There was much in the papers about American seamen and, as these straggled on board, sauntered across the deck, and disappeared from view, he hoped that they were not representative. Again he wondered why the original crew had left.

Gradually his attention returned to the cargo. Still those interminable burlap bags! Not only at the nearest hatch, directly below him, and at the next, with its separate booms, but also at those far forward he could see the loaded slings swing aloft. He felt an overpowering curiosity to know what they held and again gave a secret little laugh. What did it matter?

Immediately he was spared further speculation. A rain of hard, round objects crackled on the deck. Walnuts! Dr. Brandt picked up a dozen or more, then noticed that they were all stained purple in a similar design. He examined one closely—the letter W enclosed in a diamond! Suddenly these walnuts became tremendously important to him. How many walnuts did each of those burlap bags hold? And how many bags had they loaded this afternoon? Undoubtedly every nut of those millions of walnuts was so marked.

To print on their hard, irregular shells—what infinite pains someone must have taken to perfect the necessary machinery! What expense, thus to identify not merely a package or a container of walnuts, but each last individual one!

And how did these Capital-W-in-a-Diamond walnuts differ from others that they were worth identifying in this way? Were they larger? Did they have a better flavor?

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Were they better than Capital-D-in-a-Circle walnuts, for instance?

No. The importance of that little purple stain was quite different. It was a part of the business of advertising and of selling. Its cost would be paid by the consumer, who would be taught to believe that they were better than others that had been grown in the same sun on trees made fecund by the same God.

Perhaps in time the advertising genii of the Capital-W-Walnut Corporation could dispense with the printers' art. They would coax Nature to rearrange the walnut wrinkles to form the letter in the Diamond!

A nation of salesmen! We could sell the world anything—ideas more easily than walnuts. Suddenly, from some uncontrollable impulse, the doctor threw one as hard as he could, so that it hit against the side of the pier, bounced back, and fell in the water between the ship and the pilings, there to float like a withered brown apple, while the purple stain of the W winked up at him.

A small boy dodged behind Dr. Brandt and tried to climb into a lifeboat, while the child's mother screamed an excited warning. A broad-shouldered woman in a long blue serge coat strode past with mannish steps, and a tall, handsome man, who somehow looked vaguely familiar, made his appearance in the company of two young girls. He posed by a life preserver, and—though it was quite late, and misty—one of the girls, regardless of the capacities of her little box camera, proceeded to snap his picture.

Farther along the deck, another woman paused, then,

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obeying the invitation a ship's railing offers, leaned on it and glanced shoreward. Dr. Brandt was attracted to her by the effect of sadness in her attitude. Here was someone as unhappy as himself. She appeared to be in her early thirties—a year or so younger than himself. Then he wondered if her clothes did not make her look older than she really was. The two flappers wore skirts that came just below their knees, in the prevailing fashion, but this woman's trailed about her ankles, in the style of a decade ago. She was beautiful, though, in spite of this, and slender. In a different mood Dr. Brandt would have taken advantage of shipboard informality, and introduced himself, but at present he did not believe that he was fit company—it would be wrong to inflict his depression upon anyone else. At the same time, he began to experience a lifting of spirit as he contemplated a future acquaintanceship.

Two blond youths in checked flannel shirts ogled the girls and, when the latter paid no attention, strutted about the deck like young roosters, laughing immoderately at secret jokes. They were clean, good-looking boys, and, from bits of their talk that floated to him, the doctor realized that they were foreign. He understood German well enough to know that their speech had some kinship with that language—perhaps might even be a dialect. His speculations concerning them were interrupted, however, in pity for a wan woman, carrying an infant near the walking age. Imagine caring for a child in the accommodations below!

With the appearance of his fellow-passengers, the third-class deck of the *Hawkeye State* had come alive, although amidships still appeared deserted. Except for an officer or

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two, he did not observe a single person mount the first-class gangplank, and there were no signs of passengers on the wide and empty promenade deck that ran the length of the amidships superstructure.

On this ship there were two worlds that were completely separate, but that moved concurrently, or would do so when they got under way. There was the doctor's world: people afflicted and possessed (as he was), or happy and contented, like the flappers and the foreign youngsters. A world of human beings—creatures of their ills and pleasures. This was where he belonged, really, for it was among such as these that his practice had been. He knew about wealth and social position, and about those who had acquired them, only at second hand, through newspaper accounts, or by observation during brief, fortuitous contacts.

The second world was forward, separated from him and his world by the deck-well—the broad steel valley where the hatches and the booms were.

Then he realized that there was also a third world. The winches had stopped their groaning and the stevedores gathered up their coats, throwing them over their shoulders, preparatory to leaving the ship. Out of the companionway that opened between the two hatches an elderly bos'n led a gang of deckhands. The new seamen clumsily began their first official duties, awkwardly placing the hatch covers to the bos'n's exasperated curses.

At last the ship was preparing to sail, and it was high time! High time, also, to attend to his own luggage and sleeping quarters below.

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Of the passengers who boarded the *Hawkeye State* at San Pedro, only Erica van Nijden had been spared the unnecessary trips from Los Angeles on the electric car and therefore felt none of the others' resentment toward their vessel. She had crossed the Pacific in a Dutch ship that had arrived only the evening before, and it was sheer luck that she had obtained a passage. Otherwise she would have had to go by rail—a much more expensive trip, when one considered the cost of American living.

Her sense of good fortune did not desert her even when she viewed the dimly lit women's quarters. Of course it was really steerage, and didn't compare with the third-class accommodations on the *Noorddijk*. But then, what could one expect? This was very comfortable, and there would be plenty of room. Why, she could use a whole tier of berths if she wished, and lay her suitcases within reach, with no need to stoop for them. In a cabin she would have had not nearly so much room, and no more privacy. Four women, cooped up as they had been on the *Noorddijk*, were always in each other's way. Here there didn't seem to be over a dozen women altogether. In all this space!

A blue-eyed little girl of eight or nine dashed along the aisle, and there was a baby's wail—but who minded a few children? She hoisted her larger suitcase on the lowest berth and hastily removed from it the long blue coat which was part of her uniform. Long residence in the tropics made her wary of more temperate climates, but she must get out on deck again and inspect the ship before they actually sailed.

It was going to be a wonderful voyage! Considering that

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she had already spent six weeks on the *Noorddijk*, it was surprising with what anticipation she looked forward to this next leg of her voyage home. But that was her way: the immediate future always held the most interest—except at mealtimes, when it was the present that became overwhelmingly important. Erica lived for tomorrow—not in fear of what the new day held, but with the utmost optimism.

Yes, it would be a wonderful trip. Just to view the Panama Canal would be worth the fare. And there were so many interesting men among the passengers. She already counted Nels Larson and the Thyssen boy as friends. How fortunate that she understood Danish! They had greeted her like a fellow-countrywoman and had shortened the hours of waiting for the *Hawkeye State*.

Then the doctor she had seen on the pier—what was the name lettered on his lockerlike Army trunk? Brandt—Major Carl Brandt, that was it. He was so different in appearance from most of the Dutch doctors she had known. They were messy and untidy, generally, while this American was smart in gray flannels and felt hat of lighter shade. They were apt to be on the flabby side and fussy or pompous when traveling, whereas he had carried his luggage with the ease of an athlete and the assurance of one to whom travel is a commonplace.

And what a handsome man had waited opposite! He had been petulant at the delay and even his suitcases and bags had reflected their owner's arrogance, but he *was* handsome—which was more than could be said for the doctor. . . .

Erica was fond of men in a manner that was character-



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istic of her. With her stout, sturdy frame, and pleasant but by no means glamorous features, she had long since given up any thought of romance, except as a vagrant hope. She enjoyed masculine companionship, and the way men could become excited about issues that concerned them only most remotely. Men were likely to be unhappy, and her optimism cheered them. The poor creatures worried so, bothered about politics and social problems. The world was in an upset state, surely, but there it was—one did what one could without becoming despondent over it. One nursed a wound, or plague, or beri-beri, and let the men concern themselves over the causes. At the same time she realized that in some way these issues of right and wrong, of economics, of wars and dictatorships, were of the utmost importance, though they were beyond her capacity—though they were also beyond that of any men she had known.

She came on deck in time to see the man who was principally in her thoughts in the act of shying a stone at the pier. As she walked past him, she realized that it was a walnut he had thrown, for there were others strewn on the deck, and she smiled to herself.

Third-class was separated from the rest of the vessel by the deck-well, first of all, but more particularly by little painted signs—"Third-class passengers not allowed"—and she thought, "There is really ample space for walking back here, without circling the whole ship." As she set off with a determined, mannish stride, she indulged a secret amusement by picking out those of her fellow-passengers who she thought would interest her. This was an old game, in which she always engaged the first day on shipboard, but.

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she was diverted by a youngster who sat on a bench beside the deckhouse, sulking. In her throaty English, she inquired, "What is your name? You appear unhappy."

"Oh, my mother won't let me do anything. It's no fun being on the ship if you've got to keep sitting down all the time." The boy nodded in the direction of a slender, worried-looking woman, at whom the nurse smiled.

"I declare, I am not going to enjoy this trip a moment, having to watch out for the children," the woman complained.

"Let me assure you, I have been on the sea all my life, practically, and there are always children, but I have never seen one have an accident. We grownups, yes—the children, never—I am Miss van Nijden."

"Pleased to meet you, I'm sure. Our name is Wilson. Billy, do sit still now."

"Would you mind terribly if I took Billy for a mile walk around the deck? He looks like a good walker and I feel the need of company."

"My goodness, do, if you want to be bothered with him."

"Bothered? Not at all. He looks like the best walker on the ship, and I love walking. Do you want to come, Billy?" The boy looked into the light blue eyes that crinkled in the corners. Once, years before, he had seen a Santa Claus with eyes like these. This funny, heavy, red-faced woman was like a feminine Santa Claus—and loads of fun, he was sure. He fell in beside her, eagerly bent upon showing his pedestrian abilities.

A little while later, after their tenth or fifteenth round of the limited deck, he shouted, "You know what they eat

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in Java, Mom? It's called 'rice-table,' only in Dutch, and they eat and they eat and they eat until they nearly bust!"

Miss van Nijden nodded her head gravely. "Yes, a *rijstafel* is good, very good. I've been telling Billy about life in Java. Maybe he will get there some day."

Mrs. Wilson shook her head. "If I get home safely from this trip, I hope we never have to see the ocean again. It was Mr. Wilson's idea, coming this way. He wanted to see a foreign country, he said. So here we are and if we don't get shipwrecked I'll be worn to a frazzle, anyway, looking after the children. He's got Peg somewhere now, and Lord knows what trouble they're into by this time."

Ashore, the gangplanks were being pushed away, the *Hawkeye State* shuddered with the first turning of her screws. Erica watched as one by one the cables were slipped, until finally only one hempen cord still held them to the land. Then its loop was also cast loose, to be pulled aboard, dripping, by the seamen on the deck beneath.

A fellow-passenger turned toward her, a little man who looked like nothing so much as a pair of animated spectacles. "I never get tired of observing how ships are managed. I've been almost around the world, you know, on five different vessels. If you like, I can give you the names of all the ports I've seen. I remember them by heart, but I wrote them down, too—just to be safe. And the most interesting facts about them. . . ."

The strains of a bugle floated up to them—always a welcome sound to Erica, and a very familiar one, but she accepted with an understanding smile the other's explanation: "That's for dinner. The food is excellent. My name

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is Bloom. I teach school in Brooklyn. We'd better hurry, hadn't we? I wouldn't want to miss any of the courses."

"I am hungry, also."

"That's some kind of uniform, isn't it, Miss—?"

"Van Nijden. Erica van Nijden. The Dutch Red Cross."

Apparently the Wilson family had been reunited without mishap. Erica and the teacher had to wait, much to the latter's anxiety, while Mrs. Wilson introduced her husband—a thin, unattractive man with sallow skin. The third-class Steward, in spotted white uniform, beckoned to the nurse and piloted her to one of the long, varnished tables, indicating her place. Another woman was already seated opposite. She had brown hair with reddish lights in it, and Erica was struck immediately by the shadowed topaz of her eyes, by her shy glance and pleasant voice. "I am Alice McMasters. I've been on board ever since Shanghai, so I feel like the oldest settler, as we used to say back home. Are you comfortable by this time? If I can be of any help . . . ?"

Her own introduction made, Erica fell to, avidly, upon a plate of steaming soup, served by a Chinese boy. As she had known all along, the trip was going to be an interesting one. The soup was excellent, and perhaps there would be ice cream for dessert. American ice cream was so good. Everybody was friendly, too. She beamed at her new acquaintance across the table. Now, relaxed, the poor girl looked unhappy. Well, Erica was as good at nursing hurt souls as sick bodies. She attacked a browned filet of fish while she determined to make a special friend of Alice McMasters.

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When he had purchased his ticket, it had not occurred to Dr. Brandt that third-class on a modern American ship just put into service would provide no better than steerage accommodations. In the brochure furnished by the shipping agents, the promise "Space will be assigned on board" turned out to have been a nice circumlocution.

It was the exigencies of his pocketbook that had made him buy a third-class ticket. He had always prided himself on taking a room in a good hotel, a favorite seat in a restaurant, lower berth on a Pullman—even when he could not afford them. Now he was traveling not only third-class, but by steerage! There was nothing to do but to make the best of it. At any rate, there was ample room, and the "Space" to be "Assigned" appeared to be whatever he wished to use that had not already been pre-empted.

To the right of their quarters and monopolizing one of the portholes, a barricade of expensive luggage cut off a double section of bunks. Every suitcase and bag was placarded with the name of Delos Newcombe, and Dr. Brandt realized why the tall, handsome man on deck had looked familiar. He had been a popular moving-picture star just before the war, succeeded now, undoubtedly, by current favorites like Wallace Reid and Richard Barthelmess. Like some other passengers, Newcombe seemed to have picked the middle berth of a triple-tier for sleeping. The top berth did service for a closet, while the lower was folded up.

Already the barracks had an air of being lived in, with trousers and shirts, suspenders and socks, draped here and there. As he walked forward under the dim light of widely spaced bare bulbs, Dr. Brandt was amused to reflect that,

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judging from the various pieces of luggage and their arrangement, from the types of clothes displayed and the methods of caring for them, he could arrive at the occupations and characters of many of his fellow-passengers. Occasionally an article of nondescript baggage baffled him, but by this time he had reached the completely unoccupied section. The rest of this space was his, if he wished it, and in his present mood he felt that he wanted to be as far away from the others as possible.

He walked to the bulkhead that divided the ship and formed the end of their compartment. Here was a spot that suited him, with room to spread out as he wished, and a porthole, though the latter was so begrimed he could see nothing through it.

The ship trembled to a series of vibrations, followed by a regular pulsing that caused the iron frames and wire springs of the unoccupied berths to shake in a tinny clamor. They were under way, and he felt almost happy. From somewhere came the faint notes of a bugle—mealtime, already—but he first staked out with his bags the section he was claiming for himself, and another quarter of an hour passed before he entered the dining room. Evidently the meal was half over. Two Chinese boys in soiled white were slipping back and forth among long, narrow tables. For the first time he could see all his fellow-passengers together. The group was predominantly male. There were not over a dozen women, most of whom he had seen on the deck or pier or on the electric train from Los Angeles, but there was no time to really catalogue them. An angry officer confronted him—the Steward, undoubtedly. “Who are

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you? Where is your ticket?" The man's manner was so brusque that it was difficult to keep his own temper in check, but he answered softly, "I am Dr. Brandt. I am sorry if I am late. I was taking care of my luggage."

"Let's see your ticket."

Exasperation with the Steward's attitude momentarily drove from his mind just what he had done with it. In spite of himself, his fingers fumbled with nervousness as he searched through his wallet before remembering that he had exchanged his original, folded paper ticket for a square of cardboard, which he eventually withdrew from a side pocket. The Steward compared this with his list, and the mystery of his behavior increased. The Chinese boys were consulted. The list was checked while they re-counted the passengers by actually touching everyone at the tables. It was not until this was finished that the doctor was ungraciously shown to his place.

The passenger to his right peered at him excitedly through thick glasses. "You confused them all, coming in late—it has put them off the count again!"

"It did seem a strange reception. What is it all about?" Dr. Brandt leaned to one side so that the waiter could serve him. The food looked appetizing—much better than he had expected; but the little saloon was very warm and heavy with kitchen smells. It was separated from the galley by a swinging door, through which, when it opened, could be seen the old-ivory faces and white hats of the cooks.

His neighbor nudged him. "There was soup first, and fish. You should ask for it. Insist upon it. Don't let them get away with that."

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"I won't bother. This is enough for me."

"Well, have it your way. It's the principle of the thing. As I was saying, you did confuse them. You see, there is a stowaway on board and they have been trying to find him. Up to now he has eluded them. In fact, the Steward is not quite sure about it. He suspects, I think, when his count keeps coming out wrong. We play tricks on him, to keep him mixed up. He was satisfied, though, tonight. Then you came in. See—he is checking over again. It is exciting, highly exciting!"

While the doctor was amused by the intentness of the other's expression, he applied himself more particularly to the business of eating, until, in politeness, the man's insistence on talking could no longer be denied, and he pretended interest.

"I am Mr. Bloom," his neighbor was saying. "I got on at San Francisco. You know that we had a strike on board? It was exciting. You would have enjoyed it. We took on a new crew when the first one deserted. The next morning they wore little red ribbons. I saw them myself—ribbons tied in their buttonholes."

The man's manner, his short staccato sentences, the news that there had been a strike, gradually caught all of the doctor's attention. "Red ribbons! What was the idea?"

Mr. Bloom's eyes gleamed above pale features. He had a small face—small mouth and small nose, but his glasses were large and round and his eyes behind them were magnified to a strange and unnatural size and brilliance. "Revolution! In another few years, if things go on as they're going, the whole United States may be overthrown—who knows?"



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"Anyway, the officers ordered the sailors to take off the ribbons, and they did. But in a little while they had them on again. Everything was at sixes and sevens. That is why we were late. We lost a day in San Francisco getting the crew, and then they wore ribbons—every last one of them. It was very exciting, and I don't mind being late. The longer the trip the more I get for my money, and I am in no hurry. I am on a sabbatical, you understand? I don't go back to school until February. I allowed myself plenty of time. I teach, you see—in Brooklyn. If you are ever in Brooklyn you should look me up.

"And you are Major Brandt? I saw the name on your trunk."

"Dr. Brandt. I have been out of the Army for some time now."

"Dr. Brandt, then. Though I think I should prefer to be called Major. It sounds more important, somehow. So many people can be called Doctor. Our school system is full of them.

"You see that boy over there? The light-complexioned one? He is the stowaway—one of them, at least. And where are you coming from, Doctor?"

Pushing back his plate, Dr. Brandt gave silent thanks for Chinese cooks. The inquisitiveness of his fellow-passenger did not annoy him; he really enjoyed the little man. There was something very alive about this curiosity of his. It seemed amazingly impersonal, as though he dealt in facts and information. He had offered quite freely—as a gift, in a sense—the news about himself and the ship. But it was a

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coinage in which he dealt . . . and now he expected a little small change in return.

The doctor smiled. What was the harm in telling him? "From Hawaii. I was in Hawaii for a while, then stopped with friends in San Francisco." One could imagine Mr. Bloom putting the little pieces of fact away in a mental purse.

"But this ship came from Hawaii. Why didn't you take it there?"

This was usury! The doctor evaded the question. "You said one of the stowaways—you mean there are more than one?"

"It's this way. There are two boys with one ticket. One is a stowaway, and one isn't—but nobody knows which is which. You won't tell on them, doctor? One's from Paterson and one is from Rahway—in New Jersey. And that red-faced woman . . . she is Dutch—a nurse. You should meet her. You would have a lot in common. And the two fellows going out are Danish boys. They have an uncle in North Dakota. They're returning to Denmark now.

"Where is your home, Doctor?"

This was truly bargaining and it was once more his turn to pay. "Pennsylvania. I am going back now to take up my old practice."

"You've been in Hawaii all this time since the war?"

"And Russia and the Balkans." Dr. Brandt thought, "Mr. Bloom will get the better of you yet. Make him pay for his facts." He pretended complete absorption in the desert—a kind of bread pudding and, again, surprisingly good.

Most of the other passengers departed, but Mr. Bloom

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had no intention of leaving his prey until he had gotten every bit of information possible from him. It was also necessary to make his new acquaintance completely *au courant* with shipboard affairs.

Facts, scraps of information, bits of news, these were an obsession of the schoolteacher. "That's Delos Newcombe—he used to be a matinee idol. Did you see him in any pictures? Before the war, I mean. He is forgotten now, of course. Younger men—new faces. . . .

"We took on a new crew in Los Angeles. Perhaps you saw them come aboard? Wouldn't it be exciting if these were Reds, too?"

Dr. Brandt tried to visualize this little schoolteacher who had toured the world third-class returning to feed his pupils with these adventures for another seven years, or perhaps for a whole lifetime! He became completely freed from his own thoughts and his own problems.

After he had finished with dessert, dallied with after-dinner coffee that was full-flavored and heady, and swung around on his swiveled stool, preparatory to leaving the saloon, the teacher restrained him with continued babble. "See that woman. She's entirely too beautiful to be a missionary, don't you think? I haven't been able to find out very much about her. One of the stewards told me that's what she is, but I don't know. I'd say that she'd had an unhappy love affair." The gleaming eyes followed as the woman made her unobtrusive departure, and for the moment Dr. Brandt felt a touch of resentment at what seemed like an invasion of the privacy of someone he expected to know.

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"Of course you've heard that we have a bride and groom on board. The only first-class passengers. . . ."

Dr. Brandt forgot his resentment with this change in the subject matter of Mr. Bloom's gossiping. ". . . All that space," the teacher was saying. "It doesn't seem fair, somehow. And whole decks to themselves, when we are so crowded. There is no use denying it, there is hardly room to turn around." He paused, became contemplative, then went on, earnestly, as though the doctor had advanced an objection. "I don't mind at all, understand. In fact, I would rather be back here, any day. It is more exciting. I couldn't stand it, without people to talk to. Interesting people like yourself who have had adventures! I presume that you were overseas during the war?"

This would have to come up and spoil everything. Why couldn't the infernal little man let him alone? Dr. Brandt's tolerant, half-amused air gave way to gruff annoyance. "If you'll excuse me, I have some things to attend to." He rose, turned on his heel and, without looking back, left the saloon. He had descended the companionway before he began to regret his discourtesy. When he saw the school-teacher again he would have to apologize. But he just couldn't think about the war, even to evade talking about it. He hadn't meant to go below—it had been a matter of escape. It was hot and very stuffy. He got a fresh pack of cigarettes and returned to the deck.

Mr. Bloom was not hurt by Dr. Brandt's curtness. In his passion for information he had met so many repulses that he had become inured to them—they gave a piquancy to his

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pleasure; and he already knew, or guessed, much more about the doctor than that gentleman might have supposed.

What bothered him was his inability to converse with the deaf-mutes, so that he could discover their history. They were traveling together, were well dressed, and carried expensive luggage. They had boarded the ship with him, at San Francisco, but his written queries, his attempts at a sign language, little ingratiating nods and bows, ducks and grimaces, had not elicited from them a single fact. Now he was on his mettle. The mutes had a habit of sitting in the stern, watching the froth kicked up by the screws. He would go back there and lie in wait for them. . . .

It was not the mutes he found, but Mr. Weatherwax, the engineer. "Englishman returning from Hawaii," he was catalogued in Mr. Bloom's mind, after hearing Weatherwax converse with other passengers. The English engineer had deliberately snubbed his questions and had not even listened to any of the information Mr. Bloom had volunteered. It was hard for the teacher to conceive that there could possibly be anyone who would not want to know facts; yet that had happened. The very first hour aboard the *Hawkeye State* he had offered Weatherwax a complete dossier of his own life—an utterly fascinating life. And what had Mr. Weatherwax done?

He had said, "I beg your pardon," in that English accent of his that was almost not English at all. Certainly not the kind spoken by anyone Mr. Bloom knew. He had said, "I beg your pardon," then had turned and walked away.

Mr. Bloom was a just man and a tolerant one. He was not given to hasty impression or judgment. Perhaps he had

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misunderstood the Englishman. The man may have been preoccupied; surely it was impossible that he shouldn't want to know about a life so interesting as Mr. Bloom's. He would try one more time. He put on his most inoffensive smile, took off his glasses, wiped them on his handkerchief, and ventured, "It's a lovely evening, isn't it?"

Weatherwax didn't respond to this gambit, and Mr. Bloom tried his real lure. "Do notice the tall gentleman I was talking to—a very interesting man, very. A Major during the war—a doctor. He said to me, 'Mr. Bloom, when I try to talk about the things that happened to me over there, my throat chokes up!' An understanding man—and a fine doctor, I'm certain. It would be interesting if he and Miss van Nijden got together. You know—the Dutch nurse. . . .

"Are you going directly to England after you get to New York? I think you should see Brooklyn, anyway—"

In a soft, unimpassioned voice, the engineer said, "Will you please take your confounded impertinences somewhere else? I should like to enjoy the sunset."

Mr. Bloom sighed. He knew that the English were hard to understand; difficult to get along with. A number of people had told him so. The English are shy, they had said—you have to understand them. But it was a little hard to explain Weatherwax by saying that he was shy. He didn't appear in the least that way with the two girls from Hawaii.

Sadly the little teacher moved away, and then his eyes again took on an incandescent quality. He heard the faint strains of music. Who could be playing? Someone was

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singing, also! This would be interesting—something to talk about when he got home, or back in his classroom.

The land rising behind the harbor of San Pedro merged into the clouds and the twilight, while here and there lights winked from the California shore. The *Harvey State* was responding to the slight swells of the open sea, and several of the passengers made dashes for the rail, or below.

Dr. Brandt felt wretched, but not from seasickness. If Bloom hadn't found it necessary to remind him of the war! He had meant to seek out the tall woman toward whom he had felt an immediate attraction. It seemed a long time since he had been so intrigued—perhaps because there were so few women near his own height. And how would one describe her hair? It was not auburn, really—fairer, but with reddish lights. . . .

There was no denying her beauty, in spite of her clothes. Or did they enhance her appearance—give her an air of mystery to which the color of her eyes contributed? Was it Flaubert who had written the novel about *The Girl with the Golden Eyes*? Or Balzac?

Again he damned Bloom for recalling the heartache and disappointment of the years since the Armistice. It would be a long time before he again dared to think of women, of marriage—of a home. . . .

Almost without volition, he followed a way that he knew well. When, those few years ago, he had felt overwhelmed by his responsibilities, he had found a retreat apart from the rest of his ship. He sought it now, upon a vessel as like that other as a second pea—up the companionway aft, and

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behind the davit that held one of the lifeboats. Here there was room to smoke a cigarette and let one's feet hang over while the swift water rushed past, far beneath. He had relaxed into some kind of mental comfort when footsteps and whispered conversation disturbed him. It was that youngster he had seen on deck—with his father, presumably.

When William Wilson and his young son left their womenfolk at the companionway leading below, the pale blue of the afternoon sky was already changing through twilight into the star-spangled, deeper hues of night. Fellow-passengers sat or lounged about the deck, and the bank clerk led his son past them. "We'll go up where the lifeboats are. The poop deck, Billy. I've dreamed about standing on a poop deck. It sounds different from just an ordinary one."

The slender, slightly stooped man appeared to take on a new stature. When the bank for which he worked had ordered his transfer to New York, his first thought had been this—to go by steamship through the Panama Canal. He had remained obdurate to his wife's objections, and now, at last, they were at sea.

The sea—with its freedom and its space! Why did it call with such strength to someone who had never experienced it, except in the far regions of the mind, while poring over ledgers at a desk? Several times he had asked himself this question, for it had required a strong urge indeed to withstand Elizabeth's naggings ever since he had made the decision.

Their tickets had cost no more than train fare, for-



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tunately. But he had been disappointed with the accommodations. It wasn't fair to Elizabeth that they had to be separated. Otherwise, though, it wouldn't have been possible for the male Wilsons to enjoy such freedom. He comforted himself with the knowledge that both wife and daughter were tired out from the day's excitements, and whispered, "There's no one up here, son. Crawl through there. You can put your feet over, but take care not to slip."

William Wilson squeezed through behind him and the two found comfortable positions in the little section of deck, unprotected by a railing, that lay beyond the lifeboat, partly roofed by its curving hull. In a sea their position might have been dangerous, but there was only an imperceptible swell, which gave a slow, pleasant roll to their vessel.

"I saw this place when we came aboard. It's a beautiful ship, isn't it, Billy?" The father was thinking of white and buff paint above a black hull, of red-throated ventilators, and of bravely lettered life preservers. "All out here belongs to us." He took a deep breath and Billy could sense his inner exultation. Ordinarily the boy had no illusions about his father, a meek and pedestrian man; but in this mood he felt awe of him.

"Yes, son, this is all ours—the sea and the sky. That light down in the water that is like radium going by—that's the phosphorescence from jellyfish and things. I've read about it, but never imagined it could look so glorious.

"These are pirate seas—just as much as the Spanish Main . . ." and his voice dragged to a long pause. When

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he spoke again, Billy thrilled at the new vibrancy of his voice. "I brought you here to talk over our plans. When the mutiny starts, which side will we be on? I'm for sticking with the pirates, myself. Why, this is the fleetest ship out of England and will make our fortune if all goes well! What do you say, son?"

"We'll take over the ship at dawn." William Wilson pointed in the direction of the funnel. "Above those belly-ing sails we'll run up the Jolly Roger—the good old skull and crossbones will float in tomorrow morning's breeze. You noticed the tall man that came aboard with us?"

"Sure, the doctor. Dr. Brandt, Miss van Nijden says his name is."

"Pshaw, Billy, he is no more a doctor than you or I. That is Carlos Brandt, the greatest pirate in Christendom. You noticed his complexion—bronzed as a ship's cannon? *That's* from the sun of the Dry Tortugas. Why, he would make the loveliest woman in the world walk the plank, if he felt like it, or stick a man through the guts with his sword and wipe the blade with his own handkerchief."

"Gee, Pop!"

William Wilson responded to the feeling of wonderment in his son's voice. "Bloody Brandt, they call him. His mate is down there, too. You saw him tonight—the little Frenchman. He is as wicked and dangerous a character as ever sailed the Seven Seas.

"And that Spaniard in his bunk. . . ."

"He's seasick. He won't be any good to us. And he's married to a woman who is in with Mom. She's seasick, too."

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"Nonsense! They are just pretending. Why, he was brought up on the Spanish Main—nursed on whale's milk. She's a Barbary princess he captured years ago. They'll take over the passengers when the signal is given. Any that don't side with us will be run through the heart and fed to the sharks."

Billy kicked with both legs and silently watched the blue and yellow radiances in the water until his father inquired, "Well, what about it? Do we throw in our luck with Bloody Brandt and his crew of buccaneers?"

"How about Mom? You know she won't go pirating. She didn't even want to come at all."

Sometimes Mr. Wilson was disappointed in Billy. The child was too prosaic. He caught him up, sharply. "Those that aren't with us are against us! She'll go to the sharks, just like the rest."

Billy tried to imagine this new world into which his father was leading him. He peered sideways, curiously. The full, plump curve of the lifeboat cut off all view of the rest of their ship and beneath, the dauntless features of William Wilson, the new scourge of the seas, gloriously unafraid and prepared to lead them both into a life of crime and bloodshed.

Sometimes Billy listened as his father went on planning all the gory details of the morrow's massacre, but more often he just lay there, watching the stars' reflections in the almost perfect mirror of the Pacific. Mr. Wilson had just scuttled their third prize—a bullion ship loaded with gold for his own bank—when he realized that his young

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son was fast asleep. Tenderly he picked him up, carried him below and laid him in his berth.

Farther aft in their quarters, and on the opposite side, a group of William Wilson's companions in piracy sat on a ledge formed by the sharp angle that marked the beginning of the stern framing. The ports above, the thick ribs of the ship, the iron plates against which the vessel's wash constantly played its liquid song—all made an appropriate setting for the telling of sea yarns. Instead, when William Wilson responded to a hail to join them, two veterans were arguing over which had won the war—the Army or the Marines. When it seemed that Château-Thierry might be fought again, the Danish youth began to play a gusty polka on an octagonal concertina while the Frenchman danced grotesquely to the music, so that gradually the whole picture seemed truly an extension of the clerk's imagination.

Soon after, Bloody Brandt also left the upper deck, first relighting for one final puff the cigarette he had snubbed out when William Wilson and his son had crept into their hideaway that was removed from his own merely by the thick column of the davit. His eavesdropping—unintentional, at first—had continued with increasing exhilaration. Somewhere in each puny chest, he thought, there lurked the spark of heroic greatness. What matter how it was expressed—in action, defending one's home or liberty, or in a book, where it might ignite the flame in others? Or in the tales a father tells his son?

When he descended to the men's quarters, Newcombe,

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the actor, called to him. "Hello, Doc. Come on over—though this is a prohibition party, worse luck. By the way, did you hear the story . . . ?"

Newcombe fancied himself as an anecdotist, and Dr. Brandt found a seat where he could watch the slowly growing smile of anticipation on the face of William Wilson. Who among the others knew that this quiet, bashful man was the raconteur of them all, with yarns more exciting far than this most recent libel upon the character of Mr. Volstead?

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APPARENTLY a sea was kicking up. The *Hawkeye State* rolled considerably and the chains for supporting the unused bunks swung loosely against the metal uprights, in a slow, regular clink that was a trifle louder than the metallic sibilance set up by the screws. Dr. Brandt hadn't been aware of this noise until the concertina music had stopped and the low undertone of the group back there talking had lessened and faded away. Now a fear of insomnia gripped him, and to combat the tenseness that he was suffering he attempted to compose his mind and body in a peace that would be conducive to rest. Then, as he began to think that he was achieving this repose, the sound of the chains would become intolerable.

It was not much of a noise, but as regular as the ticking of a grandfather's clock, until he began to wish that the seas outside would intensify, to change that relentless tempo. He realized, suddenly, that he didn't desire quiet, which was often as hard to endure; he wanted merely a change of noises. It was compounded of the same feeling that had affected him during the day, when he had watched the bags of walnuts coming aboard.

This irrational longing for variety in even the most

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inconsequential things was one he would have to rationalize. He couldn't go on in this way much longer. He had been running away for almost three years, now. But he was done with that. He was going home.

"I didn't always feel that my practice was humdrum," he told himself. "I used to be busy enough—between delivering babies and keeping old women alive. It was a good life, really, and I'll not run away any longer. If the war made me restless, it still didn't change me, actually. I'm still Carl Brandt, M.D. I'm going home . . . where I belong. . . ."

It was a repetition of the pact he had made with himself when he had arrived back in the States. Then he had tried to cheat himself, using this voyage to postpone the final trial.

He forgot the ship's noises in the pursuit of his thoughts, and fell asleep, awakening to the sounds of the deck being washed overhead. The vessel was still rolling and the clinking of the chains continued as though he had never slept. He reached up and pulled away the towel that he had wrapped around the ever-burning light bulb nearest him. It was almost six o'clock! Then for a moment recurred the nightmarish illusion, memory of which had plagued him yesterday. He looked down the aisle, through the semi-darkness, and the tiers of bunks were peopled with sick men, rolling, groaning, and crying in the delirium of fever.

As quickly as they had appeared, the phantoms faded away, but the doctor was shaken, nevertheless. He fumbled under his pillow, found a cigarette, and lit it with trembling fingers. He felt around with his feet until he located his

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slippers and then padded down the aisle, frantic for the open air.

Nels Larson played a last, plaintive note on his concertina in the act of closing it. As he strapped it shut, Delos Newcombe said "Good, night," waved an airy hand, and reluctantly departed to his own berth. Ordinarily, at this juncture, he would have a nightcap, or a series of them, and he congratulated himself on the ease with which he was doing without. With toilet case and towel, he repaired to the deserted washroom and viewed himself in the smudged and steamy mirror. He'd done too much drinking for his own good, but it didn't show in his face. He examined his features carefully, the heavy brows and strong, jutting nose which together had become a kind of professional trademark, the broad, low forehead and cleft chin. A slight fullness beneath the latter was dissipated by lifting his head. No, thank God, he wasn't an alcoholic. This whole idea of returning east on an American ship, where he'd be away from the stuff for the whole time—this confirmed his complete sanity. His hair still held a youthful wave and he combed it to cover a slight thinness on the crown. "In two weeks I'll be in New York. Back to the stage!" He completed a careful toilet while his thoughts continued. "I should have left pictures long ago. . . ."

There had been fewer and fewer roles that he could consider. Why, it had been more than a year since he had appeared in a picture, and his last had been a minor role. To take a part where another was starred hadn't been easy, but he had known the picture would be an artistic success



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and there was no one else on the West Coast who would have been even adequate. A small role, but an important one. A demanding and difficult one!

An hour after he had crawled into his berth he was still awake. "I wonder if that doctor fellow has a spot of liquor on him—just a nightcap, this first night. I'll go on the water wagon tomorrow, one hundred per cent."

There was no sound from any of his fellow-passengers, nothing but the noises set up by the vibration of the screws and the infernal rolling. Perhaps there was going to be a storm. Supposing they were wrecked at sea and that he—Delos Newcombe—should save a lifeboat filled with passengers through some feat of courage. What headlines it would make! A fanfare of publicity for his return to Broadway. In his interviews he would give part of the credit to someone else—the doctor, perhaps. Brandt was too broad of shoulder, too irregular of feature to make a proper hero. He had been cast for supporting roles upon the stage of life. At the end of Act Three he would relinquish the girl, but everyone would know that he'd always be there to fall back on, if things didn't work out. While he lacked Newcombe's bold and perfect profile, Delos admitted that the doctor possessed an attractiveness of his own. A good fellow—the salt of the earth—who wouldn't in the least mind giving him a drink if he had one.

Delos found it difficult to walk through the semidarkness. The pitching of the vessel—as he termed its unvaried motion—caused him to lose his balance once or twice. The doctor was asleep—so deep in slumber that even a man who

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needed a spot of liquor rather badly couldn't have the heart to disturb him.

The actor tried to think of some excuse for awaking a sleeping man that would not be interpreted as merely a need for . . . a need for . . . Although he played roles, even in his thoughts and private life—when they were spurious and he realized it—he possessed an uncompromising honesty. Truth cut like a spotlight through the darkness. He turned, lurched back to his barricades of luggage, and fought his way into sleep.

He also was awakened by the unaccustomed sounds of hose and brushes overhead. Climbing down, and still in pajamas, he ascended to the weather deck as Dr. Brandt emerged from the opposite door. The newly scrubbed pine was almost dry, except where water still glistened on the lines of black pitch between the whitened planks; elsewhere it had been sucked up by the greedy wood.

On that part of the deck close to the hatches, where yesterday there had been a confusion of tackles and cables, everything was now ship-shape for the voyage. The winches were covered, the hatches battened down, the booms lashed in their cradles.

Quite naturally the two men fell into step, crossing the deck-well and striding along the narrow main deck toward the bow. An officer stepped from a companionway. He was young, but his face wore a permanently truculent expression. To a duet of "Good mornings" he responded, "Third-class passengers are not allowed forward. Didn't you see the signs back there? They are plain enough."

Dr. Brandt mastered his first inclination to a heated

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answer and apologized, "I am sorry, officer, we had quite forgotten." They walked aft again and the pleasure of the early morning was gone. A phrase stuck in the doctor's mind: "The Freedom of the Seas." Apparently it didn't apply to third-class passengers on vessels that belonged to the newly constituted U. S. Shipping Board. He realized that this was an unfair thought. In all likelihood the same general rule had obtained on every vessel in which he had ever been a passenger—except transports, of course. But he had always been first-class, then, and unaware of the restriction.

Meanwhile, Newcombe began a long-winded explanation of his reasons for traveling third-class: ". . . this urge to get away from it all . . . among people who wouldn't be likely to know me, don't you know . . . no anticipation of these indignities . . . really, old man . . ." The actor, able to face truths about himself occasionally, was incapable of sharing those unpleasant facts with others, and added excuse to excuse, while Dr. Brandt thought, "Why doesn't the poor fool admit that he's broke? That's the only reason anyone travels this way."

There was a partially sheltered spot at the stern where the log indicator, by its twirling, conveyed a sense of the ship's progress. A dozen or more passengers had congregated here: the two Danish boys, the wizened Punch of a Frenchman with his nightcap, the Dutch nurse. To the doctor it was surprising how international the passenger list seemed to be and he wondered how many of these people had been shaken loose by the war from their regular ways of life as he had been and were finding it as difficult

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to take root again. There was a chorus of "Good mornings." The actor gave an exaggerated performance of taking deep-breathing exercises. The little Frenchman began to describe his life in Panama and the graces of his family. "When you get there, you shall see. I invite you personally, all of you. You must visit with me. I take you all to my heart." The speed of ocean friendships always amused the doctor, but he had never seen anything quite like the Gallic demonstrativeness of this man, who apparently was embracing the whole passenger list within his invitation. "We shall have a feast—a great feast, *langouste*, the Panama lobster—there is nothing finer!"

Erica laughed. "Lobster is good! I am very fond of it."

"But until you have tasted my wife's lobster you have never eaten. You shall see!"

"I wonder what's for breakfast?" the Dutchwoman asked. "Dinner was good, I must say. I liked everything. The soup was especially good, don't you think so, Doctor?"

Dr. Brandt nodded, although he had completely forgotten the menu.

"And the chops—they also were excellent. I had some of the ragoût, too, but breakfasts on your American ships are apt to be meager. You know what I like is a nice piece of cold *spek* for breakfast. And cheese! I miss it, I must confess."

Nels and Karl, the Danes, joined in agreement. "Yes, *spek* and cheese. We like it, too."

"Should I ask, 'Could we have cheese for breakfast?' It seems that something is lacking without a piece of cheese."

It was quite evident that Miss van Nijden was fond of

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eating. She wasn't fat, though. Sturdy seemed the word—sturdy and dependable. A capable nurse, the doctor imagined, equal to any emergency. She would have been a good assistant during that time in the Balkans. Resolutely he put the unpleasant memory from his mind. "I think I'll go down and dress. You know, it is going to be a hot day—there is so little breeze."

The Dutchwoman roared; her laughter was terrific and all-embracing. "An understatement, Doctor, a delicious understatement. 'There is so little breeze!' There is no breeze at all. It reminds me of Java. I tell you, there it is hot. We are in for having a day of it, you may be sure. And you are right—there is nothing like a good substantial breakfast for a spot of hot weather! I agree with you there."

No one could withstand such good nature, and Dr. Brandt laughed, revealing strong, white teeth. He had made no such pronouncement; indeed, if it became much warmer, he could forgo breakfast entirely. But the talk of food had aroused the whole group, and he led the procession below.

Worse than no wind at all, a light following breeze had sprung up that about equaled the speed of the *Hawkeye State*, so that the thick, oily smoke belching from the squat funnel rose skyward in a pylon that appeared almost solid. Weatherwax twice remarked that there was something wrong with the fuel adjustment, and he was probably right; but to the others the bilious color, the smell, and the soot that descended like an evil snow seemed natural properties

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of burning petroleum. What mattered was that the smoke wasn't blown away or left behind: it remained continually with them, moving as they moved. The passengers began to feel that ship and all were standing still; that they were existing in a vacuum within the huge flask of the sky. The sun was an incandescent stopper, and, bottled up thus, they were being tortured by its heat, and escape was impossible.

Between the crowded third-class decks and the unpopulated first-class, amidships, were the large, canvas-covered after hatches. Upon the ugly, sheerless lines of the vessel a final indignity had been perpetrated where a deep rectangle seemed to have been chopped out by an uncompromising knife. Most of the third-class passengers congregated on their side of this hacked-away section, apparently from that human impulse to be as far to the front of their ship as possible, this space representing the limit allowed them forward.

For a little while they were roused by circumstances of shipboard interest: the passing of a vessel almost to the horizon, the antics of a family of porpoises, and the sudden appearance of a school of flying fish. Gradually these and similar happenings no longer evoked a rush to the rail, and when Billy spotted the first tortoise, swimming along in their direction, only his sister Peggy and he watched it dive from view. Several of the men had cast aside their coats, rolled up their sleeves, and opened their collars, and others cast longing glances toward these uninhibited souls.

Erica van Nijden remarked, "You know, there is a kind of shortened trouser that men wear in the East. It is too bad you don't use them in the States."

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Dr. Brandt agreed. "Right! We need sensible sport and play costumes. I have plus-fours in my trunk, but they are even more uncomfortable than trousers."

On the opposite side of the deck-well, beyond the hatches, and in a recess under the promenade deck, several of the Negro stewards were lounging, and others straggled to join them. Their faces, of every shade from cream color to ebony, glistened with sweat, but they presented a scene of comparative animation. A crap game was soon in progress, accompanied by soft cries and deep-toned laughter. One of the stewards lay on the hatch and began to sing.

*"She's got eyes like diamonds  
An' her teeth shine jus' the same."*

The plaintive sound hung on the air, to be taken up by another voice:

*"An' her hair hangs down  
Jus' like a horse's mane."*

The stewards' air of contentment was in sharp contrast to the passengers' discomfort, and Dr. Brandt felt inclined to walk over and watch their game, when the Wilson children, Billy and Peggy, came running with the only news that could rouse his companions.

"They are going to put up a swimming pool. I heard the Captain, over there, telling the old man. . . ."

Mr. Bloom interrupted, "That isn't the Captain, Billy. That is the Third Officer."

Billy gave him a glance of contempt, although he accepted the correction. "The Third Officer, then. He said,

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'Break out the swimming pool on the number five hatch.' That is the one up there, isn't it? What did he mean, 'Break out?'"

"A marine term, the etymology of which—" Mr. Bloom began and then was drowned out by the enthusiasm that greeted the news.

A swimming pool! Relief from the torture of the hazeless sky and the mirrorlike reflection of the ocean. Relief from the soot and the complete stillness of the air!

Everyone talked with new animation. Long since they had forgotten the incessant slow roll of the *Hawkeye State*, but now it became a topic for discussion again. "Funny why it should keep rolling when there isn't even a swell," Billy's mother remarked, and Mr. Bloom furnished, "I believe the vessel is what is called 'bottom heavy'—when the center of gravity is too high in comparison with the size of the superstructure. There is, I believe, a proper ratio."

Behind the doctor a man said "Nuts" under his breath and then out loud, "Wait till this wagon hits some seas—like an apple in a tub, she'll be!"

"A swimming pool!" Miss van Nijden contributed in her throaty accent. "It will be good fun, won't it, friends? An appetite for dinner, it will give one. I must confess that it has been hot. Now don't you find it so? No comparison with Java, of course, but I was growing uncomfortable, I must admit."

The children were right. The deck crew appeared with quantities of rope and folded canvas and gradually the pool took form on the farther hatch. "I suppose the bride and groom will be allowed in first," Billy's mother said; and



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everyone was struck silent. For a moment they had forgotten the distinction of classes—and forgotten the bride and groom. Dr. Brandt thought that probably the whole story was nothing but gossip. It was inevitable that the couple of whom they had had fleeting glimpses should be dubbed the bride and groom. People were so incurably romantic, and it was but additional gossip, no doubt, that those two were the only first-class passengers aboard. It seemed fantastic that all the Negro stewards had only two passengers to care for. The others had probably not yet made their appearance. It was inconceivable to the third-class passengers that these two could take precedence over so many when the pool had become the most necessary thing in their lives. There was being impressed upon them the strong distinction of classes, and for those who had never been aboard ship before the lesson was a difficult one. When a hose was run along the deck and they heard the actual splashing of the water, some of the passengers started below to be ready in bathing suits when their turn should come. Dr. Brandt, though, remembering his snubbing in the morning, had a suspicion of the truth. He sauntered over as close as possible without passing through the separating rope, and asked, when the Third Officer paused from shouting instructions to the bos'n, "Would you mind telling me when we may have the use of the pool?"

The officer's face purpled. "The pool is first-class. Third is not allowed, and that goes for everybody!"

Over there—six thousand miles across the Pacific—lay China. Six thousand miles away! Alice McMasters did not

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really know the distance they were from China, nor did she look in quite the right direction. Her glances, continued through space, might have bisected northeastern Siberia, and six thousand miles was just as incomprehensible and unbridgeable a distance as five thousand or seven thousand.

Much of the time since leaving Shanghai, she had stood at the stern rail in this manner, unaware of the vessel and of her surroundings, trying to project her consciousness over that ever-widening gulf. Her attitude was one of extreme sadness—a reflection of her feelings. Over there, in that alien continent, lay the career she had chosen, and she had run away from it. There were no excuses she could make to herself. "*I ran away!*" The syllables of those three words pounded to the rhythm of the screws' vibration in the depths beneath her. Because she had not been able to compromise with her superiors, because she understood differently from her co-workers the purpose of their work in China, she had run away. She had looked upon her fellow-missionaries as unbelievably narrow and bigoted and had told them so in terms that they would never forgive nor forget.

She examined her own mind and impulses. Perhaps she was the one who had been intolerant, who had rejected a different philosophy from her own instead of trying to find a compromise with it. As her troubled gaze followed the wake of the ship and beyond, she placed upon herself the blame for all that had happened and regretted that straitness of mind which made it impossible for her to accept anything less than what she believed to be the whole and

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complete truth—which made it impossible for her to follow any course of conduct but that implicit in such conviction.

A robust, "Hello, there! I have been looking for you!" aroused her from her reverie, and she turned eagerly. Alice had been won completely by the candid blue eyes of the nurse—eyes that held the appearance of childlike innocence, though they were perpetually puckered at the corners, as though from silent mirth. They invited confidences, and more than anything else she felt the need to talk over her problems with another woman.

Erica went on, "It feels good to be on deck again. Dr. Brandt and I have just come up from below. I asked him to treat that Panamanian woman who was so seasick, and he was most agreeable. She is not Spanish but Jewish, and afterward we tried to do something for her husband, who was sick also. Poor woman. She is so beautiful! I watched her come on board in San Pedro. I thought she was a dancer, a gypsy dancer—one who uses castanets or a tambourine. And he also is very handsome. But, my dear, when they are sick, they have no control—no control, whatever. Dr. Brandt tried to coax them to come on deck, but they won't stir. He believes in fresh air—and it would help, I must admit. But to me food is more important. If they had a good solid meal and could keep it down, they would feel better." She talked with a zest that would have seemed forced in anyone else while she continued to appraise her companion. At the moment Alice's eyes appeared dark brown, but as she turned toward the sun it was evident that they were actually golden. The sun caught a similar tone in her hair, arranged in a style that should have been un-

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becoming but wasn't. It was a tribute to her charm that even in the ridiculous pre-war clothes she wore, she was still attractive. "She has been in China since before the war, and has had no opportunity to get anything new," Erica thought. She was an inveterate walker, and in spite of the heat, set off again with mannish stride, while Alice fell in step with her, the full, ankle-length cut of her dress oddly incongruous beside the Dutchwoman's short, tailored skirt.

As they reached the section forward of their deck house, where most of the other passengers were, Alice repressed a little cry of horror and ran ahead. The companion that opened on the deck from the engine room was disgorging oil-begrimed figures. Some walked and others staggered. One, limp from exhaustion, was carried by a wiry little man who appeared to be the smallest and least able to bear the weight. They fell on that part of the deck which was cooled by the water leaking through the canvas of the swimming pool, and the little man, disposing of his burden, picked up the hose that was filling the pool and turned it on his fellows. He answered the excited queries of the women with a matter-of-fact, "He just passed out, that's all. It's no picnic, down there. The ventilator fans are broke."

The unconscious man came to, his legs jerked, and he made a sobbing, whining sound, then shielded himself from the cold stream of salt water. "Like I said, he'll be all right in a minute."

The other passengers, careless of third-class restrictions, also gathered around and then gradually seeped back to their quarters; but the feeling persisted in all of them that

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no matter how uncomfortable they were, there were others worse off, and for a little time they found solace in the thought.

The two women joined the group idly watching the filling of the pool, while the spent seamen drank in lifeless air that was still refreshing to their baked and tortured lungs. A constant stream of water ran from the pool, down the side of the hatch covers, over the iron deck, and into the scuppers.

The Wilson children wanted to paddle in this and were restrained by their parents. "We're third-class—we have to stay back here. That's first-class up there."

Billy Wilson, the more voluble, objected. "But, Mom, there ain't any kids first-class. There ain't anybody first-class, except the bride and groom. I don't believe there is any old bride and groom, anyway!"

Although they now knew that the pool was not for their use, the passengers could not refrain from thinking of the joys it might hold. They watched as the wetted portion of the canvas crept higher and higher. They almost forgot their discomfort and disappointment in merely imagining the refreshment denied them.

On the opposite side of the canvas rectangle, the Negro stewards also observed the rising water and thought of its coolness. As they had never entertained any hope of making use of it, they had been spared that disappointment. When the water got high enough so that the rolling of the ship created miniature waves that broke over the sides of the pool, they stopped their other activities and watched as one

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man, laughing as the wavelets splashed with ever-increasing force on the iron plates of the deck.

Of a sudden, the promenade deck became alive, opposite to where Alice and Erica were sitting. They saw the bos'n and his crew remove a section of the rail nearest to the pool and lash in place a diving board that extended over the sloshing water. A figure in resplendent white uniform inspected their work and ordered the lashings done over. Alice heard Mr. Bloom whisper, "See, Bill, *THAT* is the Captain," and receive in reply a laconic, "I can see for myself!"

Two colored stewards walked solemnly forward, placed bathmats on the deck, and arranged towels on the rail. A man followed, clad in one of the new sleeveless bathing suits with trunks that ended above the knees. Behind him walked a girl enveloped in a long, brightly colored bathrobe.

These must be the bride and groom, the first-class passengers! The man poised a second, then jumped into the pool with a splash, but all eyes fixed upon the bride. Apparently unaware of the tensely watching audience, she faced the pool and allowed a steward to catch the bathrobe. The women noted first that she was beautiful, with regular features and pale blond hair, while the men, of whatever color, rose from their seats, only to discover that the appearance of nakedness was an illusion. In the moment necessary to that realization, the bride stepped forward in her flesh-colored suit of knitted wool, took a practiced dive and flashed out of their sight behind the protecting canvas.

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Mr. Bloom could hardly wait for Dr. Brandt to take his seat beside him at dinner. Before they were served, he began to whisper excitedly, "I've learned all about the bride and groom. He is a Spruance! The sugar millions! Hawaii! And she is the daughter of the pineapple king. Imagine! Sugar and pineapples—goes together, doesn't it? I heard the whole story from the colored steward—their own steward, mind you."

Dr. Brandt adjusted his napkin. "I wish they'd do their honeymooning in private. You know, Bloom, the thing that got me was that neither of them seemed aware of anyone but themselves. They played, swam, and made love in a world of their own in which all of us, watching, didn't exist. They are so damned sure of their position, of the advantages their wealth gives them. . . ."

The teacher was impatient to divulge the rest of his information. "Why, Doctor, you talk like a Red! But that isn't all I found out. She is a missionary."

"For Venus, I presume?"

"No, you misunderstand me, utterly. I mean the woman from China. Have you thought, Doctor, that dressed in proper clothes she'd be stunning, very stunning? She had a fight with the other missionaries and is coming home. Erica van Nijden told me."

Dr. Brandt's mouth crooked in a grin; he must warn the Dutch nurse not to allow herself to be pumped by Mr. Bloom in his insatiable quest for information. He began to wonder, also, if the little man included match-making among his passions; he was waiting for the personal question he knew would come—the *quid pro quo*. He was

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congratulating himself on his ability to time exactly the processes of Mr. Bloom's mind when the latter asked, "Were you ever married, Doctor? You never told me. A man like you, with your. . . ."

Dr. Brandt didn't intend to discuss his personal life at this moment. He folded his napkin, preparatory to leaving, but Mr. Bloom restrained him. "Did I tell you about the stowaways?" He lowered his voice to a conspiratorial hiss. "There they are together, over there. I planned the strategy, and it has worked beautifully so far. They were on the pier at San Francisco, with money enough for only one ticket. They asked me to toss a coin for them, to see which would use it, and Johnny—the one on the left—was the winner. Then I said to Ernie—next to him—'Why don't you stow away?' The Purser has suspected from the first, but he can't discover the culprit. It's been very exciting!" Mr. Bloom talked on interminably. An ordinarily meek man, he was enjoying the vicarious thrill of breaking ship-board laws without any personal hazard.

Dr. Brandt finally stemmed the stream of his words to remark, "I must leave. I am sorry, but I have my patients to care for." While he spoke of "patients" half-facetiously, he suddenly realized how important to him those several fellow-passengers had become, merely because he was trying to help them. In interesting himself in their illnesses he forgot his own. They gave him a sense of responsibility to others such as he had not felt since the war. His work had been too impersonal; one treated epidemic and plague in terms of percentages—of incidence, of mortality, of recovery. The individual was a number on a bed; the



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number remained the same, though the patient changed. The Panamanians and the sailor were oddly exciting to him because they were *persons*—though he told himself honestly that there was nothing that he could really do for them that they ought not to have been able to do for themselves. They lacked the volition and he could not supply it for them.

It was a peculiarity of those whom he was pleased to call his patients that all three of them, if his diagnoses were correct, suffered illnesses of the mind's making. The Panamanian couple had eaten dinner on board the *Hawkeye State* while it prepared to leave the San Pedro harbor. They had felt the first quiver of the screws, suffered the slow rolling motion which the ship acquired almost immediately, and had sought their berths. Others of the passengers were seasick at that time, but they had recovered or the heat had driven them on deck. These two had abandoned, in their retchings, the will to live.

He visited the woman first, and as he felt her hot forehead with a hand that was surprisingly gentle, the tense nervousness of his expression gradually softened. "Come, Mrs. Greenstein, you'll be better out in the air."

Rosita Greenstein answered in voluble Spanish, none of which the doctor understood, and when again, by word and gesture, he repeated his suggestion, she shook her head. Had he possessed the authority, Dr. Brandt would have ordered her taken on deck. As it was, he gave her arm a comforting pat, which seemed to go unheeded, and ascended to the men's quarters, to go through a similar scene with her husband.

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At least the Greensteins knew that they were sick and accepted his ministrations. It was different with Smith. A surly, uncommunicative man, he ate his meals in silence and returned to his berth to spend the whole time reading at a collection of dog-eared Western magazines. If Smith did not resent these visits, he was completely indifferent to them.

Of course it was Bloom who had furnished the history of the shipwrecked sailor, as everyone called him. According to the schoolteacher, Smith had been a worldwide newspaper sensation for a day or so, when he had been found at sea in an open boat, the only survivor among its occupants. Now forgotten, he was being returned to New York.

Dr. Brandt observed him for a moment before he spoke. Perhaps there was no need for concern and his suspicions were unfounded. Was Smith merely a stupid fellow whose years at sea had taught him no other use than this for his times "off watch"? Or had he escaped into some uncharted regions of the mind during the experience of watching men die about him? In trying to reach into the thoughts and soul of this man who sprawled before him, Dr. Brandt forgot all the associations these surroundings had held for him so recently. What should his attitude be? Should he pretend interest in the pulp magazine stories? Continue in his endeavors to get the man to talking about himself?

During these moments Dr. Brandt struggled for understanding—of this man and, through him in some manner, of himself and of the world at large. This was part of a recurring engagement that he usually waged alone, in the dark, during the time that should be given to sleep.

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Between John Smith and Carl Brandt there existed some bond. Both had been subjected to experiences that might cause extreme mental suffering. Within the humanity of Smith, Dr. Brandt sought for his own. He put several questions and received noncommittal, but not unintelligent, answers. Then, when the heat became unendurable he said to himself, "The temperature down here must be well over a hundred degrees, but Smith is reading quietly—apparently unaware of it. What is the true relation between sensation and the mind's capacity or willingness to conceive its effects?"

Had the sailor survived because he alone among his fellows lacked the imagination to perceive his plight? Or had he become lost in those tortuous processes of the mind whence he had escaped—in that maze where the doctor thought of himself as having wandered too long?

He was still pondering these questions when he returned to the others. Erica was seated with the young missionary in the sheltered section of deck at the stern, and he took the opportunity to join them.

What a scene for a motion picture! Delos Newcombe mentally cut it into a rectangle, framed it with red velvet hangings, and accompanied it with an organ's incidental music. The moon furnished artistic lighting; the characters were each of them perfect types. Mr. Bloom, the school-teacher, and Armand, the French-Panamanian, furnished the comedy relief. He himself played the hero, of course. Instinctively, he turned slightly to throw his features into more prominent silhouette.

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The cast lacked a strong feminine lead, however. Miss van Nijden was a marvelous person—already they had talked several times and he had enjoyed her bluff heartiness; but the part demanded a beautiful heroine, one who might make her appearance at any moment and fall in love with him at first sight.

The other woman wouldn't do, either—the missionary one. For one thing, she had red hair, or almost red, and that ridiculous knot at the nape of her neck, instead of one over each ear, the way it should be worn. Apparently Dr. Brandt found her interesting, but to Delos the flat planes of her cheeks made her seem almost haggard and definitely not the type to play opposite him.

A single ventilator rose above them, and a life preserver boldly stenciled S.S. *Hawkeye State* hung beneath a row of portholes. There was a steam winch to the side and overhead, almost out of focus, were the lifeboats, their davits bending over them in graceful curves. It was so beautifully staged and produced! Even the heat, which continued unrelieved, was indicated for cinema purposes by the beads of perspiration that hung on everyone's face. Glycerine could have been no more effective.

Although he was fleeing from the studios, forgotten and defeated, Delos Newcombe confused reality with the screen's reflection and measured life by its celluloid counterpart. Yes, the scene appeared perfect to him, and then achieved a final touch in the true Hollywood tradition when Nels joined them with his concertina.

His pleasure was short-lived. Miss van Nijden began a discussion with Dr. Brandt, and it annoyed him. His world

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was a silent one, and the argument, which became more lively and in which the others joined, had no place in the picture he envisioned.

"You are needlessly depressed, my dear Doctor," Miss van Nijden was saying. "Let me assure you that the world does not stand still. I do not believe that those men I nursed died for nothing. Three years is too short a time; it does not give—there is a word you have in English. . . ."

"Perspective, perhaps you mean," Cedric Weatherwax suggested.

"Exactly! It doesn't give sufficient perspective, do you think? Certainly there will never be another conflict. Europeans are too weary. The people of Germany could not be roused to fight again; they were thoroughly disillusioned by the war."

"Still more disillusioned by the peace," Dr. Brandt interrupted, grimly.

"That I grant you, but things are definitely better. Look at the matter of food alone—already there are surpluses."

Weatherwax broke in with a harsh laugh. "Ah, you Dutch! Really, I admire you most extravagantly. You describe the issues of war in terms of food!"

"What better way for Dutchmen? We enjoy food! We believe in it. Whenever I've found it a little warm on board, I've been able to think, 'But the food is so good.' When the people of the world have plenty of good food, fairly distributed, there will be no more war."

Dr. Brandt shook his head. "If I had stayed at home during these three years, I would believe you; but I've been in Europe. We have lost the war you say we have won—

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and we broke faith. We made a covenant with the world—not only with Germany and our enemies; but we compromised our principles with England and France.”

“Nonsense, England has to be realistic,” Weatherwax exploded. “It’s hard to make you Americans understand that. Besides, if you had come in when you should have, we wouldn’t have had to make a lot of promises to a set of beggars. The Fourteen Points served their purpose; the mistake was in allowing people to go on believing in them.”

Yes, the scene had gotten away from Delos Newcombe, and when the Carpenter cousins bore down upon him he accepted the interruption gladly, although the provincial Hawaiian-American girls lacked the distinction he ordinarily expected of feminine companions. On the voyage from Honolulu they had become wildly enamored of the middle-aged, distinguished, but rather gaunt Mr. Cedric Weatherwax. Since yesterday their affections had undergone a sea change and they now lavished all their soft flutterings upon the actor. As he followed them toward a more secluded spot, he favored the others with a petulant glance for having ruined the setting and compelling his exit.

They were all too deep in their quarrel to notice, though Dr. Brandt was also ready to withdraw and seek less disturbing company. He was so heartily sick of everything having to do with the war! Erica van Nijden engaged in repairing differences when Weatherwax persisted in his attitude that England was being maligned and misunderstood. Of them all, Alice McMasters felt the greatest emotional response to the talk. It was years since she had been

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able to take part in a discussion such as this in which people were not inhibited by their religious beliefs. Her parched mind bloomed with fresh ideas and she waited eagerly for an opportunity to give voice to them.

Her turn came when Weatherwax objected bluntly to something Erica had said about the application of the Fourteen Points to the East. "But that is rot, you know!" he had exclaimed. "They're not like us. They are little better than filthy beasts, and they'll always need to have someone rule them. The trouble with the white races is that there are too many sentimentalists among us. There is no sentiment in the East, I can tell you. I have put in time in China, as well as India. Anybody with half an eye can see that neither country can run itself. They need us, and more fools we for putting up with as much as we do. Where would India be commercially if we hadn't taken over—or China?"

This was Miss McMasters' chance. "But the Chinese didn't ask you to take over, nor the Indians. You wanted to—fought to. You can't truthfully say, as you did a bit ago, that you merely get paid for governing. What we of the West have taken from the East has been by robbery, sheer robbery. We cannot excuse ourselves."

"Oh, I know. We English, again! But I should think that you, as a missionary, would realize how far you would have gone without us to back you up. It is England that has kept the world safe for you people, and in turn you have helped us."

A bitterness crept into Alice McMasters' voice. "That is one of the reasons I am on this ship, Mr. Weatherwax. I

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began to see too clearly that we had become an instrument of Empire—of commercial aggrandizement. And I said nothing against England. Our country is as bad as yours in that respect. We talk Christ when we mean cotton, as someone once said. Nobody in Asia will forget that it was the United States that opened up Japan to commerce—under the barrels of Perry's guns."

She had not meant to speak so forcefully, and blushed in the darkness as she became conscious of the doctor's scrutiny. They lapsed again into silence and Nels began to play for them. The gusty, wailing notes of the concertina were nostalgic to the Danish youths, and perhaps to Erica van Nijden; for the others, however, they evoked, more belatedly than for Delos Newcombe, the theatrical quality of this scene and of their participation in it.

Alice McMasters was the first to slip away, perturbed by further new sensations. A draft of hot air rising to meet her as she descended the companionway made her realize that the sun, shining all day on the iron hull of their vessel, had made an oven of their quarters, in which it would be impossible to attempt sleep. She halted in indecision, and Miss van Nijden spoke from behind her. "We'll get our mattresses and bring them up on deck. It will be jolly sleeping under the stars, don't you think?"

The Dutchwoman had a way of making the best of any situation, and Alice felt closely drawn to her as they braved the searing heat together, made a kind of litter of their bedding, and escaped toward the deck with it.

Again it was Miss van Nijden's resourcefulness that found a place for them, screened by the combing above the



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steering engine. "If there's dampness, we'll be sheltered from it," she explained, "and we're out of the way of the soot."

"It's so good of you to take me in charge this way, Miss van Nijden."

"Nonsense! And call me Erica, and I shall call you Alice."

The missionary nodded. As they partially disrobed and adjusted themselves to the hardness of the thin, narrow mattresses, the nurse murmured, "We'll have to get up when they wash the decks. It will be a good thing, too, because we'll be early to the saloon. I like a substantial, unhurried breakfast."

In another moment she was asleep, and Alice McMasters listened to the soft, regular breathing of her new acquaintance and the subdued, distant chatter of the steering engine which floated up through the combing. She recalled the incidents of the evening, the music and the talk. In a lassitude engendered of the night and of the nearness of slumber, she realized that she was no longer thinking about China, but of the manner of man this doctor was, whose ideas had seemed so akin to her own and whose look had been disturbing enough to keep her awake thus long.

## *The Third Day*

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THE FOLLOWING BREEZE had now been with them for a full twenty-four hours and, though the *Hawkeye State* moved in a cloud of smoke that had constantly increased in size and denseness until it was a deep smudge upon the Pacific, the third-class passengers still found the deck preferable to their quarters below. A group of them discussed a nice point in physics: Was there a saturation point beyond which the air could hold no further particles of soot? Weatherwax, as an engineer, explored this question to its limit, bringing up his own experiences with London fogs in which smoke was also the principal ingredient. He held out the hope that either a slight change in course or in the speed of the vessel or a veering of the wind would remove the uncomfortable canopy and leave it to dissipate over empty ocean.

"Furthermore," he finished triumphantly, "we could then enjoy that phantom wind which is actually with us all the time but moving in the same direction and at equal speed—a good fifteen knots, I should say." The Englishman fancied the poetic turn to his explanation and twisted his reddish mustache in a self-satisfied gesture, glancing among the passengers, possibly in hope of an argument; but

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even Mr. Bloom was too prostrate to contest his statements.

Dr. Brandt missed this dissertation in pursuit of his self-imposed duties. He looked down upon Rosita Greenstein and wondered again whether he had any shadow of right to have her carried outside or removed to the ship's hospital, where perhaps she and her husband could be placed in adjoining berths. With this thought in mind, he tried the door through the bulkhead that separated the women's quarters from the rest of the ship. He had expected to find it locked; instead, it opened inward, revealing what had been further dormitories. Berths bare of bedding were still in place, folded against the tubular standards supporting them; but every foot of space between was piled solid with bags of walnuts.

When Dr. Brandt became obsessed with an idea, he forgot discomfort and trouble. He made a quick survey of the lower decks and companionways to satisfy himself that his conclusion was correct. Third-class quarters were effectively barred by cargo from the rest of the ship, the open deck-well providing the only passage! As he ascended to join the others outside, he wondered how they would all fare if a storm should make that deck-well impassable.

It was Mr. Bloom who broached the idea of a committee to call upon the Captain and petition for use of the pool. "Maybe he doesn't know about it. Or, supposing he does, if we protested in a nice way . . . But firmly, you understand. We might mention the unusual heat, and the children. It is not for myself that I care—though the water would be refreshing, I admit. We should form a committee, I say, and the doctor should be the spokesman."

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Dr. Brandt looked up in surprise. "Why me? No, thank you, I don't want to have anything to do with it. I think the business of having a pool for only those two is outrageous, of course, but there is a rule about it, I suppose."

"It is your duty, Doctor. You have an important official position. A Major! He would have to listen to you."

"Why don't *you* talk to him, Bloom? You can talk faster than I can, and it's your idea, anyway."

The little man's eyes gleamed behind his glasses. "I would talk to him, and gladly. But would he listen to me? No! 'Trouble maker,' he would call me. No, it must be you! What do you say, folks? The doctor is chairman of the committee to protest to the Captain! All in favor say 'yes.'"

Some of the passengers hadn't even listened to the discussion, but they roused themselves from their lassitude to shout with the others. "It is settled, then," Mr. Bloom persisted. "You will do it?"

It might do some good at that, Dr. Brandt decided. Certainly the soot, the heat, and the lack of air were all unusual. In earlier voyages to the tropics he had experienced nothing like them.

Miss van Nijden boomed, "Perhaps we should have a committee of three. I will go with you, if you wish."

It was the pool itself, slushing over first to one side and then to the other, spilling its cooling flood on the hot iron of the deck, that decided Dr. Brandt. "All right, Miss van Nijden. The three of us, then—though I'll be surprised if we accomplish anything. . . . Meanwhile, I want to look in on Rosita again. How does she seem to you?"

"She's no better! Her seasickness is mental, I believe, but

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she is very ill, all the same. And the heat down there! I tried to persuade her to sleep on deck last night. But what she needs most is a good meal. Food, Doctor, is a wonderful medicine. Don't you agree?"

There was an unexpected diversion to postpone the doctor's plans. The Purser, the Steward, and the Assistant Steward, followed by the two Chinese boys from the dining saloon, marched solemnly across the deck. The Purser, a paunchy, red-faced little man, stepped forward and announced importantly, "All third-class passengers line up immediately, out here where I can see.

"Chang and you, Lee, search the third-class quarters and tell anybody you see to report on deck immediately. Get a move on!"

The Chinese boys ducked their heads and hurried away, while the Purser blustered, "I am going to get this straightened out, once and for all!"

The passengers who knew about the stowaways eyed each other, understandingly. Dr. Brandt was amused by the incandescent glow of the teacher's eyes, although he was himself annoyed by the Purser's tone. They were passengers as much as the others—guests of the Line, or of the Shipping Board Corporation, or of the United States Government, whichever actually ran the ship in which all three appeared to have a hand. He was certain that the Purser wouldn't talk in this fashion before either of the first-class passengers.

For the first time in his life, Dr. Brandt was being made aware of the respect that the mere having of money calls forth. Had he himself possessed another hundred dollars

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or so, not only might he have enjoyed the pleasure of the pool when he wanted, but this soft little creature would have fawned on him.

As the others began to line up where the Purser indicated, Dr. Brandt became aroused. It was time that this whole ridiculous business stopped. He spoke in a voice that crackled with authority. "I have no intention of standing in line out there. Also, I have several patients below. Please instruct your men that those patients are not to be disturbed!"

The Purser grew bellicose. "Who are you, and who do you think you are talking to?"

It had been a long time since the doctor had been really angry, and in a way he enjoyed it. "I am Dr. Carl Brandt—Major, U.S.A.R. And you, sir, who are *you*?"

This had the effect he had planned. Obviously, the way to treat creatures like this was to shrivel them up. The Purser was apologetic.

"No offense, sir, but we've got a bad condition back here—I don't know what to make of it. We can't get the passenger count straight. I have told the Steward, 'Here, get that count straight, or where will I be?' Sometimes there is a passenger over; sometimes one under; sometimes two over. We can't have that on shipboard, sir, you can see that . . . being a Major, sir. Things have to be shipshape. Now maybe you could help us. Go over the passengers and keep your eye peeled for one that don't belong."

"Kindly attend to your own business. I have been ordered around long enough, and I am heartily sick and tired of it." The doctor's stare pierced through the Purser's

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flabbiness. "I am shocked by the conditions I find on this ship, and I intend to do something about it! Will you please inform the Captain that I am calling upon him at two-thirty this afternoon?"

At the last minute Mr. Bloom decided that he was unable to join the committee of protest to the Captain. "You will do better without me! And I have nervous indigestion, Doctor, from the excitement. But you tell him. Talk to him the way you talked to the Purser; that will put him in his place."

Dr. Brandt consulted his wrist-watch. "It's two-ten. At two-twenty-five you and Miss van Nijden are meeting me here on deck—and no excuses!"

Mr. Bloom sighed. "You don't understand! It's really true, like I said. But if you insist, I'll go. I'll get a bromo-seltzer, or something."

"You'll go—and no bromo-seltzer!"

The little man put in fifteen minutes of agonizing waiting. His mind worked furiously, thinking of the things that the doctor ought to say. He began to repeat them to himself, and then aloud, with appropriate gestures, so that anyone coming along behind him would have thought he was addressing the waves.

There was the Dutch nurse. He walked toward her, and she greeted him with "Mr. Bloom, what in the world has happened to you? Are you ill?"

Bloom shook his head sadly. "I think I am going to die—but I always get this way when there is a crisis. It has interfered a lot with my career, I can tell you. Perhaps I

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would be a principal right now. But whenever there was a crisis—the smallest thing, like reproving a boy after school—I used to get ill. It is terrible, I assure you, especially for one who believes, as I do, in justice. I tried to tell the doctor, but he wouldn't listen. Perhaps, if I die at the Captain's feet, it will have some effect!"

He was in deadly earnest, and Miss van Nijden was thinking of absolving him of responsibility; but when Dr. Brandt made his appearance he glared so implacably at the poor man that for once she lost her voice.

"Come, Miss van Nijden, we are ready. And, Bloom, I expect you to introduce us."

"But I can't. I will collapse, I tell you! Believe me, I want more than anything I know that little Billy should be able to swim in that pool. . . ."

"You are going to introduce us." Dr. Brandt appeared very formidable. He had changed to white linens, and a double row of colored ribbons decorated his chest. The schoolteacher looked at his stern features, nodded, and acquiesced meekly. "I'll try. I'll do it if I can."

While Dr. Brandt led the way toward the bridge he felt as though he were walking in a familiar nightmare, he had come this way so many times before. Those daily reports to the Captain of that earlier vessel when things had been going badly. "Eighteen today!" "Captain, when in God's name will we make port? I had twenty-seven cases today." "Forty-two today." "Sixty-three today."

By an extreme effort of will, he erased these memories from his mind. He had got himself into this particular show; he would put it over if he could, and at the same time do a



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kindness for Bloom. The teacher probably thought him more than callous, but if he could force the little man to do his part in this situation it might have an excellent psychological effect. At the moment, Bloom's face was a pasty gray and his legs were trembling visibly. Harshness, rather than sympathy, was the thing to buck him up, and Dr. Brandt commanded, gruffly, "Come on, Bloom. You're not going to renege on us now. Up the steps with you!"

Erica van Nijden was distressed and surprised by the doctor's manner. "I am afraid that he is not well, you know," she began, and got a wink and a dig in the ribs that almost winded her.

"Mind what you say, Bloom. And get it straight, or I'll settle with you later," the doctor hissed in a conspirator's whisper. "You begin: 'Captain, this is a committee from the third-class passengers; Major Brandt has been delegated to speak for us.' I want it word for word!"

When, a few minutes later, Mr. Bloom came to that part of his introduction, he delivered it with an intensity of concentration that was most impressive. "Major Brandt has been delegated to speak for us." There! He hadn't expected that he would be able to say it. He sighed happily and beamed. No matter how their mission turned out, he had done his part. He had met a crisis, and he'd been word-perfect. He had never felt so pleased with himself. He became aware that the doctor's broad hand had been digging into his shoulder and was only now slowly relaxing. He realized then that the doctor had not been afraid of braving the Captain alone and had cared not at all whether

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he was introduced or not—that the thing had been done merely for David Bloom's sake!

An electric fan droned in the cabin, but it could not move air where none existed. Beads of perspiration ran down the Captain's purplish-veined face, and he mopped continually with a damp handkerchief. But certainly not even Mr. Bloom could have called him discourteous. He adjusted a chair for Miss van Nijden, bowed in a semi-official manner, and introduced himself: "Captain McVeigh at your service."

Dr. Brandt was about to speak when he noticed the Captain's eyes and had to pause for a minute out of compassion. He was familiar with eyes that held that expression; they belonged to men who had looked upon death too often. He would not have been at all surprised to learn that his own eyes at times held that subdued look of horror that could never be completely veiled.

The Captain's appearance suggested that he had tried an alcoholic escape from his thoughts. The doctor himself had at least been spared that. Briefly, and more quietly than he had intended, he put their case: "I think none of us realized how things would be on this ship when we bought our tickets. Today there is a great difference between third-class and steerage. Miss van Nijden could tell you more about it than I can. In her work for the Dutch Red Cross she has traveled over most of the world—third-class, and never under such conditions as these. There is no need to tell you how hot it is."

Captain McVeigh spoke explosively. "Hot! I have never experienced anything like the last two days."

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"Exactly—yet back there a hundred of us are suffering, while those two in first-class bathe in comfort. Psychologically it is a torment, and, in addition, they are indecent. The place for people to make love is their bedroom."

The Captain put up an admonishing hand. "Oh, come, Major Brandt, you're excited, and I can't blame you. They're young people on a honeymoon, that's all. It's unfortunate, I admit, that they are the only passengers—first-class, I mean. But what can you expect? This hooker is too slow. She can't compete with other liners. Good God, man, she's a troop transport, and that's all she's good for. We had a fairly good passenger list outward bound to the Far East; but now I have thirty stewards with not a thing to do! Do you think I don't know they can cause trouble? And your quarters weren't fit for soldiers—much less for passengers—I know that, too. But all I'm doing is navigating this oversized ferryboat."

As Dr. Brandt started to reply, the Captain again held up his hand. "Let me finish. I know what you are getting to—you'd like to go into the pool when the first-class passengers aren't using it. And I would like to say 'Yes'—I assure you I would. I want to take a swim in that damn pool myself—begging your pardon, madam. But this vessel belongs to the United States Shipping Board—it's subject to rules. I threshed this out on the trip out with the agents in Frisco, and it's 'against regulations.' You're an Army man—you know what regulations are. I have no authority to set them aside."

"But who'll object, Captain? I don't think that couple would. They aren't aware that there is anyone else on

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board. Surely, we won't contaminate the water; there is new being pumped in all of the time. It would make the trip endurable. Why, some of these people made real sacrifices to take this voyage—for pleasure." •

The Captain shook his head. "There is a nice kid back there. A manly kid—reminds me of my own when he was that age. Now suppose I let him go swimming in that pool—as I would like to. Suppose he lost his balance and hit the side of it, or got cramps, and nobody saw him—and I would have to make a report! You see where I would be, Major?"

Dr. Brandt had also lived with regulations—for too long. He held out his hand and the Captain shook it.

As they returned, though they had failed in their purpose, Mr. Bloom almost skipped along the deck. "You know what we neglected to tell him? We said nothing about the attitude of the officers. But I guess we got excited, maybe, and forgot. It was a wonderful experience though, for me. I spoke right up in a crisis, a thing I have never been able to do before—never! Ahead of time I could think of all kinds of things to say, but then I would get a sick feeling of the stomach. . . . You understand?"

Dr. Brandt exchanged a look with the nurse. "It's all right, Mr. Bloom. You've proved yourself to yourself. Isn't that all any of us have to do? And I will tell you something else: I would rather be you any day than our friend the Captain."

Nine years spent in the dusty timelessness of Chinese villages had not served to keep Alice McMasters abreast of the vagaries of American fashions, including the successive

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changes from the skirted, flannel bathing costume of 1912 to the clinging, knitted wool garment such as Allison Spruance was wearing. The appearance of the only first-class woman passenger, as she poised on the diving board, was both breath-taking and shocking. Not that Alice was disturbed by nudity—she had grown used to the frank displays of the person usual among Orientals; but this tightly fitting bathing suit did more than reveal the figure: it called attention to it, accentuating the feminine characteristics of the wearer in a way that Alice found hard to comprehend.

Instead of feeling shame in this display of herself, the girl seemed to take a very special satisfaction in her perfection, running her hands up her sides in preening motions, twisting her torso to give new significances to her figure. Alice had an errant thought which she tried to stifle: Perhaps the bather's evident pride in her body was due to its being possessed by another! Perhaps it was being loved that lifted her breasts and hardened her thighs.

Alice was horrified by this thought, which she considered sinful in the extreme, but at the same time she suddenly felt a pleasurable sense of her own person. Beneath her white shirtwaist and outmoded dress was a body of which she now grew intensely conscious—and with that awareness came a pride in the secret knowledge that it was also beautiful.

Thorndyke Spruance lacked the physical perfection of his bride. He was tall and inclined to boniness, but his features held the same expression of complete satisfaction

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with himself and of disdain for those who might be watching.

Alice began to imagine that she was in the fortunate circumstances of these two. She was beyond the age for a honeymoon, she told herself. She had exchanged the right of youth to love and ecstasy for a higher purpose. Too bad that the exaltation of that sacrifice could now be recalled only as a pious, pallid fraud. For the full cup of pleasure that the other girl was enjoying, Alice had accepted the emptiness of her years in China.

She watched the play of the two bodies, in and out of the water, and for the first time in her life contemplated a panorama of human relationship to which she had hitherto resolutely closed her thoughts. Each little lover's touch, each slight, caressing motion and glance, the manner of the groom's posings and the way the bride arched her back, all had new and tremendous significance.

In thus abandoning herself to ideas that should not have been inspiring and were not moral, Alice felt a growing uneasiness of conscience. She had deserted her church and her work; her sinful thoughts now were another and logical step in her ruin. But somehow this personal castigation failed of its purpose. When finally the Spruances quit the pool—from their exchange of glances presumably to go on to other pleasures—Alice was conscious of a warm glow, an electric tingle that extended into each finger-tip and that aroused a sense of acute discomfort in the confinement of the ugly, old-fashioned garments she was wearing. She looked covertly toward the other passengers. What could they be thinking of her? Surely they could read her secret

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thoughts. Her expression must be as revealing of carnal desire as that of the bride. She repressed an impulse to hide somewhere; then realized that all the others were as occupied with their emotions as she was with hers. Her shame was dissipated in this mass abandonment to a feeling that was not wicked, nor sinful, but born of clean, human needs.

Not even in her secret thoughts, however, would Alice have admitted the possibility that, by an association of ideas, Dr. Brandt took the place of the groom and transformed lechery into a high and noble sentiment. Ever since yesterday she had recalled again and again the black, upstanding brush of his hair, the bronzed skin, the almost pugnacious cast of his features, and particularly the sympathetic understanding in the direct, interested look with which he had listened to her outburst. Of one thing she was certain: he shared her sense of futility in this postwar world. Hers had come intuitively, from her disillusionment with one in whom she had believed, through whom she had measured values. He, too, had talked nobly. . . .

Along with the others, she wondered how successful the committee had been. That was another thing about Dr. Brandt. Where she merely pretended to an interest in her fellow-men, he served them. Perhaps out of this flight from all that she had hitherto considered important there was to come a new and significant pattern of living. She measured the stature of her service to a narrow, Protestant God in terms of a new potentiality—measured herself with Erica van Nijden, for instance.

Alice thought of herself as narrow, inhibited, old-maidish—and this was not the end of her adjectives; whereas the

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Dutchwoman was tolerant, rich in human sympathy and understanding. Alice had lived a starved life, even when it had seemed most full, while Erica had feasted at a richer table where humanity and not theology was the dish.

Here came Erica now, followed by Mr. Bloom and the doctor. Mr. Bloom's appearance so belied the outcome of their mission that it was hard to realize that it had been a failure until Erica said, with an intensity unusual in her, "There are times when men make me furious—even when they are as nice as Dr. Brandt. All you have to say to them is 'Regulations.'"

"Don't take too much stock in what Erica says." Dr. Brandt's tone was light, but it was evident that he too had been upset by the interview. Alice was already beginning to understand that his manner of smoking often indicated the state of his feelings. Now, after running his hand through his hair with quick, nervous gestures, he drew sharply upon the ridiculously short remains of a cigarette. "I object to the petty laws that bureaucrats lay down, quite as much as Erica does. Some official with no imagination dictated what he considered appropriate rules for the operation of these government-owned vessels. If he were here, he'd resent their working just as we do. But he isn't—he's sitting at a desk in Washington thinking up new ways to cramp the human soul!"

"Why, Doctor! When the Captain said 'Regulations,' you gave in without a fight."

"Of course I did. Don't forget, it's only a few months since I had to live by regulations myself. I know what McVeigh is up against." He flipped his ash overboard,



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thinking, "Damn! Why do I always have to start preaching?" In his own way he had been affected by the love-play of the Spruances; but not extreme youth, as represented by the Carpenter cousins, nor the efficient robustness of Erica van Nijden held the answer to his needs. It was not impossible that this strangely attractive woman did. As she looked at him with grave, direct glance, the green-gold color of her eyes intensified by dark, flaring brows, he tried desperately to throw off his vexation and unease of spirit. For her he should be cheery and gay—not a dour old fool carrying the world's weight on his shoulders. . . .

There was a touch on his elbow, and he swung around, startled by a member of the crew who had come up behind him by way of the companion leading from the engine-room. The man spoke in a hoarse whisper. "I'm sorry, sir. I hate to bother you, but would you mind looking at a fellow's finger?"

"Why doesn't he go to the ship's doctor? There is one, isn't there?"

The seaman's face twisted in scorn. He evidently suffered from some vocal disability, from the effort he made to speak. "Oh, him? He's been to him, sir, and he painted it with iodine. You looked a regular guy, so a couple of us talked about asking you to see it. I said I would. He's a nice kid, sir. Maybe you wouldn't mind?"

This request, and the raven's croak in which it was uttered, made the doctor's depression settle down on him with even greater force, and he said bitterly and only half aloud, "Here is a nice problem in professional ethics. Another kind of 'regulations,' Erica."

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"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"Nothing. Certainly I'll come. You'll excuse me? And you, Miss McMasters? Lead the way."

The seaman ducked into the companion and descended the slippery iron steps. Dr. Brandt followed him across an oily bridge of metal not unlike that of an apartment-house fire escape. Far below could be seen the gleaming turbines and the oilers and wipers moving among the flashing parts with copper cans or cotton waste. Then the two passed over the boilers; incandescent flashes from the huge burners seared their eyes, even at this distance, and they felt the heat that brought up to the decks the men who used to lie there, sobbing or breathless. Dr. Brandt choked. They passed the row of boilers, crossing another slender iron bridge, and stopped for a moment to enjoy the cool draft beneath a ventilator.

"It ain't far, sir," his guide encouraged. "That's a hot spot back there, ain't it?"

A bulkhead door opened into a dim corridor. Again they descended. The doctor was sure he could never find his way out, and he began to understand how seamen must feel, trapped in the bowels of a ship in time of hazard. He missed one sensation that had become familiar: the vibration of the screws, which made everything in steerage shudder to their rhythm.

They stepped into an airless cubicle, lined with bunks. The guide switched on the light and two sleeping men awoke with loud protest, which they stifled as they saw the doctor. The third occupant of the room was waiting for them, an anxious expression on his flushed face. The smell

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of sweat and dirty clothes, of oil and of mustiness from the hold and bilge, was almost as overpowering as the heat of the boilers had been. No wonder it was difficult to get good men to follow the sea when they had to sleep in hutches like this!

Dr. Brandt examined the man's finger, then felt along his arm with square, practiced fingers, "You say you showed this to the ship's doctor?"

"Al, here, took me up to him. A steel shaving done it, I think. He put iodine on it, but it throbbed all last watch. Al just was up and told him it was pretty bad, but he wouldn't come down. Then we heard you was on board. . . ."

"I'm glad you asked me." Dr. Brandt felt a rise of that fierce anger that had so often caused him trouble before. That it was now directed against a member of his own profession made it even less easy to master. "I'd like to tell him what I think," he muttered. Then, to his former guide, "Do you know where my bunk is?"

"I know, all right."

"On the top berth—over the one that's made up—there is a little black leather case. Bring it here, will you?" While he waited, he took the injured seaman's pulse and temperature, the others watching in fascinated silence.

"Where do you work?"

"Wiper. It's in the engine room."

"You don't look like a sailor—or an engineer?"

"I wanted to get back East and signed on. Most of us down here was never at sea before."

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"And we won't be again!" one of the watchers asserted, and all three laughed.

"This is a jinxed ship, they say," the patient went on. "We're the fourth crew since she left New York."

The man in the upper bunk rolled over, the better to look down upon the doctor's ministrations. "Yeah—*what* a ship! We call her the *Cockeye State*. That's what *we* call her!"

In an incredibly short time the hoarse man was back with the bag. He was extremely thin, with parchmentlike skin stretched over the bony structure of his face, but his movements showed quick purpose and no apparent lack of strength. Dr. Brandt lanced the finger, injected iodine liberally along the path of the infection, and applied a light dressing. "If you can get some Epsom salts, make a solution in hot water and keep your hand in it as long as you can. Another day and you might have been in a bad way. I'll drop in tomorrow and see how you're coming along."

The wiper's gratitude made the doctor uncomfortable. "Forget it. You'll be all right." He noticed a red ribbon fastened in a pair of dungarees hanging in the cabin, and that each man's dungarees were similarly decorated. "What are these? Don't tell me that you boys are Bolsheviks? I've heard about this ribbon business. What does it mean?"

The injured youth was shamefaced and embarrassed. He looked questioningly at the man with the whispering voice, who shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know much about it myself, though I'm going to wear a ribbon tomorrow—I promised. Al carries a Red Card—you know, the I.W.W.

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The Workers of the World. He's been telling how things are with us. . . ."

Al croaked, "They didn't pay off the last crew."

"What made us get together, though, is the officers. Those mates are poison. You don't know, Doc, you ain't been up against any of them.

"One of the deckhands almost got a broken jaw when the Mate socked him. When you get hit you can't strike back, or it's mutiny. You got to take it and like it. They all carry guns, too—maybe you've noticed. Know what I think? They ain't much older than I am, but they were in the war. They learned to depend on guns. Maybe I'm screwy, but that's how it seems to me."

"Nuts, kid. I was in the war too. How I lost my voice—gas. Guns ain't what give you strength. It's sticking together."

Dr. Brandt noted that Al spoke at times like an educated man, then slipped into careless slang. He went on, passionately, "These kids need someone to look out for 'em."

"Us fellows ain't seamen, really—most of us. We needed jobs, that was all, or wanted to get back to New York. But a ship is a tough place if you're just one man. If you're all together, it's different."

Al's fleshless face stretched into a grin. To go with the sparse, lifeless hair, the eyes sunken behind unkempt brows and the vitiated skin, he should have had yellowed snags of teeth. Instead, they were startlingly white and even—beautiful and vital in his death's head. "You learned your lesson, buddy."

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Dr. Brandt thought a little, and nodded his head. "So tomorrow you are going to show that you're all together, is that it?"

"That's the size of it. I hope you ain't sore, Doc? You see how it is?"

"No, I'm not sore. And I see how it is. Maybe you're right. I don't know. Is the whole crew in your union? All of them going to wear red ribbons?"

"All except the niggers. . . ."

From his berth, the man who until now had remained silent, interjected vehemently, "No niggers! If we're having a union, we want a white union."

"I'm against it. We should be together—all of us," Al rasped, and the man in the berth countered, "The niggers don't need protection like us, anyway."

This was a new conception, and the doctor showed his surprise.

"What I mean is, they're already together, being colored, see? They have to be together, whether they want to or not. Hurt one of those guys and you hurt them all. That's what would happen. The mates would think twice before they'd touch one of the niggers."

Dr. Brandt closed his bag, deep in thought. "Isn't there some way I could get out on deck without going through the engine room?"

"Sure, but it's longer. Take the stairway forward, there. And thanks again, Doc."

He set off in the direction his patient had indicated. The *Cockeye State*, the men called the ship. The *Cockeye State*! An appropriate name. The *Cockeye State*, plowing the seas

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of a cockeyed world. An officer misuses his authority. A doctor ignores his oath. Some boys seize upon an expedient suggested by older men, unaware of the possibilities their action may hold. In front of his eyes, on this ship, all the cockeyed things in a cockeyed world were happening on a miniature scale.

He passed a familiar-looking corridor. Down such a corridor there would be the hospital and the doctor's office. Like every part of this misbegotten vessel they would hold too many ghosts, but in a resurgence of anger he no longer feared them as he determined to seek out the ship's doctor. A knock at the office door brought no response, but opposite, the door to the hospital stood open. He glanced in, and down the long, narrow space with its double rows of beds. It was beautifully equipped, unchanged from its wartime period. Had this room also once been filled to overflowing with dying men, among whom one stumbled exhaustedly?

Memory of those days dissipated his wrath. There was no sense in creating a scene with the ship's doctor, anyway. He turned, and on reaching the deck took a deep breath. No change in the weather had occurred during the past hour, and he had not really expected any. They were doomed to go on forever as they had been doing. The pall of the ship's own smoke still hung over them. There was no breeze, no least whisper of movement in the air. The *Hawkeye State* wallowed unmoving in an endless, timeless ocean.

A high-pitched, provocative laugh came from the pool. The bride and the groom were still engaged in their sport, unmindful as usual of the fascinated eyes that followed

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their every motion. On joining the other passengers, the doctor was amused to notice that the two girls from Hawaii—the Carpenter cousins—were surrounded by a galaxy of males. Even Delos Newcombe, who had hitherto merely accepted their admiring flutterings as his right—even he was now ardently courting the elder, while most of the other men among the passengers, regardless of their ages, lechered close by.

The Carpenter cousins appeared to be under twenty and with about a year's difference in their ages. Although they dressed in the prevailing style of all American flappers, there was a subtle rhythm in their walk, an extreme softness, almost birdlike, in their chatter. In their luxuriant black hair and rounded features probably lay a clue to these differences—perhaps a strain of native Hawaiian blood. They were both a little too short and too plump to be beautiful, but they had the attractiveness of youth and to the men about them they had become fetiches of their sex. They held within themselves the end, the goal, the final answer to all this business. Dr. Brandt smiled at a conceit of his. This was a high point in the lives of these two. They, at least, owed some kind of debt to the bride. How often in life did men seek and accept, in lieu of the unattainable, what was within their grasp! How often, in so doing, did they make a pretense that they were possessing, not what they had achieved, but what was beyond their reach! In this case, if these two unsophisticated girls from Kauai cattle ranches finally succumbed to the ardent proposals made to them, and submitted to the uses of the actor or of any of the others, their lovers would be holding in their



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arms, not either of these two healthy, normal, and ungifted animals, but the perfectness of the bride. . . .

Dr. Brandt shook his head, to clear it. He was being cynical, and he didn't want to see any harm come to those naïve youngsters. He slumped back in the deck chair he had appropriated, no more able than any of the others among the men to keep his eyes from the form of the bather—this woman who had become the focal point of the desire in all of them.

There was nothing to do but wait and see what happened.

A slender, wiry man, with skin crisscrossed by myriad wrinkles, voiced the feeling of all, though in more picturesque language than any of the others might have used. "It's too damn hot to chow in that chuck-wagon. I'd like to doss me up a few groceries right out here," he said in a slow drawl. He had the pallid complexion that comes of being baked clean of pigment through years of exposure to the sun. Dr. Brandt recognized him as a type familiar in the Southwest, and ruminated idly upon how few of his fellow-passengers he had come to know, despite all Mr. Bloom's activities. He, too, would have liked to avoid the stuffiness of the dining saloon; for one thing, he wasn't really hungry. But there was a kind of shipboard compulsion that drove passengers to their meals, and he went below with the rest. Again they suffered the further discomfort of being counted off, and he marveled at the teacher's prescience, who for this meal had directed only one of his protégés to appear.

After they had eaten and again escaped to the outside,

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Weatherwax fumed. "If I have to wait once more for my meal because of those two stowaways, I'll expose them."

"I wouldn't do that. It is these little excitements that make our life livable."

"Standing up to be counted, like sheep, is purely an annoyance to me, I assure you. Really, you Americans are astounding people. You sentimentalize over lawlessness. The steamship company is being cheated of one fare, and practically every passenger aboard this atrocious vessel is conniving with those little bounders. No Englishman would have the colossal brass to walk about quite openly—even take his meals right in the dining saloon—and not have a ticket. The whole thing is immoral, and, while I have kept my mouth shut because it's none of my business, I don't approve."

Dr. Brandt's broad shoulders hunched a trifle higher and he gave his most infectious grin. "Perhaps I shouldn't say this, Weatherwax, but you've laid yourself open to it. We Americans do enjoy our little evasions of authority. We like to feel that we can best the laws that we impose upon ourselves. And I admit that I'll be happy if the steamship company loses a fare. In contrasting us with your countrymen, Weatherwax, in the matter of petty diddling, you ought to have recalled that when it comes to large-scale thievery—like exploiting a people or stealing a continent—we can take lessons from you British!"

He walked away, angry but at the same time aware how ridiculous it was to quarrel over so unimportant a matter. He liked Weatherwax, though the man irritated him. He began a turn around the deck, but when he saw the mis-

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sionary at her accustomed vantage point by the spinning log indicator, he stopped and greeted her.

"I was sorry to run away, just when we had met."

"Erica told me that you had gone to treat one of the crew."

"A serious infection, as it turned out. But there are some things about this ship I'd rather forget. . . . You know, I've had the impression, watching you standing here day after day, that you are not with us at all. While I can't recommend the *Hawkeye State* very highly, I warn you from my own experience that to live in the past never brings happiness."

The missionary responded with a low and musical laugh. "And you gave me the impression, as you came up, that you were going to scold me about something." She moved over instinctively, her manner inviting him to stay by her side, and they talked, while between them the log indicator counted its revolutions.

Dr. Brandt told of his set-to with the English engineer, and went on, grimacing at the confession: "He places me at a disadvantage by advocating principles in which I disbelieve in terms so persuasive they sound both reasonable and right. The rest of us are children, compared with him. He is the practical man, and we are the sentimentalists." He paused, threw away his cigarette with a characteristic gesture, and lighted another. "But it is too beautiful an evening to talk about Weatherwax." He peered down at the milky froth of water, turned into a maelstrom by the screws, and remarked, "At least when we stand here you can tell that

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we are moving. Do you notice that a little coolness seems to rise from the churning of the water?"

They stood a long time. The golden rays of the afternoon sun seemed to come from a great floodlight that was shut off, suddenly, at twilight, by a master electrician. They talked in short, disjointed sentences, or not at all, and then, with the moon's rising, apropos of a statement that his companion had made, Dr. Brandt shook his head. "I can't agree. The capacity for human friendship and understanding should be limitless. Look at us—all of us on this ship. The reasons that brought us together are most diverse. You and I were running away, you from China and I from myself. Erica van Nijden is going back to Holland, but she'll be off again soon. She is, I think, the most nearly happy person on board. The little Frenchman—what's his name?"

"Armand."

"He thinks of nothing but being reunited with his family. I hope we meet them in Panama. His wife and daughters have been managing a small restaurant down there, while he was earning extra money as a chef in the States. Now he and *maman*, as he calls her, will be able to open a larger place. He is a wonderful, exuberant, human person, though he does look like a gnome.

"Then Newcombe. I suspect there is a real man behind that handsome profile, and that he is fighting several battles of his own. Out of all these people there are certain ones to whom we feel closely drawn. We've known each other only two or three days, but we have become real friends. Ten years from now, if I were to meet Mr. Bloom on the street, in that Brooklyn of his, it would be with delight."

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"And yet," Alice suggested softly, "when you mention Bloom, you defeat your own argument. Almost everyone else detests him."

"They are annoyed by his passion for precise fact, and miss his deeply human qualities. People like to be fuzzy-minded, and Bloom keeps them from enjoying themselves. Do you realize the extent of information that man possesses? Yesterday at the table Erica referred to some event in Dutch history—said that it had happened in the sixteenth century. And he corrected her, in his schoolteacherish fashion; he knew the year, month, and day and told the whole story!"

"But what did it matter? Perhaps Erica knew too, if she had felt like being exact. . . ."

"Don't misunderstand me," the doctor protested. "I appreciate why Bloom's passion for exactness and his uncontrollable curiosity have irritated some of the other passengers. Also, in spite of his knowledge, he is not a thoughtful man. His opinions are ready-made, like his clothing. But he has a capacity for understanding, a depth of sympathy. . . ."

"You mean that if he were singled out by any of the officers for some kind of unjust treatment, we would resent it?"

"Exactly! A fellow feeling has grown among us within the space of these three days. There are still a number of passengers that I don't know, except that their faces are familiar. About some of them I'm curious; about others I'm not. But I venture this: when we go ashore in Panama and do our separate sightseeing, if we happen to run across any

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of our fellow-passengers anywhere, their faces and ours will both light up in recognition."

Alice nodded. "You are right, I suppose. But not everyone has your capacity for understanding and tolerating human nature."

"If I am tolerant, it is because I have no creed by which to measure others' behavior. I trust people and hate to see them betrayed."

For a few moments they were silent. Then Alice resumed:

"It's always been hard for me to meet strangers. I was frightened by the people in the East—the Chinese with their faces that hid what they thought, and the Indians who burned their thoughts into one. I was angry over the dirt and disease; over their lack of interest in the obviously real message that we brought to them to replace their heathenism."

"But do you think your message *is* real—more real than their beliefs? I wonder. We so-called Christians have shown greater capacity for killing each other—in the name of the Prince of Peace—than the world has ever known heretofore."

"Yes," she admitted. "I have thought a lot about that. We used to have endless discussions, arguments, recriminations on the subject, and I'm afraid I was responsible for starting many of them. But the fault isn't with the Christian message—it's with those of us who try to teach it. We don't believe *enough*, any of us. When the issue comes down to peace or war, we believe more in war!"

After another silence, Dr. Brandt began:

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"Alice—I may call you Alice, mayn't I? Ever since the first time I saw you, it seems to me that you have been standing at this rail, looking into the past. Let's sit down somewhere, and live in the present."

All the chairs and benches seemed to be occupied, and neither had any desire to be with the other passengers. While it was no cooler anywhere else in the section reserved for them, the sight of the others' discomfort would but add to their own. Alone, they had almost forgotten the oppressiveness of the night. Also, though neither was quite prepared to admit it, they wished to pursue in solitude this exploring of each other's mind and thoughts.

Dr. Brandt suggested, "I know—I've already brought up my mattress for tonight, and we can roll it up and sit on it."

Together they arranged the placing of the mattress and disposed themselves on it as comfortably as possible. "Sometimes," he went on, "I think that you missionaries—in fact, all of us—strain too hard to find a new world in which there will be a heaven, not of our own making, but provided for us by a kind of celestial landlord. I'm not very religious, but I've been through a few things that have made me think, and some of my thoughts haven't been very pleasant. I've looked upon death, for instance, on a pretty large scale, and there is nothing more sordid than the human body devoid of life.

"Furthermore, the bodies of dead Americans look remarkably like those of dead Germans, or dead Turks, or dead Austrians. The differences between men lie in the perversities of the brain—not within what, for want of a

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better name, I would call the heart. In each of us there is a seed, not planted and nurtured by man, but sown by God Himself—again a term I am using for lack of a better one. When men kill each other, they are destroying that part of themselves which is of God.”

At this moment Carl Brandt did not look like either an athlete or a doctor. His eyes had filled with pain, and his features revealed the suffering of the thoughtful man who is conscious of the guilt of himself and his fellows. It was not long since Alice had listened to someone else who had talked in similar vein, someone in whom she had believed until she had come to realize that he was only practicing his sermons. . . .

Lost in her own thoughts, she was suddenly aware of her companion's apologetic, “Oh, come, I'm sorry. This is too beautiful a night, even though it is so warm, to waste on my crazy ideas. Tell me about your life in China. How long were you there? What part were you in?”

Alice protested, “Oh, I'd rather listen to you. I've been disillusioned about a lot of things, but there is one sentence that I believe—thoroughly believe: ‘The Kingdom of God is within you.’ That is what you have been saying, isn't it?”

In the dark, the ridiculous, stiff white shirtwaist and the overlong dress were both invisible and immaterial. Dr. Brandt was interested in characteristics of her speech and manner. Alice had a quality of repose that was soothing to his nervous restlessness. She spoke in a voice that was almost flat, marked by a rhythmic musical cadence that came, he thought, from years of speaking Chinese. What particularly interested him, though, was her directness, her lack of



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apparent pretense. Perhaps if he had met her seven or eight years ago they might have married—she seemed to like him well enough—and then he would not have gone to war. Well, it was too late for vain regrets. . . .

“ . . . In western Honan—quite far north, so it was cold in winter. The mission was in the mountain foothills, which made it endurable in summer. I liked it at first—didn’t go home when I could have taken a leave. But gradually the bigness of the whole country, the millions of hopeless and starving people . . . And there was a famine one year. . . . ”

From the length of her pause, Dr. Brandt realized that this was an experience that belonged with certain of his that were better locked away in a secret closet of the mind.

“I too have looked upon death,” she went on, “from starvation, mostly. Knowing that in my own land grain was rotting in the fields, as not worth the harvesting. The war came, and it would have been difficult to go home. My parents—well, I haven’t any home to go to now, in a sense. China didn’t change, understand, but my place in it did. Something happened, finally. Something . . . personal. . . . ”

Gently Dr. Brandt interrupted. “I’ve been stupid again. I ask about your past after inviting you to share the present with me. I don’t know how you feel, but for me this is a happier moment than I had dared hope for.”

After dinner, Maude Carpenter evaded her cousin and dashed below to the women’s washroom. She rerolled her

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"cootie garages," as the boys of her acquaintance called the buns of hair over her ears, applied face powder that momentarily obscured her in a miniature cloud, then observed her reflection with a satisfied air. Large, almost black eyes; whitened nose; full, deep-colored lips. There was also—unusual for her—a pink glow in her olive cheeks, for Maude was on her way to an assignation with a man whose name still held for the whole world an aura of romance.

On deck again, she hurried forward, keeping a wary eye on those passengers who were taking an after-mealtime walk or were seated in little groups to talk or smoke. If Grace were to see her, it would spoil everything! She passed the third-class boundary and walked across the deck-well. Beyond the canvas pool, spilling its flood in time to the *Hawkeye State's* rollings, she glanced around breathlessly. This was where the Negro stewards congregated in the daytime, and she associated this spot with them. Suppose, instead of Mr. Newcombe, a black face should appear out of the darkness. . . .

There was a pinpoint of light from a cigarette, and the V of a white shirt otherwise obscured by a darker coat; and the famous lover, whom she had seen on the screen on various memorable occasions, stood before her. His voice was so different from Delos Newcombe's usual one that she hardly recognized it. Deep and resonant, it made her feel that this man was a complete stranger. And what was it he had just said?

Through the years, Shakespeare had served Delos well. Now he greeted Maude with outstretched hands, led her to a bench deep in the shadows, and declaimed, "Thou art

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beautiful, my dear, and therefore to be wooed; a woman, therefore to be won!"

It was over a year since Phyllis had obtained her decree, and Delos had not been in love since. While he had made no vow to eschew the tender sentiment on this voyage, he had not expected to fall into that happy (or unhappy) state, because it was too unlikely that the type of female who met his taste would be traveling third-class on an unfashionable vessel.

He had reckoned without the power of habit or the effect of example. If circumstances had been different, so that he could have approached Allison Spruance on equal social terms, he would have felt no least moral qualm in breaking up the idyllic little duo. Although she was built on a rather small scale, in all other respects Allison met the high standards he usually set for himself, and he felt that she was wasted—utterly wasted—upon that ill-favored husband of hers. But he realized that with such as Mrs. Spruance, his status on board was an effectual barrier. Delos had therefore fastened his reawakened affections upon Maude. He had started out by rushing both of the Carpenter cousins, and then, for typically Newcombe reasons (she had thinner ankles and slightly better developed breasts), he had deftly separated Maude from her younger cousin. With the acute perception of the trained seducer, he had noticed that this part of the ship was deserted at night, and screened from third-class observation by the pool.

He began to court Maude with the consciousness that while she was younger than recent conquests, and to that

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extent more desirable, she was in other ways not up to his sophisticated standards of beauty. He was like a Don Juan, deigning to ply some peasant wench to fill an idle moment. He was Broadway's idol and Hollywood's toast, spending an amusing night with the farmer's daughter.

His arts were lost upon Maude, who began to find him tedious and boring. His sighs and postures and romantic speeches were meant for an older generation. When finally he slipped an arm around her waist, pressed a hand against a full young breast, and—suited the action to the word—declaimed, "The kiss you take is better than you give," he aroused no amorous feeling whatever.

Maude decided that it wasn't a nice kiss at all. When his mushy lips fastened on hers, she was acutely aware of the taste of stale tobacco and of his heavy breathing—of the pool's sloppings and the knowledge that they were alone and her cousin would have something on her if she found out. As Dr. Brandt had suspected, Maude had a strain of native Hawaiian blood, which stood her in good stead now. She evaded a second application of the lips, slipped from the romantic embrace, and—thinking of Delos's breathing and his bombastic speech—began to giggle softly.

It did not occur to the actor that he might have adopted a wrong technique, or that Maude's evasion was due to anything but young modesty. While she waited for a chance to escape, he brought new passion to the scene and little nuances that he hadn't even realized he possessed; but Maude continued cold.

Again the Bard came to his rescue. "The chariest maid is prodigal enough, if she unmask her beauty to the moon."

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Of course! Why hadn't he thought of it before? With the dank canvas completely hiding the silver orb, this spot, however secret, was uncondusive to romance. Slyly he suggested, "I have an idea—let us repair to the boat deck. It is drenched in moonlight and appears quite deserted."

Almost too eagerly, Maude agreed. "But let me go ahead a way. I wouldn't want Grace to see me—she'd be furious."

Delos watched the young hips sway gently as they faded into the soft, airless night, conscious that his palms were cold and damp. He waited impatiently for what seemed a decent interval, then strode aft with a poor attempt at nonchalance and three steps at a time ascended to the boat deck's emptiness. He rushed from side to side excitedly. She was hiding from him, the little minx—making love's game sweeter. . . .

A familiar, soft, giggling laugh floated up to him like an echo. Outraged and careless of his clothes, he crawled between two boat davits on the side from which the sound came, and by careful maneuvering was able to view unseen the deck beneath, where Maude stood, more beautiful and desirable than he had yet seen her, talking with her cousin, as though she had forgotten completely that he was waiting for her.

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THE SLOW WALLOWING of the *Hawkeye State* through an otherwise empty ocean wore on the nerves of the third-class passengers. Like the sudden, hot flash of spontaneous combustion in bunkered coal, unreasoning temper flared out of breathless torpor. Among most of the male passengers this manifested itself in a sharp, angry word or statement, but there were more serious quarrels between the members of two small groups that kept distant from the others. One was of woodsmen from the Northwest; the other consisted of Texan or Oklahoman oil workers returning from some obscure Far-Eastern outpost of America's economic empire and between them had grown a sectional rivalry, fed by the boredom and discomfort of their passage. All of them carried heavy knives of various sorts, and while thus far their violent contentions had led only to threats, more serious outbreaks seemed imminent.

Then the mutes, apparently inseparable friends, burst into a quarrel that congested their faces with anger, screaming at each other in the unpitched, toneless voices of the completely deaf. Because of their secretive, suspicious expressions—probably a consequence of their handicap—they had made no friends, and their quarreling, while watched

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with interest as a break in the monotony, offered none of the pleasure to be found in partisanship or in egging on the disputants.

The Danish boys, Nels and Karl, sprawled on the deck at the feet of the Carpenter girls, while at a little distance Delos Newcombe, in white serge trousers and scarlet blazer, tried to appear magnificently aloof and unconcerned. The extreme blondness of the Danes held a youthful appeal that put the handsomer man at a disadvantage, even when he did not forget his pose and allow his features to melt into the haggard lines of middle age.

The irritability that broke out into fights and arguments among the men found feminine outlet in querulousness. Mrs. Wilson kept up a constant nagging of her two children that worked upon the frayed nerves of all of them, and the woman with the infant—a soldier's wife on her way to join her husband in Panama—began a whining recital of her own difficulties, until Erica van Nijden moved over and spelled her with the child.

Ill feeling and tense nerves were also displayed by the deckhands, as they occasionally passed during the performance of their various tasks. They wore sullen, mutinous expressions and answered with laggard motions to the commands of the bos'n directing them. Dr. Brandt, watching, wondered just how long it would be before their organized resistance to ship authority would create a new and serious disturbance.

A few passengers maintained their poise. No stress could ever have cost Cedric Weatherwax a complete loss of dignity, and Mr. Bloom, in his shiny blue serge so inappro-

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priate to the climate or to shipboard, still gave the impression that the rest of them formed a class that he was keeping in order.

Maude ignored Delos's petulant expression, while her cousin wondered at the reason of it; most of the time the two girls, giggling occasionally, together or competitively, sat in acute discomfort, alternately fanning and mopping themselves with sodden handkerchiefs.

Only Erica van Nijden was her usual efficient self, not even her sense of humor deserting her. As she cradled the fretful infant she proclaimed to the others, "One thing, there is nothing like good healthy sweat to keep one reasonably cool."

The nurse's unfailing optimism and her ability to make the best of even the most impossible situation increased Dr. Brandt's respect for her. He had deliberately sought out this corner on the deck to be alone. While he could observe most of his fellow-passengers, he was to a considerable extent hidden from them. This detachment made him feel that he was a spectator at a play in which the actors were so perfect in their parts and the playwright so accurate in his delineations that every action and every word seemed inevitable. It was too early, though, to know whether he was viewing the unfolding of a comedy or of a tragedy.

When Alice McMasters made her appearance he watched her eyes search the deck, and knew she was looking for him. He even felt a perverse satisfaction when he believed that he could detect an expression of disappointment upon



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her face. She also sank into a deck chair, wilting beneath the day's oppressiveness.

In this relaxed state, the flat planes of her face, the rather high cheekbones, and the faint violet shadows beneath her closed eyes combined to give her a distinct and characterful quality that made her at once less beautiful and more distinguished; it reminded him of a pre-Raphaelite portrait.

He tried to analyze the very real attraction she had for him. Was it only the effect of shipboard, the sensual excitement aroused by the Spruances, the fact that they were both seeking escape from disillusionment? Whatever the reason, the several hours spent in her presence last evening had been completely restful, almost happy. He couldn't remember what they had said. Indeed, after the first few moments they had talked very little; but their silences had brought greater understanding than words could have done.

Of one thing he was certain: Alice was not one to engage in an ordinary shipboard flirtation, nor would he have wished for one; and if mutual attraction existed, its course might be accelerated here in a way impossible ashore. He envisioned a collapse of the stern course he had set for himself. In fairness to Alice it was better to stay out of her way for a while, whatever the cost to himself.

What was at once a relief from monotony and an unendurable torture—the daily use of the pool by the Bourbons of this unhappy world—had been in progress for some little while before the doctor raised his eyes to watch. The bride's features were undoubtedly attractive in their regularity, but were otherwise hard, cold, and self-con-

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tained, revealing none of her thoughts. Her glances were truly provocative, because they were entirely calculated and not the result of any real emotion or passion. There was a vast difference between her assured manner and Alice's rather shy and retiring one.

The bride was used to being admired, was conscious of a perfection that was accented by a dozen artful tricks of expression—smiles and gestures of the head and hands that had been studied and practiced over the years to create a maximum of effect. Her body was also perfect and again subject to the same studied art of movement and posture. Beautiful though she was, soft and desirable though she appeared to be, Dr. Brandt doubted that Allison Spruance was capable of any real giving of herself, of entire submission to someone else.

He went on to a further comparison—of the bride's body and Alice's, as he imagined the two: their appearance, response, and touch. This way led to day-dreams he dared not pursue, and resolutely he took his eyes from the leading lady of the play before him and turned his attention to the audience.

The Negro stewards no longer played dice or sang in the shelter they had made their own. Tense and quiet, they stared upward in rigid attitudes, their eyes focused on the neat proportions, the exquisitely modeled details of the bride's figure. This morning she wore a white bathing suit, which set off nicely the creamy hue to which the sun had burned her. Without even watching her, as she stood by her husband or poised on the springboard above the pool, it was possible to know what she was doing merely by

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observing the stewards. Sitting almost directly below that part of the deck upon which she moved, they had to adopt queer, strained attitudes to keep her in sight. Their white coats swayed far over in unison, until their faces could not be seen at all, but only the sheenless wool of their hair. Then their necks would crane around and twist the other way, while their bodies slumped and then straightened. In appearance, it was not unlike a kind of Balinese dance done by a chorus of perfectly trained performers, and the effect was heightened by the impassive intensity of their expressions.

They were like men in a dream—in a trance. The thoughts of his fellow-passengers were unconcealed, but on these Negro faces Dr. Brandt searched in vain for an expression that might be termed lustful. As he studied them, the conformations of their faces and heads, the gradations of color, and the variations of Negro and Negroid features, he became conscious of a kind of red haze that seemed to envelop them, so that he began to wonder whether it was an optical illusion under which he suffered, perhaps a reaction to the heat, which this morning seemed more intense than ever; or whether desire, so completely stifled beneath those masklike yellow, brown, and blue-black faces, could reach an extreme of pressure that would actually create an aura of color.

The most amazing part of the whole scene was that neither this concentration of passion on the part of the Negroes, nor the mass concupiscence of the white men seemed to affect the object of it all. Allison Spruance appeared to be as completely shielded from them as though

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an invisible wall were interposed between their lusts and her own actions, thoughts, and perceptions. In all the hours that the doctor himself had spent watching her, feeling the mounting desire in his own blood, she had never so much as by the flutter of an eyelid evidenced awareness that she was conscious of anyone but her companion in play.

If the emanations of sex did not reach her, surely the little-boy glances of Billy Wilson should have cut through those few intervening feet of space—should have cut through and stabbed her heart!

Naturally, Billy was not interested in the smooth skin and artfully pronounced curves of the fabulous Mrs. Spruance. His was a stronger passion, in a way, for it screwed his face into a tight and pathetic knot, whereas the others could at least pretend to dissemble. Billy longed for the pool and the water with all the intensity of his being, and he repeated aloud, every fifteen minutes or so, his objections to the injustice of being denied it.

"But, Mom, I don't see why! Gosh, there is room enough."

"Hush up, Billy. She'll hear you. It's first-class."

"I don't see why that makes any difference. We paid, too! Pop paid for us, didn't he, Mom?"

"What has happened to your father I don't know. *He* wanted this—but *I* get the brunt of it all!"

"He said we were going to feed all those against us to the sharks. Mom, I want to swim!"

Billy's persistence wore on Dr. Brandt's nerves no less than on his mother's, but in spite of himself he couldn't

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move then, though he meant to do so as soon as the climax was over. For there would be a climax—one that followed a regular pattern, as in a play—and all the males in the audience were awaiting it.

The erotic drama followed an unchanging score as the principals tired of tagging each other, of diving, of shouting and skipping and running. They tired of floating on the miniature waves of the pool—when there were thin cries which, being heard while the actors were out of sight, became tremendously significant in the imaginations of the beholders—and climbed out on the springboard, to sit with legs dangling. Up to this point, Thorndyke Spruance was unnoticed, ignored. His ungraceful, swinging limbs were not favored with a look. This was the moment preceding the finale, when all the men among the passengers envied the Negroes, who enjoyed (as the others could easily see) an interesting and foreshortened view of the bride.

Then Thorndyke Spruance fulfilled his role, his reason for being. As the two sat together, their glances caught each other, their legs stopped swinging, and a look so frank, so unashamed, so naked, passed between them that the male spectators held their breaths, while the women averted their eyes.

Mrs. Wilson used this tense moment to cry out, "William, will you see what has happened to Peggy? She was here with Billy, just a minute ago." But it was impossible to distract the watchers as the bathers, still holding each other with their eyes, retreated along the deck and disappeared.

Because even the men suffered a sense of shame, they whispered to each other, uneasily or boastfully; or with an

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air of bravado, voiced their suspicions as to what might be happening.

The mutes had apparently forgotten their quarrel. Less inhibited than the others, they laughed in harsh, unmusical cackles and made obscene motions with their hands. Then they also disappeared below.

The passengers had no more than left the vicinity of the pool, to sink again into shipboard apathy, when the renewed sounds of splashing water brought them back. Had the honeymooners returned in an unprecedented encore to their performance? Who else had the right to enjoy the blessed refreshment of the water denied to themselves? Their questions were quickly answered; familiar, dissonant noises emanated from behind the canvas sides of the pool, followed by a series of insane shrieks. The mutes! Everybody recognized the strange noises and tuneless cries that so often accompanied the sign-language conversations of these two. Then one of the mutes climbed out of the pool to jump in again, feet foremost and arms outspread, accompanying his action with another animal-like cry.

One by one, the passengers began to realize what had happened. They knew that the pool was forbidden to them, but nobody had taken the trouble to write out the information for the mutes' benefit. When their heads appeared above the canvas, the passengers beckoned to them to come out; but the mutes, delighted by attention such as up to now they had not received, only waved cheerily in reply.

The unusual noise brought the officer on watch. He saw the bathers, shouted to them, and, when there was no response, shouted again. The passengers forgot their leth-

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argy and formed a delighted audience for the comedy that seemed to be in the making. The officer, conscious of his ridiculous position though still ignorant of the reason for it, began to threaten the uncomprehending youths. Who could know what the mutes were thinking? Did they recognize, at last, that they were forbidden the pleasure they had been enjoying? What interpretation could they have put upon the congested features and the menacing expression of the man standing just beyond the reach of their splashes? Were they now defying his authority, as he continued to shout his unheard and unheeded commands?

Cries of derision came from the audience, further enraging him, and then one of the mutes climbed from the pool, grinning broadly, while the other followed. Whether they had not really understood, or whether they felt they had gone far enough in defiance of orders, the onlookers could not tell, but they were shocked when the enraged officer drew back a fist and landed a short, sharp blow on the first mute's chin. He turned sideways, crumpled a little, shook his head.

Dr. Brandt, hearing the shouts, returned to the scene in time to see the blow, and the sudden ferocity with which both mutes charged and overwhelmed the officer. They were compact, athletic types, but because of their handicap the two had probably never been taught the rules by which men ordinarily fight, and they attacked with the savagery of wild animals. Their fingernails ripped across the officer's face. They doubled him over with kicks in the abdomen; they tore his hair, collar and clothes; they bit with bared teeth at his hands and arms.

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This could be murder! There was no let-up in the attack of the mutes, and their victim's attempts to shout for help were throttled in his throat. The fight held a nightmarish quality, as though it were unreal—impossible. Only the passengers were witnesses, the superstructure effectively hiding the scene from the bridge; and they were too spell-bound to move.

Dr. Brandt, first to visualize the tragic possibilities, shouted for help and ran across the deck-well to the assistance of the officer, whom deep in his heart he hated as much as did the others.

Unexpectedly the mutes submitted immediately to the doctor's intervention and by the time members of the crew came running forward, the two had drawn to one side, breathing heavily but apparently not otherwise affected by the encounter. The officer, bleeding from a dozen bites and scratches, was given assistance by the seamen, while Dr. Brandt slipped away. This was a job for the ship's doctor; his was to reach the Captain with his own version of the fray, and he walked purposefully toward the bridge.

Captain McVeigh saw him coming and, evidently unaware of what had occurred, shouted to him, "Come up, Major. I'm damned glad to see you . . . need someone to talk to." He lacked his neat appearance of yesterday; his linen was rumpled, his collar open. The reason was immediately discernible when Dr. Brandt stepped into his quarters, a half-empty whisky bottle and a pitcher of ice furnishing explanation enough.



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"Have a drink, Major . . . cool you off. This damn following breeze . . . worse than none at all."

Dr. Brandt declined. "I might enjoy it a little later in the day, but I find liquor heats rather than cools me."

"You are right, Major, completely right! It heats me, too, I guess. I know I am damned hot . . . but it makes me forget the heat, somehow. I suppose you're up here about something for those cattle aft? I'll make a proposition to you. You're a proper chap, and I like you. There is plenty of room on this scow. Just keep it under your hat and I'll see that you get a nice stateroom—right next to the bride's suite if you want it. What do you say?"

Dr. Brandt felt that he had to explain about the mutes before the clawed and bitten officer got to the Captain. He told what had happened as briefly as possible. "I came up here to give you the facts, straight, before you might make some hasty decision that you'd have to back up afterwards."

The Captain guffawed as the appearance of his mate was described; then he grew thoughtful. "Those squirts that I have for officers! You know, Major, the war did funny things to the men who were in it. The kids got cocky and overbearing, but us older fellows, and a few of the younger ones who had imaginations—it worked on us differently. My mate was in the wrong, I can see that, and I'm glad you tipped me off. You and I understand each other. There is nobody else I can talk to. Come, now! What do you say to my proposition?"

As Dr. Brandt started to shake his head, the Captain continued persuasively, "We've got something in common.

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I could tell from looking at you, the other day, that you've been through the mill too. I couldn't say so to most people, but I can to you. I lost four bottoms under me during the war, and I still wake up screaming, sometimes." He drummed with long, heavy fingers, then turned apologetic. "A man oughtn't to say things like that. . . ."

Dr. Brandt reached down and poured a tumbler a third full of whisky, added a half-dozen pieces of ice, and stirred the mixture with his finger. "I'll change my mind about this part of your invitation, anyway. I guess we understood each other from the beginning. I don't talk about it either, generally. I was surgeon on a transport—a sister-ship of this vessel—when flu broke out."

"You don't need to tell me any more, Doc. I'd rather call you 'Doc' than 'Major.' Do you mind?"

"Hell, no! I only used the Major to impress you—not to impress you, either, but some of your flunkies."

The Captain poured himself a much stiffer drink than any Dr. Brandt would have risked. "Come on—what about it? I'll give orders to the Steward and he'll have all your gear moved forward. You can dine with me and I won't have to sit and watch those two Spruances make eyes at each other."

"No, Captain, I don't believe I will. I've been with the people back there long enough to like them, and I guess I'm just an old family doctor at heart. I've treated two or three of my fellow-passengers for little things—not much and not important—but they have become mine, somehow. . . . You can laugh your head off if you want to. If I'd come on here as a first-class passenger, I probably

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wouldn't have noticed them, but they are important to me now. If I moved up with you, I'd be deserting them."

"Can't you still give 'em pills, if you want to? My God, Doc, I *need* you!"

"I know, but there's something else. If I were on equal terms with your bride up here—if I had to talk with her daily, I mean—I don't believe I could keep from taking her across my knee and spanking her. She needs it. I wonder if that girl knows what she is doing to the men on this ship when she puts on her show?"

"Hell, don't tell me that you are an old moralist. She isn't conscious of a man on board but little Spruance. Basically, she doesn't give a hoot about him, either, except that he is pandering to her right now. She'll wring him dry if they go on like this, and in a year, maybe, you'll read about their divorce in the papers."

Dr. Brandt took a drink, his face assuming worried lines. "I've never in my life been so angry at anyone as at those two—nor with an anger so ineffectual. But I can't believe that she is completely hard, entirely willful. There are moments, when she first comes on deck, when she looks sweet and simple and girlish, takes one's breath away with her beauty. She is spoiled, I admit, and heedless right now. I've thought of trying to talk to her, but I've been afraid of ending up—as I said—by trying to spank her."

"Brandt, you are an old maid. Nothing but an old maid. 'Sweet and simple and girlish,' my foot! That's an act—along with all her other performances. Let me tell you a few things!

"The Spruances made their money in sugar. Before the

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war I was on a trans-Pacific run and carried that boy's old man and his wife's old man. Her people were in sugar, too, out in the Islands. Maybe they went in for pineapples more, growing and canning them; but the boy's old man was sugar. When he set his foot on a deck he owned that deck! He owned all the way from me down to the last coal monkey. I knew it, and he did. Everybody knew it, just from the way he looked at us.

"They ran through their dough gradually. Sugar was overproduced; prices fell. The old man never suffered a lot, but the peons in the Philippines—the Kanakas on the Islands—they starved! Pineapples went down too, and that girl's family really felt the rub of poverty; but they didn't starve.

"Old man Spruance died and this fellow took over. He's skinny and doesn't look like much, and you might wonder why his wife wastes her vitality on him. But do you know what she is thinking when they go back to their cabin and shut the door? She is bedding with dollars—millions of 'em, and that chap made them. He tripled the old man's fortune during the war, with sugar at two bits a pound. While you were feeding C.C. pills to poor luckless buggers, Doc, or seeing them die in pest ships, young Spruance was cleaning up. While I was tasting salt spray in my birthday suit on a lifeboat in the north Atlantic, his wife's old man was raising the price of pineapple and sharing in the cut from the two-bit sugar.

"It is hell to think about those things, Doc. Maybe I understand why you want to stay back with human beings—and I apologize for calling them cattle; but I wish you

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could come up here with me—I need you. As sure as God is in His heaven, I need you.”

Dr. Brandt finished his drink, wiped his mouth with the back of a lean, tanned hand, and spoke so softly it was almost a whisper. “I need you, too, Captain. And among the passengers there is a sailor who needs me while I try to find a way through the fog for him. I’ve found out that today, or some time soon, every man jack of your crew is going to need you—your understanding and tolerance. This vessel is filled, right now, with human needs of many and various kinds, and they are all crying to Heaven for fulfillment. Sometimes I have thought that my own needs are greater than any other human being’s could possibly be—No, I’ll stay where I belong, but if there is any time, day or night, that you want me. . . .”

He left the sentence unfinished, its ending obvious, and stepped out on the bridge, to pause and watch, from that height, the slow, inexorable, forward movement of the black bow through the dirty indigo of the Pacific.

As she thought back upon her life, it seemed to Alice McMasters that her girlhood had been spent in church, or in activities connected with church. There had been Wednesday night prayer meetings, and Thursday night choir practice. On Sundays there had been Bible School and Christian Endeavor and morning and evening sermons in which the various pastors who had served their congregation had discussed obtuse problems in Biblical history, unheeded by anyone, though a few of the aged pretended to listen.

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At those times the young folks (including herself) wrote little messages to each other, conversed in a sign-language of their own making, or crossed out words or letters in the hymnals, to give new, funny, or ridiculous meanings to the gospel songs, and passed them back and forth. Sometimes they forgot to be quiet, and giggled out loud, or there was too much turning of pages and they were reproved by a glare from the pastor.

Alice, as a soprano in the choir, enjoyed the singing more than anything else. She always sang heartily, and tried to forget that she was the most beautiful girl in the choir, and oughtn't to open her mouth to more than the smallest oval or she'd get premature wrinkles. She liked the songs with "a real tune to them," and rarely gave a thought to the meaning of the words, or to the confused imagery of sectarian Protestant revival songs. She wondered, at times, but not too deeply, why so many adopted seafaring or military symbols, as she sang "Throw Out the Life Line," "Pull for the Shore," "Onward, Christian Soldiers" or "Hold the Fort."

Once, Miss Strang, the dear, no-longer-young teacher of her Sunday School class, carried away by some obscure emotions of her own, offered a novel discourse based upon that latter song. Each of her pupils (she said) should think of it as a personal command, from God Himself, to keep the maidenly bastions of her own person inviolate for that future guest—the great "I am."

With many extra sighs and gasps, from both teacher and pupils, Miss Strang put over the final idea—one couldn't tell from what source an attack might come. Even the

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nice boys who were members of Mr. Worthington's class, next to them, might fall prey to evil impulses. Men—and very young men—were subject to uncontrollable desires. It was the duty of each maid to repulse them—to "Hold the Fort." She had wound up, breathlessly, "I hope I haven't been too frank, girls, but I felt it was my duty, in a way."

With the perspicacity of thirty, Alice recalled that Mr. Worthington and Miss Strang had been "going together" for years, and then had "broken off," as the term went. Had there not been a connection between that event and Miss Strang's talk which had, ridiculously enough, so influenced her life?

During the ensuing years, she had "held the fort"—nobly, valiantly, and on several occasions, desperately. She wondered now whether she did not possess a citadel, which, in a manner of speaking, having never been manned, might no longer be worth conquering.

Today, as she stood in her favorite spot by the log indicator, and gazed Chinaward, her thoughts were not some six thousand miles away in space, but ten years distant in time. A succession of missionaries had visited their church. To the small-town Ohioans, they were more than bearers of the word—they carried with them an aura of the distant places they had visited, and of the exotic conditions in which they had lived. They were knights-errant, battling the forces of evil; they were pioneers, penetrating where no white man (and thus no real human being) had ever been; they were Ponce de León discovering a miraculous fountain, Columbus and his new world, Marco Polo

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returned from voyaging. As though this were not glamour enough, they also saved souls! With what expressions of ineffable bliss they used to enlarge upon this activity to the pupils of the Mt. Hebron Baptist Church Sunday School!

They described Chinese daughters who were sold by their fathers into a life of sin, Indian girls who couldn't marry the men they loved because of caste, African women who—worst sin of all—went around naked. In each case, within a short time after the missionaries came, they saved the souls of these unfortunates, and made a proper little Ohio kind of community out of the recently benighted heathen. One evening, after a talk about China by a male missionary who had unusual powers of imagination and description, while she sang "From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand" (and opened her mouth to more than the necessary minimum oval), Alice McMasters decided that she was going to become a missionary.

The succeeding years led through dedication to her purpose, training, and the first flush of enthusiasm in "the foreign field," as they had thought of it in Ohio. Then came years of sterile living, final disillusionment, and flight. Her work in China meant nothing—she knew that much, now. Nothing else that she had experienced in the past was of any more significance. Not even Robert. She repeated to herself, "Not even Robert." Right at this moment he was probably pitying himself, convinced that she had betrayed him in some manner. He would not have doubted his own correctness of behavior, his own rightness.

She regretted certain things she had said to him during their final talk. "Humility!" she had cried. "Who in this



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mission is truly humble and without pride? No wonder the Chinese laugh at us—at you, Robert, bursting with your own sureness of yourself. . . .”

How different Carl Brandt seemed to be! He was concerned about people and he didn't care whether they were white or black, friends or enemies, Christians or “souls to be saved.” Last night she had started to tell him about Robert, and then had hesitated, afraid that he might not understand. Why should she have feared? In these few days everyone on board, it seemed, had taken his troubles to the doctor.

She remembered so many things about him: the firm pressure of his hand on her arm when he had guided her around a winch; his mannish smell, compounded of tobacco smoke and shaving lotion; the way his eyes looked at you, inviting confidence—trying to understand *you*. Especially she remembered their conversations: his slow, worried seeking for words to express exactly what he thought; her own sometimes hesitant acquiescences; the long silences when she had enjoyed the night's opulence of stars and moonlight.

Her first waking thought was a hope for confirmation of these memories, and in the dining saloon she lingered over breakfast. But when the doctor made his appearance she was disappointed, for—though he greeted her pleasantly enough, he ate quickly, left without another glance in her direction, and disappeared down the stairway, presumably to visit his patients. She went to her favorite place by the stern railing, in the hope that he would seek her there, but he had returned only in time to see the altercation of the

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mutes with the Third Officer. Then he disappeared again.

Perhaps she had said something that displeased him. At times they had talked with some warmth—one might almost say argued; but in the end she always came to agree with him. She went over each word they had uttered and was letter-perfect in recalling them. She recaptured the inflections of their voices, how she had sat, his way of hunching his head between his shoulders as he talked, the expressive movements of his hands, how he held his cigarette to make it last as long as possible.

At dinner he never once looked in her direction, although he talked with Erica. For the first time in her life, Alice McMasters felt a new emotion, one she could not describe or even identify. If it had been suggested to her that it was jealousy, she would have repudiated the idea, but she had strained, quite unashamedly, to separate into words the low rumble of his voice. The rattle of cutlery and clash of dishes made her lose many of the precious sounds, but she had comforted herself with the realization that he was discussing the newest patient, the injured seaman, which made his conversation with the nurse appear less intimate and within the province of their related professions.

After he left the saloon she had again found refuge in this favorite spot, to spend the short twilight indulging in a résumé of her whole life and of the hours immediately past. Either the following breeze was shifting, or the *Hawkeye State* had changed its course, for the smoke that had canopied them continuously now began slowly to veil the empty ocean, and she could feel the gentle stirring of air. It was a delicious sensation, immediately succeeded

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by another as she heard the sound of heavy, masculine footsteps behind her. It was Carl—Dr. Brandt—and he had sought her out at last! She turned with a look in which confusion and pleasure mingled—an expression so becoming that Cedric Weatherwax—after saying, “Miss McMasters, wouldn’t you enjoy a turn around the deck?”—couldn’t help wondering why he hadn’t recognized long since that the missionary was not only a beautiful woman, but a most sensitive and desirable one as well.

For her part, after stifling her first disappointment, Alice was grateful for Mr. Weatherwax’s amiable disposition and pleasant companionship. He didn’t bring up questions that disturbed one, as Carl did. Mr. Weatherwax talked lightly but intelligently of all kinds of things. Apparently knowing a good deal about music and current books, he entertained her with his comments on certain modern composers and with brief, interesting synopses of several recent best-sellers. He found chairs for both of them and displayed a flattering solicitude in arranging hers so that it would be most comfortable.

When Alice eventually asked the question that was foremost in her mind, Weatherwax responded enthusiastically. “Brandt? Oh, rather. A prince of a chap! Like so many of you Americans, he would reform the world if he could. I am quite content to enjoy its pleasures when I can, while he worries because everyone else can’t share them with him. Sheer nonsense, of course, but one can’t help liking him for it. . . . Reminds me of a President you Americans had—during your war, you know. Not Washington—the other one.”

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"You can't mean Lincoln?"

"That's the one. Less tall and less angular, but with somewhat the same qualities."

"Oh, Mr. Weatherwax, I don't think so at all. Besides, Abraham Lincoln had a beard."

"Perhaps my comparison is a trifle far-fetched; but there is a picture of your Mr. Lincoln that I had in mind. Brandt is younger, better-looking, and—as you suggest—beardless. I may be wrong, but the moment I saw the doctor . . ."

"No, I am beginning to understand what you mean. It is something in his expression. Sympathy, and sadness too."

"But with humor underneath . . ."

Alice was astonished that Weatherwax should have recognized—when she had not—those characteristics in Dr. Brandt that were Lincolnesque, and she apologized for her own lack of discernment. For a moment only, Cedric Weatherwax's hand covered hers in what was nothing more than a gesture of understanding.

It was unfortunate that the subject of their conversation should just then have turned the corner of the deck house. He looked toward Alice as though about to greet her—then, noticing Mr. Weatherwax's hand, he turned abruptly and left them alone. For the rest of the time that they sat there, Alice McMasters was preoccupied with the problem of how to make clear to Dr. Brandt the entire innocence of what he had seen.

Of all the third-class passengers, Armand Dufour, the cook, minded the heat least. This could hardly have been due to living in the tropics for so many years, for even

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Erica van Nijden admitted that below deck, particularly, the temperature was almost impossible. Now, as the Frenchman put on the duck trousers he wore on shipboard and slipped over his head a sleeveless white knitted cotton shirt, he was not even perspiring. Outside, a slight breeze had risen, but it had no effect on the men's quarters, in which no one remained except the seasick Panamanian merchant, the shipwrecked sailor, and now, while he dressed and shaved, the gnomelike cook.

The fact was that Armand's years of standing in front of glowing ranges had so completely dried up his juices that he was no longer aware of heat. He never perspired, and his skin had taken on a thick, leathery quality. He was lean to the point of emaciation, but he had very long, well-developed, hairy arms terminating in hands so large that either of them could hold a full dozen eggs without dropping any. It was as if by some whim of creation a monstrous confusion had taken place, so that Armand had received arms that belonged to a very giant of a man who, somewhere else in the world, walked around with the short, wiry limbs that had been intended for Armand. Indeed, those long, apelike arms were so incongruous it might almost be said that they were his most noticeable possession, had he not also had an extremely large, pocked, and bulbous nose that curved over the rest of his face. With this haphazard assortment of limb and feature, it was hard to imagine that he could ever have found favor in the eyes of a woman; and that he had done so amazed him as much now as when he had first met his Céleste a quarter of a century before. As he drew out his large, old-fashioned

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straight razor, picked up soap, brush, and towel, and repaired to the washroom, he considered this miracle anew.

When he had originally gone ashore in Panama City—then a part of Colombia—he had no least thought of staying there. Cook on a French freighter, he behaved much as all sailors do in foreign ports, except that, being French, he had got better value for his money than most—if there can be standards of value in dissipation and venery. Then he had met Céleste.

It was not so much that Céleste was beautiful—though she was still that, with smooth, velvety skin, the most expressive soft, black eyes, perfect teeth and little ears that were as wonderfully made as sea-shells. It was another fact that had made and kept Armand her slave: she professed to find him desirable and handsome to look on! He jumped his ship, married, and, in the course of years, became the proud father of two daughters, as beautiful as their mother. He and Céleste opened a little restaurant on a side street, and though they had never grown rich, they had been contented.

As he watched his mirrored face now, contorted so that the keen blade could remove each last bristle, he recaptured the wonderment of that first meeting with Céleste. It had been a miracle constantly renewing itself, for his wife never tired of telling him that to her he was the most attractive of all men. As for his daughters, not only were they good girls, but they did not (as he had feared they might) resemble him; though somewhat lighter in complexion they were their mother over again.

This was how things had gone until three years ago.

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Then, after the Armistice, there had trickled down to Panama exciting stories of the wages that were being paid in the States, and he and Céleste had evolved a plan. The girls were now old enough to take their mother's place at waiting on the tables, and she could do the cooking for him. Armand would go to California and earn capital enough to start a larger place. There, Céleste would be able to sit at a cashier's desk, and he himself would greet the customers—making sure, of course, that the hired chef was doing his work properly. After all, he and Céleste were getting on in years. . . .

Although it turned out that rumor had exaggerated the salaries in the States, Armand didn't do badly. He gave a satisfied smirk as he dashed talcum powder on his face. Who but a Frenchman could have progressed, in three short years, from short-order cook in an all-night café to assistant chef in one of Los Angeles' most exclusive hotels? If he had stayed on, he might himself have become chef in just a little while. But once the amount they had set was safely banked, he had bought his ticket for Panama.

This was, let's see, the 8th. In three days, if nothing happened, he'd be home again, seeing the location Céleste had picked out for the new restaurant; she had written all about it in her last letter. Perhaps they could move the week following Christmas. . . .

Armand Dufour, bubbling over with good spirits, was ready to pack up his shaving paraphernalia when Nels Larson entered, and he stayed a while longer to tell his friend of his good fortune.

"In three days we shall be in Panama, *mon ami*. Is that

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not wonderful?" He jumped into the air, cracked his heels together, and did the steps of a dance he had learned in his youth. "*Madre de Dios*, but I feel good!"

Nels began to remove the pale fuzz from his own smooth cheeks, earnestly wielding a nicked safety razor. "It will be a month until I get home," he said. "For the second year I shall miss having a birthday party."

"You and Karl should stay in Panama. I have two wonderful daughters—beautiful girls. It is time they took husbands."

"For Karl and me there is only Denmark. We'd be unhappy anywhere else."

"In Hawaii, with the little Carpenter, would maybe be as good? In a few years, a little fatter, she will be nice, eh?"

Nels' task quickly over, he followed Armand from the washroom, replying, "Maude is fun, but what I'd like is that little blond bride. She is what Americans call 'hot stuff.'"

Armand shook his head. "No, *mon ami*. I think you are mistaken. All American women are cold and selfish. Better you should have my Chichi—or the Carpenter."

"You are perhaps right, but still I should still like to find out for myself! I'll join you on deck when I get my concertina."

Armand was probably the only one in third-class who knew everyone else. As always on shipboard a number of small groups had formed, but they all welcomed with pleasure the strange little man with his voluble descriptions—in a mixture of French, Spanish, and English—of Panama,



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of the Dufour Restaurant (present and future), and especially of Céleste and their daughters.

The *Hawkeye State* was due to dock at Panama some time on the 11th and would make the passage of the Canal the following morning. The passengers bound for New York looked forward with interest to the evening ashore in an exotic foreign city, their desire to tread land again being heightened by the boredom and discomfort of the voyage thus far.

Armand had felt no discomfort and surely was not bored, but he regretted losing his friends. There was Nels and Karl, Miss van Nijden and Weatherwax. The Englishman, ordinarily distant, always welcomed him cordially, and was counted a special friend—one who belonged to a higher social plane and was gracious only because it suited him.

As he emerged on the outer deck, he thought of certain of the others. The stowaway and his companion, for instance—too bad they were not going to risk going ashore in Panama. Both were well favored and might have become interested in his daughters. Almost as much as Mr. Bloom, the chef considered himself responsible for the two young men's well-being, having saved food for them when one or the other missed a meal. Ernie and Johnny were American boys of a sort that he could most readily understand. Like himself they were *gamins*, but—again like himself—capable of growing into good solid citizens.

And the doctor! Armand shook his head. Poor man, he was upset about something. Perhaps he was unhappily married and then on this voyage had the good fortune to fall in love with that Miss McMasters—a beautiful girl,

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though thin. From what Armand had noticed the evening before, Dr. Brandt and the missionary were evidently in love, though instead of being happy about it the good doctor had gone around all day looking more distressed than ever.

There was very little that missed the Frenchman's deep-set eyes, particularly anything having to do with the gentle passion, and he considered seriously whether he should suggest ways for eliminating the imaginary Mrs. Brandt by divorce or otherwise. Every man was entitled to happiness. If the doctor had not found it at first, certainly he should seize it with both hands the second time. Yes, he would surely talk to Dr. Brandt. As a happily married man himself, he felt that his advice on love and marriage could not but be useful.

There—Nels had reached the deck before him while he had been daydreaming. The Danish boy was already sitting cross-legged on the hatch cover next to the swimming pool, just out of the way of its sloppings, and around him were gathering a circle of passengers to enjoy the unaccustomed breeze, the brilliant starlight, and the gusty notes of the concertina. The piece was a French one, a popular favorite in Armand's youth. He didn't wish to miss a note of it. With amazing agility, he ran forward, gave a tremendous leap over the heads of the spectators, lifted his gargoyle face heavenward, and began to dance.

## *The Fifth Day*

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WILLIAM WILSON was the first of the third-class passengers to awaken when the early morning watch appeared on the promenade deck opposite and began to hose and scrub the sooty pine decking. He sat up on his narrow mattress, spread on the other side of the same life-boat against which he had first initiated his son in the mysteries of piracy, and looked about him. His fellow-passengers had, in sleep, cast off the last little modesties of waking hours, and in the early morning daylight lay revealed as naked of pretenses as they were of clothing.

Bedding and pajamas were rumpled and wet with perspiration, hair was disarranged, mouths open in the snores and deeper breathings of slumber. Each sleeper had taken the position natural or most comfortable to him under the unusual circumstances of sleeping on this hard deck, with nothing but a thin mattress. Some lay with their legs drawn up over their bellies, and others with sprawled limbs. Not a few slept on their stomachs, holding their pillows to themselves in fervent embrace, while the several who were supine began to frown as the first rays of sun bothered their eyes. All of them moved and twisted in discomfort, seeking a nonexistent coolness.

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It was not remarkable that the bank clerk's imagination should very quickly build up this scene to an incongruous romanticism. He shook his young son into wakefulness.

"It's time to get up, Billy," he whispered; "though, if I could, I'd spare you the sight of these dead and dying men. All that we have been through does not compare in terror with what lies ahead. We're in the doldrums now, son, swept God alone knows how many miles from our course by the horrendous gales we've been experiencing. And the fever—" He pointed toward the moving picture actor, looking anything but handsome now, as he lay with open mouth. "That poor soul will be dead within the hour. He'll turn black, then, and infect others, unless we summon the courage to cast his putrid remains over the side."

While Billy Wilson's fancy never carried him very far along the path his father took, he was always impressed, excited, and proud of the change these occasions worked in his parent. William Wilson was transformed. His usual obsequiousness was replaced by a rash brusqueness, his eyes became vivid and glowing, a high color flushed his cheeks. When Bill's father gave rein to his imagination he became truly a man.

"We are drifting inexorably toward that bourne from which no ship ever returns—the Sargasso Sea. In a few days, if we live that long, we'll see the remains of other vessels, son—the whitened bones of East Indiamen, the shell-raked hulls of ancient Ships of the Line, old pirate craft, with skeletons lying on their decks where men once fell."

"Gee, Pop, won't we ever come out?"

"Never! We'll be doomed to eternity in that dead ocean,

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once we get tangled in the fatal seaweed that infests it." He leaned back, his eyes closing; then they reopened, to rove again over the recumbent forms of his fellow-passengers. Separated from the others by a ventilator and deck gear, the mates twisted and turned; while beyond, the stowaway and his companion, careless of discovery, lay in peaceful, youthful slumber.

Dr. Brandt seemed to be suffering from a pre-waking nightmare. His lips worked furiously and he kicked in spasmodic jerks; he would partly open his eyes, shake himself, then fall back into troubled sleep. A tall, elderly man, who had removed his dental plate, formed soundless words with fallen-in lips and toothless gums.

"I wonder how many of us there'll be tomorrow, to writhe on the deck of this once noble ship, sorry victims of those three scourges of the sea—pestilence, hunger, and thirst! Look, Bill, that man is almost gone—he's gasping for breath. One can almost hear him whisper 'water' through those sun-baked, thickened lips."

It was Armand Dufour whom Wilson indicated, and for a moment his deeply seamed face had held such a look, but his thirst had been of a different order. He moved, caught his sweat-sodden pillow in a violent embrace, and dreamed that now—not the day after tomorrow—he was holding his own Céleste. The great, pocked nose, the mobile, thick-lipped mouth, and the deeply furrowed cheeks—all his features took on a look of such ineffable bliss that both the Wilsons noticed it immediately. "Look, Pop! He ain't so ugly and funny-looking, right now. Maybe he ain't dying, after all."

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"What you see is the repose that precedes death. The poor man has just offered his soul to God, and is happy that He has accepted it." It was seldom that William Wilson's romancing included thoughts upon so exalted a plane, and he suddenly felt rather self-conscious, especially as the little Frenchman became, in his dream, increasingly ardent. The bank clerk's exaltation vanished; again this craft was the S.S. *Hawkeye State*, property of the U.S. Shipping Board, operated (under subsidy) by the Gigantic Steamship Lines, and no fever-racked windjammer drifting at the mercy of the ocean's currents. However, he tried a little longer to maintain the fable: "One by one we'll go, passengers and crew. There is nothing so horrible as to watch others die about you, day after day, knowing that your turn will surely come"—but his heart was no longer in it, and the eventual appearance of the deck crew in the third-class section put a complete end to his romancing.

The splashing salt water from the hose roused others. Two of the seamen pulled forward the brass nozzle, like a giant serpent's head, playing its liquid tongue along the deck, and the others, with dungarees rolled to their knees, scrubbed with long-handled deck brushes. It was an implacable advance, with no concessions to late sleepers. Billy and his father shook the remaining dreamers into wakefulness, aided here and there in stowing a mattress above reach of the hose, and then retreated belowdecks to the hot, close atmosphere of the washrooms.

Again there was a shifting in the course of the *Hawkeye State*, or of the wind, so that a refreshing breeze set up

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from the east. It grew stronger, kicking up little rippled areas on the ocean's glassy surface. The third-class passengers, after enduring four days of almost unbroken, airless heat, were for a little time content to bathe in refreshing zephyrs that created an illusory but pleasant sensation of chill.

While the Wilson children romped with a diffident exuberance, as though they had almost forgotten how to play, the adults began again to take an interest in other things than the concupiscent dreams engendered by the daily appearance of the honeymooners at their bath.

When a huge tortoise passed, gold and green in the water and with its oval shell covered with barnacles, there was a rush to the rail to watch it. Later, when flying fish broke water, as though part of the ocean's spray had come alive, the passengers clustered together, watching excitedly as this animated spray seemed to merge with itself again.

On each of these occasions Mr. Bloom lectured: on the age of tortoises, their habits, and the parasites that afflicted them, on the life and characteristics of the flying fish. "They are not, strictly, flying fish at all," he explained. "At the most, they volplane. They gain height through the force of their swimming at the moment they leave the water; then they glide, by the skillful use of their highly developed fins." He became philosophical. "It is sad that this sight, which is to us so beautiful, is for them a desperate struggle for life. Except in a few cases, when the passing of a ship might startle them, we see them only when they are trying to evade the hungry jaws of a cruel shark, perhaps, or a barracuda."

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Though at times what Mr. Bloom delivered in his ponderous, professorial manner was the tritest information, his display of learning astounded Dr. Brandt, who always wondered at the impatience shown by most of the others when the little teacher began to lecture. Of equal interest was Mr. Bloom's complete unawareness that he only bored his listeners, any of whom might have been edified by his encyclopedic knowledge. When the ocean became covered as far as one could see with blue and orchid balloons, daintily frilled and laced and having a festive air as though Neptune had held a party the night before, or mermaids had blown an incalculable quantity of soap bubbles—when this happened, the other passengers were content to enjoy the beauty of the sight; but the teacher knew that these strange marine creatures were "Portuguese men-of-war" and that beneath each balloon floated long, stringlike streamers that could paralyze the tiny ocean organisms and cause a painful itch in anybody touching them. "They are related to the jellyfish but belong to the genus Siphonophora. They are air-filled, traveling by the vagaries of wind and current."

Dr. Brandt caught the glances of the other passengers as they conveyed to each other their annoyance at having to listen to these facts, as though they resented not knowing them already but refused to admit ignorance. "Siphonophora!" He filed the word in the back of his own brain and hoped that if he should ever wish to use it he could find it as readily as Mr. Bloom had been able to do.

Miss van Nijden took a seat between the doctor and the



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schoolteacher, after all of them had watched the Portuguese men-of-war to their content.

"On the *Noorddijk* we had a number of games—rope quoits, which one could toss on the deck, and a kind of shuffleboard that was played with sticks. It was good fun, you know, and helped pass the time. It is too bad we don't have anything like that. There isn't room enough, I suppose, for a shuffleboard court, but quoits, now . . ."

She beckoned to Alice McMasters, and called, "There's a place here. The doctor will move over a bit." When the missionary crossed over, there was a moment of constraint on the part of Dr. Brandt and herself, and then gradually the three joined in the general discussion that had already begun.

It was inevitable, perhaps, that the talk should have turned to the war and the subsequent peace, considering that the anniversary of the Armistice was only a day or so away. The very last thing that Dr. Brandt wished was to be involved, but when the passengers divided over the question of the League of Nations, and the part of the United States in it, all the bitterness that had been in his heart for so long found utterance.

"The trouble with us is that we are a nation of salesmen. In that, we are different from you English and Dutch. You are shopkeepers on a world scale, true, but you trade. We only sell. We don't want to buy if we can help it. We'd be suckers, we think, if we took in the goods of the world, but we'll sell you anything—goods, ideas, phrases. Sometimes our merchandise is first-rate and sometimes it is shoddy, but that doesn't matter to us. After our advertising

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men and high-pressure boys get finished with it, anything we have to sell is superlative.

"That's what happened in the war. We sold ourselves into it. Then we high-pressured our people to support it. Whether it was right or wrong for us to go to war, I don't know. I hope it was right." He looked around at the others, inviting objection, then went on. "I hope it was right. But the reasons we went to war and the sales arguments with which we sold ourselves had no relation to each other.

"The advertising men and publicists had already sold us on the President—a second-rate, fumbling college professor who wrote one of the worst American histories ever written. (I know, because I had ample time to read the damn thing.) He was peddled as 'the great idealist.' "

Weatherwax interrupted. "Really, Doctor, I think you are unjust to your President—a fine, high type of man, I'd say."

"Tomorrow, Weatherwax, I may regret quarreling with you, but this morning I've got a lot on my mind, and I want to get it off. With the prestige that was manufactured for Wilson as America's great idealist, his Fourteen Points became a beacon for the peoples of Europe. I don't know whether anybody at home believed in them or not—I wasn't there, I was in France. I do know that when those words, filled with noble idealism, were given to the peoples of Europe they had the first hope that they had known in years. Those 'Points' meant as much to our Allies on the Continent as to our enemies, I assure you."

In spite of themselves, the others were impressed by the doctor's vehemence. His face set in sad, regretful lines and

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he shook his head. "The French armies were in revolt. Europe was sick unto death. The words of President Wilson cut through the clouds of despair and misery. We sold the world on those specious promises, but we didn't necessarily believe in the things we offered so glibly, and neither did our college professor. Because he ran into a few shrewd buyers, like Lloyd George and Clemenceau, he connived in discarding the whole business. There was never a more wicked betrayal in the history of the world. The Versailles Treaty laid the foundations for a new war, in which once more, I fear, American youth will be called upon to die."

Alice McMasters inquired, hesitatingly, "But the important thing wasn't the Treaty but the League, wasn't it, Carl—Doctor?" She blushed; the use of the surname (which was always in her thoughts) seemed a monstrous slip of the tongue, but she still wished he might have given some sign that he had noticed.

Instead, he caught her up with, "It was a means to perpetuate the new injustices. I suppose that we invented the phrase 'League of Nations'—it has our ring to it. Europe was hacked into pieces. English, French, and Italians fought like vultures over the colonies, and got them. The Japanese took most of the South Pacific, for which we will be very sorry some time in the future. The League was spawned to maintain forever this unjust division of the spoils when there were to have been none."

Erica van Nijden spoke, her blue eyes more earnest and serious than the others had ever seen them. "But, Dr. Brandt, you have your United States, and *they* get along

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together, except for the war you had years ago. Why couldn't the League do as well?"

"Because the League's foundations are of sand. It perpetuates the rule of a half-billion people by a few million Englishmen, and the exploitation of the East Indies by you Dutch, and so on. I, too, favor a United States of the World, composed of nations of free peoples."

Weatherwax interrupted again. "A moment ago you spoke of betrayal, Brandt. Have you ever considered that you Americans betrayed us? You made a contract and refused to stick by it!"

Dr. Brandt was shouting, now, his face congested with anger. "Our country's bargain was with the peoples of the world. Wilson connived to help you keep your stolen booty and it is to our everlasting credit that we did not sanction the outrage."

The engineer sneered, "I suppose the Treaty of Peace you signed this past summer is a holy document?"

Before Dr. Brandt could answer, Mr. Bloom corrected, "Not in the summer, Mr. Weatherwax, but only last month—the 18th of October, to be precise. Of course, that is the final ratification, which I presume is what you were talking about?"

It was the turn of Weatherwax to be angry, not at the turn the discussion had taken, but at the teacher's interruption. His reddish mustache and bushy eyebrows stood out in sharper relief from a complexion drained of color, but he recovered his composure by the time Dr. Brandt finished shouting, "At least it is not the Versailles Treaty, and at least we are not a party to the infamous business of acting

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as jailers of the peoples of the world who are slaves of the British Empire!"

Dr. Brandt was disappointed that the engineer was cool and suave again, when he wanted more than anything else to make him as angry as he was himself. There was nobody who could be more charming, better company or more thoroughly likable than Cedric Weatherwax, and nobody who could disturb him so much. He admitted to himself that the man was at his best when he smiled disarmingly and turned his head in a natural but deprecating way.

Weatherwax replied, "It appears to be the fashion now in the States to be Anglophobes merely because we don't choose to pay you usury. As for the so-called slaves of the Empire, they are better off under us than they would be if freed!"

Though Mr. Bloom was on tenterhooks to join in the conversation, he was too much awed by the Englishman to interrupt again. Now, to ingratiate himself, he smiled and with a gesture he sometimes used, of appearing to hold a pencil in his hand while he made a subtle point, proclaimed, "You are right, Mr. Weatherwax, absolutely right! India isn't ready for freedom; the Moslems . . . the Hindus . . . While the League may not be perfect, things could be worked out. Our not being a party to it upsets everything."

Dr. Brandt snapped, "Don't be ridiculous, Bloom. Within the last two years there has occurred one of the most uncivilized, most brutal massacres in the history of modern times. I believe that there is some kind of retribution for the doer of evil, and that some day every Englishman will

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be punished tenfold in blood and suffering for what was done at Amritsar. If we were members of the League, part of that responsibility might be ours—yours, Mr. Bloom. Would you want on your soul the stain of guilt for a future Black and Tan outrage, for instance? Or a share in some episode like the brutal repression of the freedom-seeking Boers in 1915? That is what the League would have committed us to!”

There was another voice from behind Dr. Brandt, a slow, soft drawl, and he turned around, the better to see the speaker. It was a heavy, round-shouldered, taciturn man, who habitually smoked a pipe. Until this moment, the doctor had not been curious about him, although he was on deck most of the time. Now the man spoke with quiet authority. “League or no League—whether we are in it or not—remember this: there is a new tide in civilization and it flows from the East. Europe doesn’t matter too much, except to us. There’ll be another war, of course, as you predict. By that time, Japan, India, and China will all be industrialized, of necessity. Unless Russia becomes a dominant force, as it may, one of those three will spearhead the attack against our degenerate, outmoded, European civilization.”

“It is possible,” Miss McMasters nodded. “In China I felt overwhelmed by mere numbers. Most of the people where I was took no interest in world politics, of course, but the educated ones were cynical.”

“They recognized Wilson’s principles as a face-saving formula, such as they would use themselves.” The man paused, knocked out his pipe-ashes on his heel, and in-

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quired, "In what part of China were you, Miss McMasters?"

The question wasn't answered. There was the sound of a hubbub forward, and Mr. Bloom, ferretlike, ran to discover the cause. Before he could reach the forbidden first-class zone, the Wilson children, who had wandered off on an exploring trip to escape the boredom of their elders' argument, came running toward them, crying excitedly, "There's a fight. They're fighting, Pop. The sailors had red ribbons on and that Third Officer said to take them off. They got to fightin', and he's pointing his gun at them, so we ran."

A few minutes elapsed before Dr. Brandt was able to leave his excited fellow-passengers. Here, amidships, it was difficult to realize that he had just left a part of the vessel that was alive with people who were crowded together uncomfortably. Far down the long, empty, covered deck, two steamer chairs stood side by side, mute testimony that this was where the first-class passengers sat to enjoy their exclusive privileges. They were not in sight, now, and neither were any of the stewards who served them.

When he reached the steamer chairs he wondered how long their recent occupants would be able to live together in that lonely, empty world they chose to occupy. He knew that for himself he preferred the nearness of people, their loves, passions, and exigencies. Even when, later, the Spruances should consort again with their kind, they would still be alone, for around each of those others there would be the same invisible wall that shielded the honeymooners from the human desires and needs of the third-class passen-

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gers. What an unpleasant prospect! Right now, in their interest in themselves, they probably reveled in their aloneness, but nobody knew better than Dr. Brandt how quickly boredom could succeed complete satiation of the senses. These two selfish people, and all who, like them, lived only for their own pleasures, were doomed to boredom. One fed on, and was renewed by, one's interest in and love for others. Once they had consumed the resources of their own puny souls the Spruances would starve in the midst of the plenty around them.

These thoughts engendered a feeling of sorrow, and a sympathy for these two about whom he had felt so bitter. He paused at the rail, looked across the iron-plated main deck, the canvas-covered forward hatches, the idle, cradled booms, and the ship-shape gear, clear to the slender triangle of the bow. If there had been a melee such as Billy Wilson had reported, there was no evidence of it now. There was not a person in sight and, except that overhead on the bridge he could hear the tread of the officer on watch, he might have imagined the *Hawkeye State* a deserted ship, run by a phantom crew.

He turned into the companion that led below and followed through the maze of the ship's bowels a route with which he was now familiar. He hoped that whatever had happened on deck had not involved his patient, and comforted himself with the thought that it was unlikely that a member of the engine gang should get into trouble with a deck officer.

When he knocked lightly on the gray-painted door, besmeared by the pressure of many oily hands, it opened



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inward, and he stepped into the fetid atmosphere where four men had to sleep and live while off duty. As usual, one man was on watch, but the other three, instead of being in their bunks, stood together, looking as though they had been interrupted in a tense conversation.

"Well, Ralph, and how is the finger?"

The boy smiled nervously and Al whispered in his strained manner, "He's coming okay . . . ain't swollen no more."

Ralph said, "We've had so many other things to think about, I 'most forgot it, I guess."

"You had better let me look at it and I'll put on a new dressing for you. While I'm doing that, you can tell me what is troubling you, if you wish."

As they talked, describing what had occurred, Dr. Brandt appraised them silently. Ralph was a pleasant and sensitive youth, typically city-bred and probably of German extraction. Flat-chested and with poor teeth, he had probably grown up in the contaminated air of a slum or industrial section. Some obscure impulse had sent him westward—a desire to see the world, perhaps—though now he was anxious enough to get back home. Evidently the world had not treated him too well, the little he'd seen of it. Probably he had been too young to be drafted during the war, and Dr. Brandt wondered what the next few years would hold for him. How much would he share in that great future of democratic freedom which had been so glibly promised to his generation?

Al was more of an enigma. He might have been Scotch or Irish, young or old. In spite of his greasy blue denims

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and emaciated appearance, it was evident that he was a man of intellectual force—a potential leader, as he was now organizer, of his fellows.

The third man had spent most of his life at sea, but gave the impression that after each voyage he had tried to get work ashore, then drifted back to seafaring as a last recourse. Was he not typical of the modern sailor, who lived in unhealthy, constricted quarters like this, breathing the evil smell of bilge and engine-room and his own exhalations and odors, with rarely a chance to enjoy the fresh air?

The conditions of modern shipping were such that the sea no longer bred men, but slugs, of whom this pale, bloated little creature was a prime example.

In pursuing his own thoughts, Dr. Brandt almost lost track of the story that was being told to him. This morning the crew had worn its mark of unity—the red ribbon. Half the watch had passed before the loathed Third Officer noticed the symbol on one of the able-bodied seamen, then on the others, and ordered them removed. When they had refused, he had struck one of the men and the whole group was now in custody, charged with mutiny.

The older man, who was still nameless to Dr. Brandt, spoke dispiritedly. "I told these boys they were fools to make a fuss. Why, mutiny is almost like murder—they put you in jail and throw the key away. But no, they're goin' to keep on wearin' them damn ribbons. . . ."

"We got to, don't you see, or we'd be running out on those guys in the brig," Al whispered; then, "I have to see some of the deck crew." He fixed the other two with his sunken eyes, and before he slipped, almost wraithlike,

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through the door, his voice held a vague threat. "We stick together, boys, and a ribbon is our symbol. And it better be red!"

The hoarse whisper seemed to hang in the air, while Ralph asked, "Did you know about him, Doc? He was in France—the gas burned his throat."

"Yes, he told me."

"Yeah, and he's got T.B. from the looks of him. Most of them gassed guys can't last long," the older seaman jeered.

"That's why he can't talk right," Ralph went on, as though there had been no interruption.

"Undoubtedly you have considerable justice on your side, but I think you have taken a dangerous step," Dr. Brandt said slowly. Then he added, with great firmness, "Needless to say, if I can continue to be of help, medically or otherwise, you can count on me."

Ralph's mouth twitched slightly, but he answered quite readily, "We're going to keep on wearing our ribbons. If we go to jail, okay. It ain't such a bad place. I can take it, I guess. I don't see how they got a right, though, to put them others in the brig. The Mate hit first. A fellow's got no business going around hitting guys when he feels like it. This boat belongs to the U.S.A., don't it? We don't do things like that! This is a cockeyed ship, I'd say."

"You said it," the older seaman took up the slogan. "Good old *Cockeye State*! May she sink to the bottom of the ocean—after we get away from her!"

"I still can't understand why you don't take Al's advice and have the stewards join in with you. They are in the

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same pickle," Dr. Brandt began, reverting to an aspect of the sailors' attitude over which he was still worrying, like a dog with an old bone. But Ralph cut him off. "Those niggers! They are yellow anyway, and besides, this is a white union!"

Long after Dr. Brandt had returned to the third-class section, he tried to fathom this race attitude dividing a group whose singleness of interest was so obvious. Then he became angry with himself. What business of his, the fate of those men in the brig? He had cured his patient of an infection, which was where a doctor's responsibility ended. Why should he feel any further concern?

The decks here were now as deserted as those amidships had been—infallible sign that everyone was at lunch; but he was not hungry. Why couldn't he be sensible, anyway? He wasn't even able to solve his own personal problems; why meddle in these larger concerns that would be decided more or less as fate willed? In a week he would be home again, but the other doctors in his own town—Shoemaker and Wissler, both younger than he was, and good men who had enlisted with him at the outbreak of war—had been back in their offices for two years or more. They had been sensible. . . .

He balanced on the rail, leaning against a stanchion and maintaining a precarious equilibrium with one foot, in a fashion that would have been impossible if there had been the least sea running.

. . . and he had not been sensible. He had gone on to the Balkans and the Baltic—to the Serbs and Croats, the Letts and Esthonians. Why in hell did Europe have so

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many races in it, anyway? And so many political parties? Not that he cared too much about politics—about Red armies or White armies.

He lit a fresh cigarette, threw overboard the last half-inch of his old one, and watched the stained square of paper until it was lost in the milky wake.

When he had first returned home to reopen his practice, the difficulties appeared insurmountable. Not only had other doctors taken his place, but he himself was not content to return to the old routine. Experience abroad had given him a fresh perspective, so that he examined the former life of his community with new objectivity. Absence had not made his heart grow fonder—it had given him an unfortunate clarity of vision, so that the worn phrases, the bombastically enunciated ideals that had been dinned into his ears since childhood, now sounded empty and unconvincing.

Within a short time he had quarreled with almost everyone he knew, merely because they accepted the old platitudes. How could one talk of democracy when nothing of the sort existed?—when vast regions of his country were dominated by people who, in its name, practiced the most horrible and lawless tyranny over their fellows?

After making enemies of those who could have helped him regain his professional position, he fled—and his disillusionment accompanied him. He became obsessed with the complete materialism of his countrymen; and yet, when Weatherwax criticized them, he had been touchy and irritable. In the end, he had quarreled with him also, and entirely unreasonably.

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He thought of Weatherwax, with his unquestioning acceptance of life as he had been taught to understand it. That scene in which the doctor had surprised Alice with him had seemed intimate, but an inner prescience told him not to accept it at its apparent value. With a flash of self-analysis he wondered whether his growing feeling of annoyance toward the Englishman was not due to jealousy.

With that acceleration of acquaintanceship which occurs at sea, he had come to know Alice more intimately within these few days' time than otherwise he could have in a year. He found himself thinking of her all the time, like a naïve schoolboy. Under other circumstances, with an assured future, she was someone with whom he might have fallen in love. As though that were a state that could be controlled at will! He gave a mental chuckle at the thought. Plagued by nightmares out of the past—those horrid dreams which this ill-begotten vessel made more real—he'd do better to spare Alice the anguish and disillusionment which was all that he could bring to anyone. . . .

"I hope you don't mind this disturbance of your unhappy train of thought?"

It was the man who had joined in the morning's argument, in which Dr. Brandt regretted that he had taken part. He felt inclined to rebuff the speaker but, remembering his unusual poise and sureness, was curious as to why they hadn't become acquainted earlier. He replied, "No, not at all," and with diffident apology, "I guess my thoughts are a little on the unpleasant side."

"Since your talk, before lunch, I've been more or less looking for you."

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"I was sorry about this morning. I had no business to quarrel with Weatherwax. He is a nice chap, really. I've been a little jumpy, I suppose, and his calm assumptions irritate me."

"If there were more such discussions between Englishmen and Americans, we'd understand each other better." The man drew his pipe from his pocket, methodically loaded it, and, when it was drawing well, spoke again. "I've kept rather in the background, Dr. Brandt, so you may not know me by name. I'm Martin Darrow. Until recently, I taught history."

"To tell you the truth, Mr. Darrow, I wondered this morning how it happened that we hadn't met. Do you know my friend Bloom, by the way? He's another teacher—you should have much in common."

Dr. Brandt was suddenly aware that, at fifty-five, a couple of decades hence, he would look much like his companion. Not that there was any actual resemblance, but Darrow also had a generous nose, a wide mouth, and deep-set, dark eyes, with heavy unruly brows—in his case, turned quite gray. Both were spare and had heads set low between broad shoulders, although Darrow was some inches shorter. He thought, wryly, that neither was gifted with a great share of good looks.

Martin Darrow led the way toward a row of empty chairs, and when they were seated, he answered, "Mr. Bloom and I belong to different schools of pedagogy, of which his has the greater representation. He serves the purpose of a funnel, to pour facts into otherwise empty skulls. It has become a habit in which he persists, even on

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vacation. I flatter myself that I used to try to develop and exercise such latent powers of thought as my pupils possessed, and to withhold from them as much as possible the rubbish of accumulated fact and fiction that is called knowledge, in which your friend delights. Perhaps this explains why he is still allowed to teach, while I—some-what less than a year ago—was expelled from my chair and little rostrum.”

He held up a thick, still powerful hand. “Don’t think that I am bitter! Far from it! The freedom is appreciated, and I can get along financially. Then consider the recent low estate of human liberties in the United States. I might have been singled out as the object of one of Mr. Palmer’s witch hunts for—like Socrates—corrupting the young by teaching them to think for themselves.”

The content of Mr. Darrow’s conversation was much more oracular than its delivery, for he spoke with a certain persuasive hesitancy. He puffed at his pipe for a time, then resumed. “I’ve just come from a newly revitalized world. When I was expelled I made up my mind to go to Russia, evaluate for myself what was being done. I’ve been there for eight months. Do you realize that it’s only three and a half years since Brest-Litovsk? And that there is still, for all practical purposes, an economic blockade? Do you realize that for a long time we wouldn’t even allow medicine to reach these people who had been our Allies?”

“I was in the Baltic countries, Mr. Darrow.”

“I’m not telling you anything new, then. But there is really a new Russia, a growing Russia, in spite of boycott, and of the complete rottenness of the social system before



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the Revolution. In spite of military losses since, with ourselves and every European country taking a crack at her. Twenty years from now she may be reckoned with, and a strong Russia, governed by the humanitarian doctrines of Marx, could bridge the gap between Eastern and Western thought—could, I think, become a stronger influence for peace than the League will ever be. If she succeeds, if Russia is able to industrialize her vast expanses, her example will be followed by other hitherto agrarian and backward countries. When China and India are no longer capable of exploitation, because they can supply themselves through manufactures, the power of England will wane and the League will be unavailing, anyway. No, Doctor, you may not believe me, and I do not ask you to, but there is hope for us who desire peace more than anything else, and, like the star of Bethlehem, it comes from the East.”

Dr. Brandt caught the sides of his chair, so that the blue veins stood out in relief from the backs of his hands, and he shook his head excitedly. “I treated both White and Red Russians, Mr. Darrow. Three doctors and twice as many nurses to take care of whole armies. Several of us didn’t come back. We lived in fear of typhus for twenty-four hours of every day, month after month, with no respite. My consolation was that a new world would be made out of that suffering. For you, it may seem easy enough to talk dispassionately about all this, as though it were already a part of history, and look hopefully to the future of a distressed and broken country to lead us out of this negation. But I can’t do it!”

He sank back, limp and exhausted, and when he spoke

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again, it was in a little more than a whisper. "I am sorry, Darrow, but you must excuse me. This is too painful. Too painful!"

The professor appeared to be lost in thought, puffing upon his pipe until he raised a miniature cloud of smoke about himself; then, without further speech, he walked away, as though to take advantage of its cover.

Delos Newcombe stood by a white circlet of life preserver stenciled in black with the ship's name. His legs were well apart—his "sea legs," as he thought of them—to accommodate himself to the never-ending roll of the *Hawkeye State*. His shirt was open to reveal a still youthful ivory column of neck. He threw back his head as though to drink in great drafts of the tonic ocean wind, and waited with bitter thoughts for Maude Carpenter to make her appearance. He had always been unlucky at love. Hadn't he been married four times? Didn't he still owe alimony to two wives? His gray eyes grew cold, puckered in calculation, and finally crinkled in amusement, as he contemplated his present financial state—what was owing to Phyllis and how little chance she had to collect. He laughed harshly at the errant thought that today was the tenth of the month and still another installment was due.

No, Delos amended, he had been unlucky only in marriage. His courtships had been attended with unfailing success except in those four instances when their subjects had held out for the Newcombe name as a price of submission. Never, never before had he endured the humiliation Maude had caused him.

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It would be hard to know what Delos had expected from any of his many affairs, or what he had hoped from this new adventure. It was unfailingly true that in the past each victory was disappointing compared with his anticipation. This, in spite of the fact that until now he had made love to none but the most glamorous and physically perfect of all the thousands of women with whom he had come in contact as a matinee idol and motion picture star.

Although he had never thought about it, a remarkable sameness existed among those female creatures, of whom for short times he had made use. They all conformed to certain exacting standards of physical perfection, from their artificially arched eyebrows to their slender ankles. Indeed, if he were to look back over his years of venery, he could not have distinguished, in memory, a single one of his bed companions from the others. They were made from the same mold, with the variation in color—real or applied—that suited his (or their) fancy. They were equally long-limbed, slender in the hips, and ample-bosomed.

Since in each affair he had been interested only in himself—in the satisfaction of his own immediate needs and that hollow gratification which comes of forcing another to one's will—he had never known the more rarefied pleasure that might have been his had he been willing to make himself amenable to the requirements and sensitive to the reactions of those with whom he made love. The result was that the exaltation that came with the attainment of his goal was succeeded by distaste and new desires. As for those tall, slender, shapely, beautiful-in-the-taste-of-the-moment companions in his affairs, once the first thrill had

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worn off, of being loved by the "Great Lover" (as the billboards used to designate him), they quickly realized that they had been made use of and had received little in return.

In his day, many a man had been envious of Delos Newcombe's widely publicized amours. They might better have pitied him instead, as one who never realized that in love, as in other human relationships, one must give more than one receives. His mistresses, almost as selfish as he was, limited their fervor accordingly, determined to give no more, even of the mere mechanics of love-making, than they received. Little wonder that they made a single, blurred, composite memory in which no single one stood out from the others.

This was not true of his wives. He remembered these with great particularity—not for the first hours he had shared with them, but for the later, and in his conception more truly marital, scenes. He remembered the recriminations, the furious disputes, the tantrums, the sullen rages, the infidelities of these women whom he had cheated. It never occurred to him that the fault was his, as a lover. He had done with them in privacy all the acts of lovemaking which in public, particularly on screen or stage, were hinted at, or suggested, as necessary to making an adoring slave of the female. He had uttered pretty speeches, had sighed romantically, had postured, had kissed tenderly. He gave a great performance without ever giving himself. Then he had ravished.

For this he had been made to pay from his earnings instead—earnings that for a time had been fabulous. As a

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result, Delos thought that it was he who had been tricked and otherwise very badly used by the women he had married.

But this was all out of the past—the very distant past, as Delos measured time. More recently he had been humiliated, which was worse than paying a little alimony. He had been angry, coldly angry, over having wasted his efforts on that stupid, unsophisticated girl. During a sleepless night he decided that the youthful Carpenter had been made excessively timid by his mature ardor. Or he had been too much of a gentleman—she hadn't appreciated his finesse.

All the next day, Maude had eluded him. What was more, she seemed to have taken up with Nels Larson, most attractive of the juveniles on board. Delos had no intention of entering the lists against him. If she preferred this pleasant clown, with his concertina—an unfashionable though picturesque instrument—he would withdraw gracefully. In fact, he had already withdrawn, when he was troubled by one of those lucid intervals which occasionally afflicted him. Maude had refused him because he was too old!

He rejected the idea furiously. The mere turning of his famed countenance upon them had brought the most beautiful women in the world to his feet. It was preposterous that this naïve Hawaiian could resist. He'd stand here in the most favorable light—she couldn't help being overwhelmed. Then later he'd tell her firmly but coldly that her immature charms were of no continued interest to a man of his taste and experience.

Thus his thoughts, as he gazed romantically seaward.

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This was the way that the cousins must pass to any rendezvous after dinner. That was Maude's laugh now, unmistakably; he could never forget it. He wrote a frenzy of poetic love into his features and forced a look in which reproach and burning passion mingled. He held it for one—two—and over three minutes, then swung around, to the sound of retreating footsteps. There went Maude Carpenter! He didn't even see her companions. She had sturdy rather than shapely legs, and she moved with a grace of her own—that of the natural, free, unaffected human female. The spectacle should have filled Delos Newcombe with loathing, but instead he felt the quickening of a desire which he knew would never be sated. He knew, also, with that clarity occasionally vouchsafed him, that Maude had been so intent upon the youthful, healthy, and muscular young Dane who laughed beside her that she had passed him without even noticing.

A light wind that might have been cooled by the snows of Mexican mountain peaks so revived the third-class passengers of the *Hawkeye State* that they began to seek outlets for their pent-up energies. The narrow public room filled with men who began to play cards, and with others who stood behind them at the tables and watched the games of poker, black jack, and red dog which were soon in progress. Despite a strong draft that blew through open doors and ports, the room was soon blue with smoke and noisy with cries and ejaculations. These men had complained as bitterly as the others about the breathless days they had endured. Now, with the perversity of human

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nature, they sat in here, protected from the breeze which they had so ardently desired.

The passengers who sought the weather decks found in walking the necessary relief from their restlessness. Soon there was a miniature parade around the limited deck space allotted to them. Weatherwax led the procession, his long, easy stride better suited to a stroll along the hedgerows of some English country lane.

Nels and Karl paired with the cousins, and all four stepped along arm in arm, alternately marching and skipping in unison while they laughed at each other's jokes or from exuberance of spirit. The mutes also fell into line, sharing for this little while the companionship of the others, and behind them sturdily tramped Mr. Bloom and Ernie.

Dr. Brandt joined Alice, who had already circled the decks while waiting for him. The Wilsons brought up the rear, the children swinging hands while their parents lagged some distance in back. Erica elected to walk in the opposite direction from the others, and each time she passed there was an exchange of mock salutations.

It was amazing how much fun there could be in merely stretching one's legs after the heat-imposed restrictions of recent days. Mr. Darrow thought of this while he smoked a ruminative pipe. He felt no urge to join the walkers but was entirely content to observe them and from their actions compile mental notes upon human behavior.

Delos Newcombe sulked from a carefully selected vantage point of rail and stanchion that was as romantic in background as anything the ship afforded. If he could only gain Maude Carpenter's attention! Or even her pity! He

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watched each passage of the quartet with an ever-growing hunger. He felt a savage jealousy when he saw that the girl he both loathed and loved had slipped an arm about her companion's waist just as his was about hers.

In the perturbation of her feelings, Maude had acquired a new and real beauty. She was possessed of a vivaciousness, a kind of breathless excitement, which transformed her. Even her laugh, which had been giddy and thoughtless, became heady and full of unexpected richness. It was her cousin who cried out, after one of their swings around the deck, "A hundred times round—I counted them. I'm getting dizzy, honest."

The others were also tiring of the monotony of their exercise, and Erica suggested, "I know, friends, let us play a game—what you call 'Hide and Go Seek,' eh?"

The procession broke into a loudly chattering group, each member adding a fresh suggestion. Finally Erica shouted above the tumult, "I think perhaps we should not play a running game. It is quite dark in places, and one of us might get hurt. There is something the children used to play in Greece which is great fun. . . ."

Within a few moments they all adjourned to the well-deck and beneath the electric lights there Erica explained about "The Shepherd and the Wolf." "You, Doctor, shall be the shepherd. You will stand in the center—so. Now, everybody, we shall circle around. When you see an opportunity, tap him on the back and we'll hold thumbs up—like this—while he guesses who stole the lamb."

Mr. Bloom was the first wolf to be caught, and then, by the magic of the game, became the shepherd and displayed



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a woeful ignorance about protecting his flock. Finally he captured Nels, who was "it" until he was quite certain that Maude had tagged him, when he captured her in a grasp that carried special significance to both of them.

Again Carl Brandt was the shepherd, trying to read the flushed face and mischievous inscrutability of Alice McMasters' expression as she waved an excited thumb before him. He guessed wrongly that she *was* the wolf, and the after decks resounded to the shouts of derision.

It was a good game, this that grew out of man's earliest civilized occupation, and afterward they played another that Weatherwax suggested. Sometimes it was hard to imagine that the engineer had ever been young, but now he seemed to recapture that youth and appeared for a moment to be a fresh-faced boy, unmarked by the passage of time and the unkindness of tropical climates.

He was counted out right after the doctor and they sat down together. "Jove, it is a long time since I played that. Fancy even thinking of it!" Dr. Brandt was surprised to hear him sigh. "Many of the things we set store by are bosh—utter bosh." He waited for some explanation of the statement, but none came. Was it possible that Weatherwax also had regrets—also questioned the course his life had taken?

Then Alice was counted out. Her breathing was rapid and her hair and clothes disheveled from the play. Dr. Brandt walked over to her and she greeted him excitedly. "Isn't it fun, Carl? I haven't had such a good time in years." She had completely lost her usual reserve. Inhibitions, probably acquired from her associations, had trammelled her too much. Now she was completely free, completely

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alive. It required all of Dr. Brandt's restraint to ask, evenly, "Isn't it too bad we ever grow up? Look at Erica. I wish I had her simplicity." He intended a further observation when a familiar hoarse whisper reached out of the darkness. "Dr. Brandt, sir. Could I talk to you a minute?"

"Certainly. What's wrong—something happened?"

The seaman slipped into the light. It was the first time that Dr. Brandt had seen him out of his work clothes, and without the protective coloring of dirt and grease he looked more skeletonlike than ever, though again his apparent age was belied by the youthful freshness of his smile. "Alice, this is Al—?"

"Connors, ma'am."

"Al represents what might be called the left wing element on the *Hawkeye State*."

"That's right, ma'am. I've come to see that revolution is the only way to get what we were cheated out of." Because of the effort required to talk at all, the man seemed strangely passionless, considering the nature of what he had to say. He reached a hand within his shirt and brought out a neatly tied bundle of letters and cards. "You said if any of us needed help, Doc . . . Would you mind keeping these for me? In case anything happens, send them to the address on the front—it's my mother's. I'd like her to have them. They ain't much—a few letters; but she'd get a kind of satisfaction out of them. You're the only one I could trust."

Alice watched with growing understanding as Dr. Brandt accepted the somehow pitiful little package and gravely

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placed it in an inside pocket of his coat. Robert would have asked questions, given advice, and then preached a little sermon on obeying authority and looking for reward in another world. But Robert's platitudes would not have created the trust that Carl seemed to inspire, not only among his fellow-passengers, but in the hearts of the crew, in this grotesque man whose skin-sheathed bones gleamed at her out of the dark, like some unreal Hallowe'en specter.

The hilarious cries of the game captured her attention for a moment and when she turned again, Carl was saying, "I hope your fears are wrong. In any case, how much can you—one man—accomplish? In another week we will all be back in New York, where things are different."

Once the initial effort to speak had been made, the seaman acquired a persuasive fluency and one forgot his handicap. While one game finished and another began, Alice and Carl listened to him. "Nobody said that during the war. It was single men—standing side by side—at the Marne and St. Mihiel. We fought for Democracy, or so we thought. I was twenty-four when I went into the Argonne. Nine months later, when I was discharged from the hospital, I was sixty-seven."

"You mean . . . ?"

The charming, youthful smile broke the man's taut, pallid skin. "On the basis of threescore and ten, Doc. I had three years to live—and most of it's up already. Not that I'm kicking. Then's when I found that the War for Democracy hadn't even begun. That was what I had enlisted for, so here I am, still fighting. And I'm not alone. If I get shot, or beaten up, or framed, like those two Wops last summer, it

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won't matter much. Sacco and Vanzetti may fry, but if they do their names will be banners to keep others in the struggle. Maybe, if Al Connors kicks out, his name—"A thick, bubbling cough choked him. He subdued it long enough to whisper, "So long, Doc . . . thanks . . ." and there were only shadows where he had been.

"Poor soul!" Alice commented, to be caught up almost sharply.

"Not at all. He is fulfilling his destiny. Those of us who had our eyes opened by the war, but turned in our guns—we are to be pitied. I tell you, Alice, when I went back to the little Pennsylvania town I used to think I knew so well, and really saw it for the first time—the political graft and corruption, the spiritual and moral decay, and above all the complete materialism—I made a grave mistake. I ran away because I couldn't see a chance of winning a lonely battle against it all.

"Al, there . . . you know he was gassed—lost his voice. Came out in worse shape than I did, much worse. He didn't quit, though. I said I'd go back—but I didn't mean it. Putting it off . . . now I know. . . ."

During this impassioned, almost incoherent dedication to a purpose, Alice waited in the hope that Carl would give her an opportunity to offer help. And she wanted to explain about Robert and her own hurt. Carl would understand; everyone confided and believed in him.

". . . A continuation of the war—or the real beginning of it . . . in that he is right, completely right. And I won't be any more alone in it than he is."

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This was Alice's opportunity, but it was ruined by the sound of Erica's hearty, thick-voiced, "Come, Alice . . . and you, Doctor. We shall need you both to make a team!" She followed after Carl regretfully, hoping for the small privilege of at least playing on his side.

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YESTERDAY'S SLIGHT RESPITE from the heat seemed to have been planned by an indulgent fate to enable the third-class passengers on the *Hawkeye State* to refresh themselves for the trial the new day held for them. They awoke to a world already oppressive, and, as the day advanced, the blazing cauldron in the sky dripped searing flames beneath which they shriveled. There was no escape, for the pitch-streaked deck and white-painted superstructure refracted the heat upon the spent and gasping folk who cringed in such shadows as they could find.

The *Hawkeye State* appeared to be helpless and floundering, stewing in a boiling ocean. There was no sign of life or movement, except as the passengers changed their positions to follow the course of the illusive shade, or the Chinese boys shuffled across the deck-well bearing the day's supplies of food from the refrigerators amidships.

It required an extreme effort for Dr. Brandt to make a round of his patients. He hunched his shoulders and fought a burning, choking sensation as he hurried down the companionway; and when he bent over the berth of Rosita Greenstein and then of her husband he marveled anew at the endurance of the seasick. He completed his round of

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calls by the berth of the shipwrecked sailor. The man had the pasty complexion natural to one who had never been outside during his two weeks on board, but despite this unhealthy pallor, John Smith had the appearance of being a well-muscled, powerful man, quite capable of the long struggle in an open boat which, according to gossip, he had experienced. Dr. Brandt tried to imagine the rigors of those days that Smith's body had survived without impairment, though his mind apparently had not—unless the man was one of those derelicts of the sea, who had always been like this, a simple-minded person who was still able to perform the tasks allotted him. For some reason Dr. Brandt did not believe this and hoped to find the key with which to unlock the storehouse of his memory. Perhaps in so doing he would perform a disservice for his fellow-passenger. The unhappiness of his past might be less endurable than his present unawareness!

Dr. Brandt escaped again to the open deck, still pondering the riddle which the sailor's behavior posed for him. Alice McMasters lay in a deck chair next to one occupied by the nurse, and her wan appearance drew him instinctly to her side. Her lids showed bluish over closed eyes which she opened when she sensed his nearness. Her glance was a pleading apology for her prostration. "It is hot—terribly hot, the worst we have had so far, don't you think so, Carl?" she asked in unfamiliar, weak tones. He acquiesced, assuring himself that she appeared in no immediate danger of a heat stroke, found a chair near by and subsided into the lethargy of the others.

When lunchtime came, only Erica descended to the

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saloon; apparently nothing could disturb her good Dutch appetite. Even Armand Dufour, hitherto unaffected by the heat, remained on deck, lying in sweatless stupor, like a shriveled monkey, in a corner he had claimed for his own.

Begrimed figures staggered or were carried out of the companion leading from the engine-room, to fall upon the searing iron where others of their number played upon them a stream of salt water that rose in vapor where it hit the deck. At another time these unfortunates would have been the center of the women's sympathetic interest, but today they passed unnoticed.

The sugar heir and his bride made an appearance at the pool but returned forward very quickly, without indulging in their customary play. It was the first time they had lacked an audience; today, not even Allison's neat figure could arouse the men passengers, while the Negroes had apparently chosen a more comfortable lounging place.

By the time the sun dipped into the sea's distance, like a disc of overheated metal plunged into an annealing vat, most of the engine-room force lay on the hatches, suffering from various degrees of heat stroke, and the miracle was that the screws still turned, that the *Hawkeye State* continued to churn a path across the leaden-hued seas of twilight.

The coming of night failed to rouse either passengers or crew, and for long after the moon had risen they remained sitting or lying in the positions and attitudes they had held when the sun's rays last bludgeoned them. Then, gradually, the men from the engine-room began to revive, and one by one disappeared below to take up their watches.

The four twin staccato chimes of eight bells had struck,



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designating the end of this day and the beginning of a new one, before the passengers began to bestir themselves. The thought that gradually revived them and made it possible, first for one and then for another to make the necessary preparations for sleeping, was the knowledge that later in this very day, if all went well, they would make port; and almost every passenger found sleep, finally, in the dream that once again he was treading the solid land.

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THE SKY was a dome of pearl-gray opalescence, whose tender colors were so faithfully mirrored in the ocean that the *Hawkeye State* appeared to be suspended in the exact center of a sphere that was otherwise empty of anything but wraiths of cloud and mist. Even when one looked directly down upon the water it seemed to be little more dense than the air above, and the line of horizon was indistinguishable, as the two elements appeared to merge into one.

The scene had the insubstantiality of a dream, in which, through the chimeric vapors, floated the single reality of their vessel's squat, black hull. Today, the shocking intensity of the sun was veiled by haze, but there was no hint of the freshness that belongs to early morning, and as the men passengers yawned into wakefulness, or smoked a pre-breakfast cigarette, their pajamas clung to their damp thighs. Every now and then someone hurried to the rail, certain that he had sighted land, then murmured in disappointment as a bank of fog shifted and re-formed.

The men in third-class had characteristically appropriated all the best sections of the deck as their own, but prided themselves on magnanimously refraining from in-

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truding on that part in the extreme stern where the women passengers had unrolled their mattresses. Here, also, there were exclamations of disappointment when there was no land visible. Mrs. Wilson complained, "I guess it is too much to expect, but I did so want to get my feet on solid ground again." Then, to Peggy, as though she were responsible, "This is the last time your father will ever get me on a ship, I can tell you that!"

Erica van Nijden, in a silk kimono that revealed much more of her sturdy person than it concealed, held Mrs. Wolfington's infant while the soldier's wife packed, preparatory to disembarking at Panama City. "It's most two years since I've seen Ed," she confided. "The baby was just a few weeks old when he left. Ed said the tropics is no place for children—babies anyway. But it will be another eighteen months before his enlistment is up. I couldn't wait any longer. I just couldn't!"

Alice McMasters admired the competent ease with which her friend handled the child and restored the mother's flagging courage. She admired, also, the very real beauty which Erica possessed when one saw her this way. Dressed, she gave the appearance of being stout because her figure did not conform to the flattened silhouettes which were in vogue, but free of clothes, she had an heroic quality, not unlike that of a Rubens Venus. Her broad, healthy body glowed pinkly through the silk, in a frank display that would have shocked the modesty of any of the others, but they had come to depend upon the nurse to such a degree that anything she did was above criticism.

While the women dressed, the men lounged about, to

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enjoy as much as possible whatever illusion of coolness their pajamas provided. The slopping of the water in the canvas swimming pool, caused by the ceaseless slow roll of the vessel, reminded them of the refreshment an early morning swim offered, until its denial was no longer to be borne. After the first sullen looks toward its inviting coolness, the passengers began to mutter objections and finally to voice defiance of the prohibition laid on them.

"If we all went in right now, like we are, what could they do about it?" someone shouted; and another man cried, "Come, Tex, what say? Let's go swimming, and to hell with them!"

Dr. Brandt refrained from joining in as the others swarmed up to the promenade deck, ran out on the plank, and jumped or dove into the pool. It quickly became so crowded that swimming was impossible and they pushed, splashed, or indulged in horse-play until they tired. As is so often the case in something long anticipated, the realization was not nearly so agreeable as they had expected. The canvas sides of the pool were too rough and the miniature waves that looked so tempting from outside actually beat with considerable force. Their desire had been as much to defy authority as to enjoy the water, and they were disappointed that none of the officers came running to order them out. Gradually they left the pool, sheepishly conscious that they had behaved in some measure like school-boys. Then, one by one, they left a dripping trail along the deck as they dashed below to change the salty water-soaked night clothing that was becoming sticky upon them.

Breakfast over, the men hastily escaped to deck again,

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with the reviving effect of their swim already gone, but eager not to miss the first sight of land. The pale haze of early morning persisted and the sun shone in a soft diffusion of its rays, as all gazed longingly, from time to time, toward shore.

Mr. Bloom and William Wilson delegated themselves as permanent lookouts and stood on the upper deck, pressed against the rail on the landward side. Both men had read extensively about Panama, its history and lore, but where the bank clerk was interested in the romance of Cortez and of the early Conquistadores, of Sir Henry Morgan and the other English pirates, the teacher had at his fingers' ends the political history of the separation of Panama from Colombia, the early failure of Lesseps and the American difficulties in constructing the Canal.

It was Billy Wilson, though, who first spotted land in a different direction from that toward which his elders had been looking. It was land—there was no doubt of it, and in spite of the apparent slowness with which the *Hawkeye State* churned its way, the flat, distant banks of gray, at first little more substantial in appearance than the sea or sky, rapidly darkened and became three-dimensional. The grays changed to purple and to green. The red of tile roofs became separate pin-points of color. Houses and buildings were soon distinguishable, and the high twin masts of a wireless station. A school of porpoises swam alongside, as though on escort from Neptune himself, to see them into the fabulous port of Panama City.

Peggy Wilson screamed excitedly, "Look, Mamma, look

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at the big fishes jumping. They're jumping all the way out of the water—look, Mamma!”

Mr. Bloom interrupted to explain carefully that these were porpoises, not fish at all. “Mammalia, as they are called, meaning that they give birth to their young and suckle them, just like human beings and animals.”

To several of the women, this seemed an indecent remark to make to so young a child. Mrs. Wolfington, the soldier's wife, freed by Erica van Nijden from the necessity of tending her infant for a little while, indignantly voiced the feeling of the others, “Imagine bringing up a matter like that! You can see the kind of mind he has the minute he begins to talk. If I were you, I'd bring Peggy over here this instant.”

There was no need to be concerned—Peggy had just been bored by the teacher's remark. From pedagogical habit, he repeated all the facts to impress them the more clearly, and then went on with an account of other marine creatures, the whale and the manatee, the latter of which he thought might possibly be seen on their voyage through the Canal.

Peggy had run away to join her brother long before Mr. Bloom finished his disquisition, to which no one was really listening. More forehanded than the rest of the passengers, he was already dressed for going ashore though it would be some hours before they made port. He still wore his blue serge suit, which had turned a greenish hue from a sun stronger than that for which it had originally been dyed. He had on shiny rubbers, and carried an umbrella as protection against possible tropical downpours. In Soerabaja he had bought a very large, khaki-covered cork helmet,

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which he now wore with the strap carefully fastened beneath his chin to prevent it being blown off by a non-existent wind. Across his shoulders stout leather straps held a camera suspended on one side and binoculars on the other. With the aid of the latter he managed to apprise the rest of the passengers of each new landmark just after they had discovered it for themselves with the naked eye.

Every little while he turned the gleaming intensity of his gaze, magnified by his spectacles, and inquired of no one in particular, "It's wonderful, isn't it? Another foreign city! I can't wait to get ashore. It is wonderful, isn't it?"

Dr. Brandt was laughing at the exuberant interest of the tense, excited little man, loaded down with his paraphernalia of travel, when Cedric Weatherwax whispered to him, "What you see in that filthy Jew I can't understand. If he doesn't shut up in a minute, I shall throw him overboard!"

"You will have me to reckon with, if you do. It's too hot for us to argue and, besides, I want to get ready for going ashore. But I'll say this, Weatherwax: you could learn a great deal from Bloom, if you would. He is eager to live and he is equally eager to watch others live, while you exist like a turtle. You've made a shell around yourself, from which you only stick your head out into the world once in a while, when you feel so inclined."

The engineer protested at the acerbity in the other's voice. "But, my good chap, I meant no offense—none at all, you know. After all, Doctor, really . . ."

Dr. Brandt went on his way impatiently. There were times when he enjoyed the company of the tall, gaunt Englishman more than that of anyone else aboard, for

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Weatherwax had an indescribable charm when he wished to use it. Dr. Brandt also admired his passionate belief in all the things he had been taught to hold dear, his often surprisingly discerning sense of humor, and even his down-right rudeness when he felt like being rude. Weatherwax was perhaps particularly interesting because he was so typical of his nationality and class. One could forgive him for almost anything he did that was annoying or rude or selfish by merely saying, "After all, he can't help it—he's English. Aside from that, he is a very nice fellow."

It was unfair to generalize in this way, Dr. Brandt realized, but he still didn't intend to permit any disparagement of Bloom in his presence. Besides, he wanted to get on land again as quickly as possible. It was time he went below to get dressed.

Apparently he was leading a general exodus, as other passengers filed along behind him, leaving the deck to the lonely vigil of the teacher and his binoculars.

This was probably the first time that Dr. Brandt had seen all the third-class passengers on deck together, and many of those who had become familiar in the careless attire of shipboard now, in their shoregoing clothes, seemed like complete strangers. To most of them this interlude in the tropics was a mere incident to their return east and, like Mr. Bloom, they wore uncomfortably heavy northern clothes. The Texans in their company wore large Stetsons and freshly laundered blue denim breeches that fitted tightly across the hips and seemed likely to burst at any movement. They minced daintily in tooled leather, high-



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heeled cowboy boots that added further to their incongruous appearance, and Dr. Brandt wondered whether this would also be their garb for their first sight-seeing excursion in New York. They were not the only men in high heels. A group of four or five wore the heavier spike-heeled Northwest woodsmen's shoes with trousers strapped beneath.

Nels and Karl were brave in bright plaid shirts and khaki shorts that evoked little smiles from most of the Americans. Compared with the knickerbockers and plus-fours worn by those who owned sport garments, the Danes seemed almost undressed; and their heavy knit hose finished with woolen rosettes and tassels looked downright effeminate despite their sturdy blond maleness.

Weatherwax was in the rough tweeds he always wore regardless of climate, and Dr. Brandt was gratified to have him smile and call a "Cheerio" with no sign of remembering their recent little spat. He himself had dressed, with even more care than usual, in white linens and gay Hawaiian scarf and tie. Indeed he nearly outshone Delos Newcombe, who—also in linens—was playing the role of the world traveler who is bored by the sameness of strange ports.

Of the women, Erica van Nijden was also impeccable in white, though the infant she was again holding might at any moment mar her crisp cleanliness. The child's mother fluttered about seeing that all her baggage was accounted for, while Mrs. Wilson, unwilling to make any concessions to the natural excitement of her husband and children, marshaled them primly together, away from the others,

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where she could (as she expressed it) make sure that none of them drowned.

Alice McMasters, in one of her long skirts and most forbidding shirtwaists, tried to give her expression a similarly laundered and starched appearance whenever Dr. Brandt looked in her direction, though at other times she obviously wilted under the oppressive heat.

Even the Panamanian merchant and his wife had come on deck! For five days Dr. Brandt had seen them strain in the throes of seasickness until, as Erica van Nijden had phrased it, they were "ready to turn inside-out, like gloves." But the experience seemed to have done them no harm, for they were now chatting gaily in Spanish. Suddenly Rosita Greenstein spotted Dr. Brandt and rushed over to clasp him by both hands and thank him volubly for his kindnesses. José also thanked him, grinning broadly as he recalled, in broken English, the doctor's vain attempts to force him out on deck. What he had been unable to do, the mere knowledge that they were nearing land had effected. In spite of their names, the Greensteins looked entirely Latin—Rosita, with her face rice-powdered to a dead white and her flashing eyes and animated gestures, and the olive-skinned José, black hair combed to patent-leather smoothness and with pure Spanish features. Obviously they were of German-Jewish extraction; possibly their parents or grandparents had gone to the Republic of Colombia in the old days and had founded the businesses that these two still carried on. Now, certainly, they did not look in the least Semitic, and Dr. Brandt was led to another mental observation. "We talk about the United States as

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a melting pot," he thought. "If that is so, the flame beneath it burns so fitfully that even after two or three generations the separate ingredients of our racial amalgamation are still clearly distinguishable. We are a nation of Polish-Americans and Italian-Americans, of Jewish-Americans and Afro-Americans. Had the Greenstein parents gone to New York or elsewhere among Anglo-Saxon peoples, their children would have been recognizable as Jews, but the Latin pervasiveness and power of assimilation has enveloped them instead, and they are altogether Spanish in appearance, mannerisms, and thought processes. The true American melting pot is in the continent where, in one generation, Irishman and Jew, Negro and Indian, can be completely fused in the fierce heat of the blood of Spain."

The barracklike houses of the Canal Zone and the more distant city were clearly to be seen before Armand Dufour finally made his appearance, to the accompaniment of shouts of laughter from the others—for the little Frenchman had bought a new costume in the States. He was grand in an out-of-date cheviot suit having extreme peg-top trousers with bulldog-toed, button shoes of matching vintage and a stiff high collar that dug into his chin; but he was too pleased with his purchases to be disturbed by the jokes about them.

The *Hawkeye State's* steam whistle bellowed, and the screws' throbbings stopped—the sound that had accompanied their living for all these days. The passengers flocked to the rail to watch the taking on of the pilot and the fascinating business of the berthing of their vessel.

The last lines had been made fast and the ship warped

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into place beside a massive stone quay before Dr. Brandt realized that one passenger was missing; the shipwrecked sailor was not on deck. The man's lack of interest in everything that went on around him had excited the doctor's concern ever since he had first observed him and learned from Bloom what purported to be his history. It seemed unlikely, though, that this fellow-passenger wouldn't even care about going ashore in a port that must offer so many distractions to the seafarer. It was contrary to human nature, not to speak of sailor nature.

In spite of Dr. Brandt's own curiosity in all that was happening, both on deck and on the quay, he took time to dash below and verify his suspicions. Someone had opened the ports on each side of the men's quarters, and despite a land breeze it was still uncomfortably close. In how many fo'c'sles had the sailor lived that he felt no discomfort in this foul air?

As he walked down one of the narrow corridors between the triple-tiered berths, there recurred the illusion that had disturbed him the first day on board: the empty berths peopled with fever-ridden patients, for whom he had no help. It lasted but a moment, which was still long enough to leave him shaken; and then the thought occurred to him that this was the 11th—the third anniversary of the Armistice. Three years ago, to the day, he had been in France. It was that very night that they had heard the news. . . .

All that kept him from retreating to the deck was the sight of John Smith, under the yellow light of a bare electric bulb, poring over a dog-eared copy of *Western Story*, apparently one of his favorites among the several

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dozen pulp magazines that strewed the lower berth and the deck around him. John Smith! Even the name was an enigma. Was it his own, or had it been given him by some kindly authority that had found him nameless?

Dr. Brandt spoke, carefully calculating each tone, trying to rouse the sailor to action without at the same time building up resentment of his interference. "Hello, Smith. Here we are. We're in port."

"Yeah, I knew from the screws . . ."

"Panama City, Smith! Going ashore with us?"

"I've been here—six-seven times."

"I know. But, Smith, you must be going ashore. There is life here, after a week of being cooped up."

"These places is all the same, Doc."

"We're going over to the old city together. Why don't you come along?"

"No, thanks. I think I'll read. These places is all Spiks. If they was white, maybe. Regular Americans. But they ain't—they're greaseballs . . ."

This was probably the longest speech the man had yet made to him, and thus reason for encouragement. Instead, the doctor was annoyed—not with John Smith, the man he thought of as his patient, but with human beings' attitude of mind by which they separated themselves from each other, through some obscure pattern of reasoning, through habit or prejudice or ignorance. Smith, who seemed to care about nothing else, was still able to recall a lively repugnance against those who were not of his own origin. It was part of a deep-lying prejudice surviving the mental illness that had blotted out most of his other ordinary human

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motivations. For Dr. Brandt was still convinced that there was some neurasthenia responsible for his patient's general attitude, that he might be led out of the limbo in which he now existed and into the world.

There was no purpose, though, in trying to do more now. He turned and left, while the sailor kept his eyes upon his tattered book.

William Wilson felt that he had lived his whole life for this day. He was actually in a tropical country! These were the surroundings of which he had dreamed, ever since as a child he had read his first books of travel—since he had stood with Robinson Crusoe, gazing down at the strange footprint in the sand; wandered through the uncharted African forests accompanied by Paul Du Chaillu, and sojourned with Herman Melville in the beautiful vale of Typee.

He tried to identify the palm trees that cascaded their fountains of green foliage skyward. Was that a coconut palm, he wondered, or a date? Or the Royal Palm, about which he had read, that was considered the most stately of all?

Negro women walked along the quay immediately below him, hidden by the large baskets, loaded with strange fruit, which they carried on their heads. While they shouted their wares in Spanish, he was amazed by the size of the green bananas; entranced by the deep yellow, melonlike papayas, the small, rich purplish avocados, the henna stain of sapodilla meat. There a young girl hurried along bearing a tray

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of kidney-shaped, peach-colored fruit that he decided must be mangoes.

William Wilson's excitement over the rich hues of these products of the land was heightened as a boy passed, carrying a string of purple, red, and orchid fish that he had caught from the quay's end. Finally, when a streak of emerald across the sky marked the passage of two green parakeets, the color so filled the bank clerk's soul that he wondered if the sun had, indeed, shattered off rainbow fragments of itself which had turned into fruit and fish and birds.

He was actually in the tropics! From here, Pizarro and his little band of heroic cutthroats had set out on their strange adventure which ended in the conquest of Peru. It was from a spot not very many miles distant that Balboa must have first caught a glimpse of the broad Pacific. In a sense William Wilson was standing upon his own peak in Darien, beholding new vistas of which he had dreamed for many long years.

He was abruptly brought down from the heights to which his imagination had led him by his wife's querulous voice. "I should think you'd stay back here and help me watch the children. I declare, I never saw such a man!" He shook his head, as though to accustom himself to a change from those rarefied surroundings where he had just been, threaded his way past the other passengers, who stood tense and excited along the rail, waiting for the word to be given that they might land, and returned to the spot on deck which his wife had claimed for their own. "What is

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holding us up?" she whined. "I'll just die if I don't get off this old boat pretty soon."

"I don't think it will be long," William Wilson answered placatingly. "We have to wait until they have finished with the passengers who are bound for here—the Customs, and Quarantine, I guess. See, there goes Dufour, the Frenchman! And the soldier's wife! I hope she finds a place for them to live."

Across the hatches from where the third-class passengers waited, the Negro stewards gradually assembled, dressed in their shoregoing clothes, and the deep-toned hum of their voices carried across the space between the two groups. They watched intently, while the chef, Mrs. Wolfington, and the Greensteins nervously displayed their papers to a succession of uniformed American and Panamanian officials. They also moved perceptibly closer to the gangplank, when the luggage of these passengers who were disembarking was carried on deck and then taken ashore.

Dr. Brandt had no more than returned to the scene when the Captain, his face ruddier than ever against the white sheen of his heavily starched uniform, descended the gangplank and entered a waiting Ford taxi, which pulled away with a roar of its exhaust. He was followed by the two first-class passengers, while the remaining men, both Negro and white, kept fascinated eyes upon the slight swaying of Allison Spruance's form as she walked across the quay behind her husband.

It was considerably later before the third-class passengers destined for Panama actually disembarked. From the pier they waved frantically to their recently made friends,



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who peered over the rail, anxious to join them again upon the solid footing of the land. The Greensteins had forgotten to give Dr. Brandt their address, and they screamed it to him, the Spanish words curling upward in almost unrecognizable swirls of sound. Their attempts got completely hopeless when Armand Dufour also began shouting last-minute invitations to stop in his restaurant.

At the entrance to the quay, two soldiers stood guard, restraining a considerable crowd. A sudden commotion engaged everyone's attention, and then a large and very black Negress flung herself forward, ran across the quay with surprising lightness of foot, and smothered the little chef in her embrace. Two beautiful young mulatto girls together repeated the performance, shouting "Pa-pa! Pa-pa!" in high-pitched, staccato Spanish.

After this fervent greeting was over, Armand introduced his family from the quayside—his buffoon face distorted by a proud smile. "Here, my friends! Céleste and the girls! Can you hear me? This is Céleste"—the Negress bowed and smiled up to them—"and this is Mimi. *And* my little Chichi. All beautiful, hey?"

Dr. Brandt waved furiously, largely to cover the clearly audible remarks that came from some of the others. Just beyond him Weatherwax observed, too loudly, "Niggers! One might have known. The French have no morals, you know—no morals whatever!"

Erica van Nijden came to the doctor's aid, her hearty contralto booming in French. He could not understand what she was shouting, but she sent the entire Dufour family into gales of laughter. Then Nels Larson, who with

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the Frenchman had contributed most of the shipboard entertainment, began to flirt outrageously with Mimi and Chichi, much to the rage of the Hawaiian girls. He also had the advantage of speaking French, and they were not only jealous but angry that he should talk to the Negresses in their presence. Maude considered leaving him and returning to the company of Delos Newcombe, who stood mooning at her near by; but she thought, "I just can't stand that old man—the way he breathes," and instead, in a gesture of extreme possessiveness caught Nels' arm in her own, and stood thus, with her back turned toward the group below on the quay.

When would they be allowed to go on shore? All the government officials had gone, as had several others of the ship's officers, dressed in white linen and gold braid, but the two sailors still guarded the gangplank entrance, turning back some impatient passengers who tried to disembark.

The colored stewards were also becoming unruly. Their laughing, grinning, and horse-play had ceased, and the sullen stillness that succeeded held a growingly ominous quality. "What are we waiting for?" one of them shouted, and another, "Panama, here we come," but they waited nevertheless.

Mr. Bloom, oppressed by the weight of all his gear, turned gleaming glasses on the doctor and suggested nervously, "Do you suppose they have forgotten about us? The Customs people and the officers have all gone. What are they waiting for?"

That was the question on everyone's lips: What *were* they waiting for? "They" was that vague authority which,

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though hidden, must still be operating mysteriously, for it was inconceivable to anyone that the vessel could have ceased to function merely because the Captain was gone. To look about, though, was to invite the thought that they had indeed been forgotten, along with the stewards. Evidently there was no cargo destined for Panama, for the hatches were still battened down and canvas-covered, the booms cradled, and the winches untended. There was no sign of anyone connected with the ship except the two guards, while ashore on the quay even the vendors had gone.

Erica van Nijden called across, "I say, Doctor, what can they be waiting for?" and then, before he could answer, "It must be noon. Perhaps they don't want us to leave until after lunch. Well, I could stand a good meal, but they might tell us their plans."

Off by herself, beyond the excited knot of passengers grouped around Dr. Brandt, Alice McMasters also waited, hoping that he would invite her to go ashore with him, but obsessed by a perverse mood that made her seem stiff and unapproachable. More than anything in the world, she wanted to see Panama with Carl! She couldn't stand a rebuff, so she didn't dare suggest it. Perhaps he had already planned his day. Vaguely, from remembered bits of conversation, she knew that there were places where men preferred to go alone. Places quite different from those in China, where such things were so completely a part of life—frankly and unashamedly so—that one learned to accept them as a distressing part of heathenish practices. Her

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whole being cried in protest at the idea that Carl . . . that Carl . . .

Her thoughts gave her expression such an unusual primness that when Erica came up to her it was to say, "Alice, what has happened? You look—why, you look like a missionary!" She treated the remark as a vast joke, laughing in her hearty manner, then stopped suddenly. Someone was making an announcement, probably concerning the time when they could go ashore, and they hurried forward to hear.

It was the Second Officer, and he was speaking, seemingly, with the greatest personal satisfaction. ". . . And no third-class passengers are to be allowed ashore—that's the Captain's orders."

"I'd like to spank him," Dr. Brandt thought. The Second seemed no older than the Third Officer, who was detested by all of them. Not over twenty-two, or twenty-three anyway. And as insolent! A general cry of disappointment rose from the passengers, and the youth enlarged upon his order. "There ain't any of you going ashore, and that's that. You might as well forget about it."

He turned, then, toward the Negro stewards crowded together to his right. "And no shore liberty to the crew. You men disperse to your quarters!"

The Negroes stood, immobile, with not a sound escaping them, while the third-class passengers, aware that an unusual drama was in the making, forgot their own chagrin as they watched in taut expectancy. Again the Second commanded, "Disperse to your quarters, and be quick about it."

The sun, beating down on the iron plates of that part of

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the deck, reflected light rather than heat—a dazzling brilliance that outlined the scene with such particularity that the smallest detail acquired extreme significance. A slight twitching of the Second Officer's cheek, below the eye, was as visible as the dark rectangle of the nearest hatch. The freckles on the face of a tall, light-complexioned Negro stood out as boldly as the ruby-throated oval of a ventilator opening. In the background the swimming pool still oozed dark wetness through its canvas, its stillness recalling to them that only yesterday they had been tantalized by the rhythmic sloppings of its contents. Forward, in the glistening, white-painted superstructure, a row of brass-bound, gleaming ports stared in typically unseeing, first-class disdain upon the crowded quarters aft.

All the life of the vessel seemed concentrated here, in this spot. The stone pier was as empty as the rest of their ship appeared to be. But here, before their eyes, an old struggle was going on: authority, clothed with the might of law and order, opposing the freedom of the mass to do as it will, the dramatic attempt of a slender, youthful officer to impose his commands on more than a score of sullen and rebellious men. Again authority seemed to be winning, as a wavering indecision became evident among the Negroes. But then the officer exceeded his rights, probably spurred by a fear he tried to cover in an outburst of temper. "Get below, you God-damned black bastards—and be quick about it!" He hitched his belt slightly, and in his hand, lending weight to the command, appeared the short, ominous barrel of a revolver.

Sight of the weapon caused Mrs. Wilson to shriek, and

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the doctor began to fear that danger was threatening the rest of them. But the warning he shouted went unheeded. A whining snarl started among the Negroes, a sirenlike note of hate that grew in intensity. They moved closer together, braving the threat before them, but as the passengers watched, one and then another of the stewards broke away. Apparently these were the weaklings, who would seek safety below, and their cowardice would soon infect the others until gradually the whole group would disintegrate, while the officer continued with his insulting commands, brandishing his gun with increasing confidence.

The Second was more to be feared than the Negroes, and Dr. Brandt turned, intending to herd the children and women out of the way of any possible stray bullet, to find that Erica and Weatherwax were already engaged in that task. As for the men, they were too bound up in the drama they were watching to think of their own safety. Their breath sucked in as the officer took a step forward, toward the Negroes.

Then Dr. Brandt realized that he had misjudged the men who had fled. They, too, had been men in uniform, not long since; they, too, had learned to put their trust in arms, and hidden away in their belongings they had service Colts. Soon they reappeared, laden with the familiar weapons, and ran lightly to join the rear ranks of their fellows. The Second, unable to see what had occurred, took a further and final stride. His insults changed to threats unfit for any ears to hear—especially the children's and the women's. In his rage he had introduced a new element into the struggle: he had made it a test of racial

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supremacy—White against Negro—in which the latter would inevitably play the subordinate role. At that moment Dr. Brandt no longer felt contempt for the youth, but growing pity, even as he realized the increasing danger that existed for all of them.

When the officer had done, the tall light-complexioned Negro—he of the freckles—began to speak. His low-pitched, musical voice contrasted strangely with the nasal, brittle commands of his superior, but they held even greater scorn and hate. "Boy, you started somethin' when you messed with that rod. We got you covered six times. You'll shoot once and never again." The two sailors who had been standing guard at the gangplank vanished discreetly as the Negroes' guns thrust forward in purposeful, murderous threat.

This was mutiny! The real thing! It hardly seemed possible! This belonged with the romantic stories the frail bank clerk whispered to his son, and not to the twentieth century—not to the year 1921—not to now, this minute on the 11th day of November, three years after the end of the greatest war in history.

But these were men out of the war: the young officer, brave beneath his bluster, the Negroes, deadly in their earnestness—all had been conditioned on a field where no life but one's own held meaning.

One thought of the Negro voice as made for the singing of spirituals; that of the stewards' leader was still deep and rich even when it held a threat as hard and murderous as that of the Colts. "Out of the way! We aim to go ashore and we're goin'! No white boy with a gun's stoppin' us."

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Erica van Nijden, assisted by Weatherwax and Alice, escorted Mrs. Wilson to the little public room off the dining saloon, where already the Carpenter girls and a number of the passengers had sought safety. Her hysterics were in a measure quieted by the presence of her children, though Billy displayed obvious disdain for his parent's weakness, offering her the doubtful solace, "Gee, Mom! This isn't anything. Pop says that when the day comes all the passengers who ain't with us will get their throats cut or fed to the sharks."

Weatherwax surprised them with a burst of sound that might have been a smothered cough or an ejaculation at the peculiar ways of American children. The latter, Mrs. Wilson apparently thought as she forgot her own performance long enough to explain, with a hint of pleading in her expression, "It's a game that he plays with his father, but it doesn't mean anything."

The engineer was still near to choking, holding his handkerchief over his mouth while his face was congested to a deep pink. But with the arrival of Delos Newcombe he withdrew.

It would have been difficult to say whether the actor was following his love or concerned over the safety of the famous profile and person. Apparently to prevent any such misunderstanding, he proclaimed, "Mutiny! In this day and age! I'd have collared the ringleader myself, but there are you women to think about. If those apes try to enter here, it will be over my dead body."

If the heroic speech was intended for Maude Carpenter, it had little effect. She made a secret grimace at her cousin



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that clearly indicated derision of Newcombe's dramatic interlude; then she asked Erica, "You don't really think they'll shoot, do you? It would be terrible if someone got killed. All those niggers! We'd know how to deal with them at home—the way we do with Japs or half-breeds who forget where they belong. I'm not frightened, though, really. These men wouldn't dare come in here, would they?"

Erica shrugged her shoulders, commenting in matter-of-fact tones, "They might, you know, if they run amok—as the natives in the East do sometimes. It was a great mistake to let them get out of hand in the first place."

Alice forgot her growing concern over Dr. Brandt's safety in expressing her violent disagreement with what these others were saying and hinting. "You talk as though those poor colored men were at fault, but how wrong you are—how wrong! That officer started the whole thing with his arrogance. He was *horribly* arrogant! No wonder the colored peoples hate us. We need humility, Erica—we need it grievously, we whites."

The others looked at the tall missionary, quivering and pale under the intensity of her feelings, with their diverse but wholly misunderstanding reactions clearly apparent. Erica gave her a penetrating glance from blue eyes that puckered in accompaniment to an engaging smile. "Meanwhile, you wouldn't want those Afrikanders to take over the ship, would you? Come, my dear, you're upset."

Accepting her friend's assistance, Alice collapsed weakly upon a small built-in divan, but she continued speaking in a low voice as though calling up in words, sensations, and

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thoughts of the past. "They're not Africans, but Americans, as we are. It was the same in China. We trampled on the sensibilities of people who are different from ourselves. It's the same here, now. We were so smug, so sure of our rightness! It was what I couldn't stand, underneath everything else—it was why I had to come home. How are we better, Erica? How are we? Those men are unjustly used human beings—not some kind of animals. I hate that officer. I'd like to see the men crush him underfoot. Indeed I would!" Her voice held a hint of hysteria, and Erica suggested in her rich, soothing voice, "I think you had better rest for a little while. Perhaps by now it's all over. I'll run up and see, and come right back."

Alice watched her departure, rubbing her forehead with the back of one hand, as though recovering from a bad dream. Again she had said the wrong thing—again her convictions had led her into impropriety! Now, just because she saw things from the point of view of those affected and not from that of her own class, everyone else was looking at her in either pity or ridicule.

Meanwhile, Erica van Nijden returned to the main deck as the stewards' leader was delivering his ultimatum. No doubt, as Alice had said, the young Second Officer *was* arrogant, but he was also brave—it took courage to stand as long as this before the slow, menacing advance of the Negroes. Perhaps it was the underlying note of contempt in the leader's voice that challenged him, or a personal need to maintain before the passengers the bravura that he had exhibited when he alone had held a weapon.

The Texans, who had been loudest in protesting the

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prohibition against going ashore, found their racial prejudices overpowering every other sentiment. The nervous tic in the officer's cheek grew more noticeable, and he glanced sideways as though to discover a way of easy escape. When it appeared that he was about to throw up his gun in a gesture of defeat, one of the Stetsoned group shouted, "Come on, boys, we can't let them niggers get away with that against a white man!"

The Second's expression took on a new determination and his gun rose slightly, while the Texans surged forward. Weatherwax spoke with quiet authority to the other passengers who still watched, "Don't be fools. We are right in line of fire. Clear this deck, all of you."

Dr. Brandt, also conscious of the danger, shielded himself behind a ventilator and, in doing so, missed the next development in the drama. A thin, grease-covered figure glided from the engine-room companion and sprang forward in advance of the Texans, rasping some unintelligible warning in a hoarse whisper. The doctor saw him as he knocked upward the Second's outstretched weapon. There was a sharp cough of explosion, a wild, harmless bullet hummed overhead, and then both Connors and the officer were submerged beneath the tide of Negroes.

As the last of the stewards ran down the gangplank, the Texans shouted a kind of Indian war-whoop after them and prepared to follow. The lumberjacks broke from the tensely watching audience, their high heels clanking across the iron decking, and the mutes burst into one of their harsh, unworldly duets of gibberish.

At some time during the confusion the officer regained

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his feet and his weapon. He jumped to the gangplank entrance in time to halt the Texans. "No, you don't! No passengers ashore, and I mean it. We'll fix them niggers later—every last son-of-a-bitch!"

The strains of the luncheon bugle, a half-hour later than usual, aided him. Erica preceded the third-class passengers as they regretfully straggled down to their meal, while the Second Officer vented his fury upon the two seamen returning to their post as guards and on the still figure of the human skeleton forming a blot of blue-black on the red-leaded iron at his feet.

Dr. Brandt recognized that this was no moment to interfere, while the Captain was absent from his ship. He heard the officer give orders for Al to be carried down to the ship's brig, then turned to follow the others to their meal. He was intercepted by Ralph, his patient, beckoning to him with a still-bandaged finger. When he complied, the youth whispered excitedly, once they were hidden by the superstructure, "Look, Doc, want to go ashore? They're taking on water. There's a big tender alongside and any of them boatmen will set you ashore for a quarter."

"How's Al? Have you heard?"

Ralph made a gesture of impatience. "Okay, I guess. He was walkin' when I passed 'em. You better hurry. Most of the crew have gone already. I just came back because I thought of you."

"Just a minute—I'll go for two of the ladies. I'd like to take them also."

Ralph shook his head doubtfully. "I don't think you'd better, Doc. It's through the engine-room, and there's an

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eight- or nine-foot drop down to the barge. A lady couldn't hardly make it."

Dr. Brandt considered for a moment. He had to get away from the *Hawkeye State* for a little while—he just had to! He nodded his head again. "All right, Ralph, lead the way."

While the Chinese boys padded between the tables, Alice McMasters kept her gaze fixed on the entrance to the saloon. What had happened to Carl? Surely he had been on his way down to join them. What had occurred to change his mind?

The lunch was such a collection of odds and ends as a housewife might prepare for unexpected guests, and it was immediately evident that neither the Steward nor his assistants had anticipated the order that forced their passengers to stay aboard.

The clamor of excited voices reverberated in the low-ceilinged space as each passenger expressed aloud his disappointment, or established anew, with someone else, every last phase of the conflict between the Second Officer and the Negroes, together with his own reactions to it. In her present state of emotional excitement, all this was more than Alice could stand, and after nibbling hurriedly at some cold ham, she rose, sidled past her seated fellows, and escaped below to her berth.

The women's quarters, a smaller duplicate of the men's on the deck above, were completely deserted, now that Mrs. Greenstein was gone, and the land-borne breeze made it almost comfortable. Alice threw herself on the narrow, cotlike shelf that passed for a berth, buried her face in the

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pillow, and gave way to her tears. And there Erica van Nijden found her, a half-hour later. Placing a strong, compassionate hand on her shoulder, she warned, "Alice! Alice, my dear! This will not do you any good, you know. It reddens the eyes."

As the missionary lifted a woebegone face, her friend told the news. "The passengers are all going ashore. I didn't know what had happened to you, so I came down."

"They let them go, after all? Did the Captain come back and change his mind? Is that where Carl went? He *is* wonderful, isn't he?"

Erica shrugged her shoulders at the impossibility of answering so many questions, then laughed. "The doctor is wonderful. You know I think so. But this time he must have gone ashore, earlier. The Captain hasn't returned, I believe. Everyone is walking off—that is all. If you ask me, I think the crew has deserted in a body. Perhaps because the blacks mutinied, but I don't know."

Alice looked at her rumpled shirtwaist in dismay. "I can't go ashore in this, Erica. And are you really sure that we are allowed?"

"Sometimes, Alice, the English language is too much for me. We are not 'allowed,' perhaps, but we are 'let'? Or 'not hindered'? Is that right? In any case, a few of the men went off first and, when nothing happened, the others followed. Hurry now—the Wilsons are waiting for us."

"But I haven't a fit dress. I had no conception of how styles have changed. I'll look frumpish. I didn't think about it much, before, but if we meet the doctor . . ."

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"You would be beautiful in anything, and Carl knows it. He loves you, too."

"Are you sure of it? I suppose I made an awful fool of myself a little while ago, but Dr. Brandt illustrates what I mean, exactly. He is strong—anybody can see that, looking at him; but he has humility, too—an humble and a contrite heart. Do you know that phrase, Erica? It sounds like weakness, but I assure you that it requires the greatest strength of all—and Carl is like that. Oh, I can't tell you how wonderful it is meeting him. After knowing nothing for all these years but little, posing men, who talk about saving souls." She laughed almost giddily. "Souls aren't saved by preaching at people, but by example. If I know Carl Brandt, he'd go to the help of anyone who needed him, regardless of creed or color, without caring whether the other person thought the way Carl does or completely otherwise. The people I knew thought of the human soul as something that paid their way into eternity. I tell you, Erica, Carl would rather see that someone else got in and take his own chance with the hereafter. And he is a man—very much a man. I . . ." She paused, as though fearful of revealing some experience that was very sacred to her and very personal.

Erica patted her shoulder, with a response that seemed to have nothing to do with their conversation but which both women understood perfectly. "I know! I'll alter one of those cotton prints that you wear while you dress. The Chinese ones . . ." Without further explanation, she dashed to her own berth, just beyond, and returned with a sewing kit. "Come now," she commanded. "We've no time to

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waste, for I'll need to fix a tuck in your camisole and petticoat, too."

Alice handed over one of the prints, remarking doubtfully, "I don't know. The Chinese women wear them, and they are pretty and colorful. But on the street, Erica? I'll be terribly conspicuous . . ."

The Dutchwoman had already taken Alice in charge, however, so that before she knew it she was trying on the garment, while Erica appraised her in it and then started to work.

As the fitting proceeded, Alice protested once, "Open at the throat? I'll feel quite naked." But Erica cut her off, in spite of a mouth full of pins, with a positive, "Nonsense! You'll look gorgeous in it when I'm finished. It's the right length already, you know. It only needs bringing in at the waist, and I'll just baste that, for now."



## *The Seventh Day (Continued)*

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A MACADAM ROAD led through the Canal Zone toward the old city. Dr. Brandt strolled along it, interested in the rows of similar wire-screened bungalows with carefully tended little gardens that looked beautifully rural American and temperate zone against the tropical setting. Pallid, washed-out-looking women—evidently the wives of soldiers or officers—afforded mute testimony to the effect of the climate as they lolled in hammocks or puttered about flower beds.

The bungalows were ugly in their uniformity, with boxlike lines and muddy brown paint, but they were neat, and the carefully pruned shrubs and gardened lawns with which they were surrounded gave them a comfortable and lived-in appearance, so that Dr. Brandt decided that their recent fellow-passenger, Mrs. Wolfington, might be quite happy in one of them.

In a short time the doctor had passed this section, and a little stretch of almost open country, notable especially for some ruins of what he supposed were early Spanish buildings, and then came to the first slatternly shacks that formed the outskirts of Panama City. As he walked along, he experienced a deep and rare sense of contentment. The

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strain and excitement of the past hours, the injustice of the officers—of whoever was responsible—forbidding them their right to go ashore, the *Hawkeye State* herself, and all she represented, seemed far away. He didn't even pause to consider what would happen to him on his return to the vessel. No country desired the presence of unauthorized foreigners, and he felt able to cope with the ship authorities. He was content, also, that he had been able to come alone, without being a member of a sweaty and overactive sightseeing group. Although he had never been in Panama before, Spanish-American cities were not new to him, and he had no desire to share with Mr. Bloom, for instance, the viewing of its ancient churches, or the making of gim-crack purchases in its curio shops. Instead, he wandered almost aimlessly, willing to go where chance should lead him.

By the time he reached the more permanent buildings along his way, he began to have twinges of conscience at the thought of the other passengers still on the vessel, who would have to remain in discomfort merely to satisfy the idle and cruel whim of someone in authority. And of Al Connors, whose action had undoubtedly prevented bloodshed. He tried to ease his feeling that he had deserted them by determining to protest—but this would have to wait until he could see the Captain again, when it would be too late to do any good.

The tall, bronze-colored Negro who had been the leader or spokesman of the stewards during their recent fracas emerged from the shaded door of a saloon a few steps ahead, followed by three other Negroes from their ship.

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Dr. Brandt wondered—idly, at first, and then with extreme curiosity—what these men had wanted ashore that they were willing to risk death for it. After five days of watching Allison Spruance, as she had postured before them, it was easy to suppose that their need was connected with her. They had not dared to show an interest in the fair bride, as the male white passengers had done. Instead, they had been forced to conceal their desire behind impassive ebony masks. Relief from the intolerable hunger that must be tying into knots the guts and loins of each of them—this must be their immediate purpose. He wondered whether their whole revolt had not in fact been prompted by this need—whether in a sense Allison Spruance were not thus the basic cause of what might have been a most tragic uprising, one whose final effects were still to be experienced.

He had intended to pursue what he supposed to be a main street, but turned suddenly, consumed by this curiosity to find out just what it was that these men wanted, and followed them at a distance safe from recognition. They walked with the gait peculiar to seafarers, evidently knowing their destination though in no hurry to get there. Apparently they had completely forgotten the dangerous moments through which they had lived less than two hours ago, for their light-hearted talk and laughter floated back to him as they turned a corner on their twisting way through the narrow streets of the old city.

In places the sidewalk was no more than a curbing and a single row of flagstones. Elsewhere it was missing entirely, and one stumbled over worn granite blocks. The houses themselves almost touched in the street's center when, as

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frequently happened, wood or iron balconies overhung from opposite second stories.

With the turning of another corner, the street widened upon a curious scene. Dr. Brandt had heard of Panama City's famous "rocking-chair brigade," but to see these lines of women sitting almost naked in front of their cribs had an effect more shocking than he could have imagined.

There seemed to be every race and color represented: Negresses, Orientals, and Jewesses mingled with fair-haired Nordics, white-skinned Spaniards and swarthy Indians. Many of the darker types had bleached hair, and in several the strains of a dozen races were mixed.

The stewards walked down the entire line, selecting their purchases carefully. Now and then one engaged in conversation with a possible choice, apparently bargaining over the price. A Negress darker than himself was led away by the bronze-colored leader, and one of the others entered into an argument with a black-haired girl of typically Indian features. The doctor was surprised that so far none of them had paid much attention to the white girls, and he wondered whether the Caucasian races flattered themselves unduly in thinking that white women appeared more desirable to men of color than did their own.

Dr. Brandt had been so interested in observing the scene as a whole, and the actions of the stewards, that it came to him as something of a shock to realize that he was also being considered as a possible customer. As he hurried along the sidewalk, the prostitutes solicited him in French, German, Spanish, and English—from which he could pick out the nasal twang of the Midwest and a peculiarly

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Brooklyn corruption of vowels. He could hardly imagine what sordid tragedies had brought countrywomen of his to this! The overripe, bruised, and handled bodies, exposed to the public gaze in tawdry-colored, sleazy silk shifts that hung open to reveal their stock in trade, filled him with disgust. He was angered by this barter in human flesh and shamed for those who sat there shameless. He tried to comprehend these prostitutes and the compulsions that had led to their present state. They did not look discontented or unhappy, and they cried their wares just as did the dealers in any other market place. There sat a slender, brown-eyed girl, her golden skin beautiful in its nakedness. She was no more than a child in years but she misread completely his groping for a sympathetic understanding toward her. She threw herself into his arms, importunately holding up an avid little mouth to be kissed. When instinctively he pushed her away, conscious only of the unpleasant reek of perspiration and cheap perfume, she began to yell curses at him. This was more than he could stand. He ran down the uneven paving, desperate to escape this brothel of a street, and stopped, panting, only when he had left behind him the last rocking-chair and its occupant.

He leaned against a comparatively modern public building while he caught his breath, then noticed a sign on it in Spanish. Who believed in the wages of sin, until they had to pay? In gilt lettering, easily translatable even by one who didn't speak the language, the sign informed the world that here was a clinic for the treatment of venereal disease!

Dr. Brandt's mind was made up. He had intended to seek out the restaurant of the Dufours', but he felt too

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unclean. As quickly as he could, he needed to get back to the *Hawkeye State* and a shower-bath, to rid himself of this sense of soil. There was the sharp peep-peep of a rubber-bulbed automobile horn, and one of the ubiquitous Ford taxis, brave in brass decorations, bounced past him. He hailed it, to be met with the satyrlike grin of the driver. Of course, the man thought he had been patronizing the "rocking-chair brigade"! Making his expression as forbidding as possible, he gave directions.

"'Awkeye Sta'? Okay," the driver answered, in a proud display of his very best English, and they were off through the perilous, alley-wide streets at what seemed a suicidal speed.

Blocks before they reached the harbor, Dr. Brandt could see the brightly painted, squat funnel of their vessel, rising like a beacon over the low buildings of the Canal Zone. When he had dismounted, paid his fare, and walked across the deserted, sun-drenched quay, the square black bulk of the hull towering over him created for the first time the impression that the *Hawkeye State* was, for him, a sanctuary, that her discomfort and all that had happened aboard her was not her fault. The ship was as she had been made, and the responsibility belonged to those who had tried to remodel her for new uses and to the bureaucrats engaged in operating her. He even found a certain beauty in the ugliness, in the purely utilitarian functions of her lines, and experienced a real affection for her and a confidence in her seaworthiness.

The water barge was gone, so he decided to take the gangplank and brave whatever questions might arise. But

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the ship appeared to be as deserted as the shore. No one stood guard, and there was no sign of the passengers on any part of the third-class deck. The dining saloon and the galleys were also empty. He descended to their sleeping quarters and walked forward to his own berth. There was a strange feeling about the ship—then he realized that it was because he missed the familiar roll to which he had become accustomed.

He passed between the tiers of berths that led down the corridor to his own, wondering what had happened to everyone. Had the Captain returned and rescinded his order? Had the crew left the ship en masse, the way that the Negroes had done? Had the passengers gone along?

He stripped, took his shower, and re-dressed, anxious to get ashore again, to meet with the others and learn what had occurred. As he again hastened down the familiar corridor, he looked from habit toward the farther aisle, and by the pale yellow gleam of the single, unshaded light saw that John Smith, the sailor, was still reading. He, at least, remained, though all the rest had fled.

Mr. Bloom watched in growing excitement as the passengers, noting the gradual desertions of the crew, made their first tentative descents of the gangplank and met with no hindrance. Despite their apparent slowness of thought and drawl of speech, the Texans were always ready to initiate any shipboard action, and they led the way. The teacher descended with them in spirit, and was thrilled when the last of them waved his large gray felt hat from

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the quay and then disappeared after the others, around the stone portals of its entrance.

Other passengers disembarked and crossed the empty expanse below. He followed their going with the greatest trepidation, and almost hurraed aloud when they also passed out of sight.

After a score of his fellows had proven the safety of thus defying the orders given them, the teacher began a frantic search for Dr. Brandt, to inform him that the coast was clear and to offer himself as a willing ally in the further flouting of authority. Mr. Bloom feared that he might not be able to persuade the doctor to leave their vessel, and he scurried around looking for him, marshaling half aloud the most convincing arguments. As his search proved vain, he went through an agony of screwing up courage to defy the authorities by himself. He thought of the joys of exploration among the mysteries of the ancient city, and then remembered the Second Officer's leer and the poignant warning of his revolver. What had happened to the doctor?

Mr. Bloom treasured every minute of shore time in foreign cities and, like a miser, bemoaned each golden second lost. He carried all the accessories conceivable for this excursion, and they were beginning to feel most uncomfortable. Straps chafed his shoulders and his feet were drawn and tender from his rubbers. The others were leaving without hindrance. Surely he would not be caught—though such things did happen. He envisioned all kinds of dire penalties that might be meted out, and tried to reassure himself with the thought that probably his caution was



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saving him from some awful punishment which would overtake the others.

When finally even Weatherwax departed, with an air that seemed to invite anyone to dare intercept this representative of Empire, Mr. Bloom thought seriously of tagging along behind him; but again he lost his nerve—this time because he had been so thoroughly cowed by the Englishman. More precious time passed, and then the Wilsons also disembarked, accompanied by the missionary and the Dutch nurse.

It was not until they had reached the quay that Erica van Nijden, looking back, saw the lonely, comic little figure at the rail. She beckoned to him, calling at the same time, "Hello, Mr. Bloom! You are not staying aboard, are you? I think everybody else has gone. Come, why don't you join us?"

Mr. Bloom started forward with pathetic, childlike eagerness, then stopped. In his mind's eye there again formed the forbidding picture of the Second Officer as he issued the catastrophic order that had tumbled down about him a whole edifice of anticipations. If the kindly nurse had only proffered her invitation while they were still aboard, so that he might have descended with them! But to leave now, all alone—that was impossible! He shook his head fearfully, attempted a weak smile and waved his hand to indicate that he would be coming on by himself when he was ready.

Johnny Boyd, the stowaway's companion, crossed the deck toward his mentor, and Mr. Bloom had a sudden in-

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spiration. "Hello, I've been waiting for you," he greeted. "Where's Ernie?"

"He's hiding up in the lifeboat, I guess. You said for him to stay out of sight while we were in port."

"Go get him. Hurry! We're wasting time."

"I thought you decided we wouldn't go ashore. You said there'd be too much risk. Ernie's hiding on account of what you said . . ."

Mr. Bloom shook his head impatiently. "But circumstances have changed. I thought there'd be landing cards and so on—but instead everything's at sixes and sevens. First, they didn't let anybody go ashore. I didn't see you around when the officer had a fight with the stewards. It was very exciting! Then everybody disappeared. No one will check on you, I feel sure. But if Ernie is afraid to take a chance, you could go anyway. You have your ticket."

Johnny shook his head stubbornly, more than usually loyal to his friend. "No, I ain't goin' if he ain't. But I would like to see this place, if you think we could take a chance. I don't like to think of Ernie being left here, though. They might put him in jail."

"Don't worry," the schoolteacher assured him, almost jumping with impatience and quite forgetting his earlier fear in the thought of having these two pull off so unusual a coup. "Don't worry, it's perfectly safe, I'm sure. We'll see all the sights." Then, suddenly generous, "I'll treat you to everything. Hurry, now!"

By the time the boys returned together, Mr. Bloom was ready to put his plan into execution, and his frenzy of

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nervousness was as great as though the whole ship's company were looking on. First Johnny sauntered down the gangplank, as the proper passenger who, if questioned, might claim that he'd forgotten his ticket. He crossed the quay and disappeared beyond the gates to wait for them while Mr. Bloom watched in an agony of apprehension, which did not lessen as he and Ernie together, armed with the tickets, followed. His exaltation, afterward, more than repaid him for his unease of mind. Although there had been no one to notice or care, he thought of their feat as a marvelously executed piece of generalship, the consummation of which aroused a benign feeling toward his fellow-conspirators, so that Mr. Bloom, who seldom rode in a taxi when it was possible to walk, hailed one with a lordly air, waving the boys into the rear seat while he climbed in beside the driver. He studied his guide book for a moment through near-sighted eyes, then announced triumphantly, "First, we'll go to that church with an altar of solid gold. You'll enjoy that, I know," and in slow but understandable Spanish he gave his directions to the driver.

More than had San Francisco, or Los Angeles, or even Honolulu, Panama City reminded Alice McMasters of China—not in the appearance of its buildings, but because of the turbulence of the people's lives and the desperate struggle for existence that seemed to be going on without rest or quarter. There were very small children who cried lottery-ticket numbers in high, falsetto voices, while old men scavenged discarded cigars and cigarettes that in most cases were no more than the shortest ends of chewed leaf or

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stained paper. Ancient crones hurried by, intent upon all kinds of little businesses: the sale of fruit, or of newspapers, or of almost valueless notions. The disposal of the whole stock in trade of any of these poor creatures would have seemed insufficient to provide for a day's living, so that Alice was moved by the thought of tragedy that a poor business day must bring.

There was, in addition to this same never-ending fight for subsistence, a further resemblance to China. The features of the Indians who made up much of the population had the same Oriental cast, so that it was very easy to believe that once the Mongolians had bridged the Pacific and that these flat-nosed, dark, slant-eyed folk were their descendants.

It seemed unfair, somehow, that these people, who had been born in this land—which because of its location was one of the most valuable properties in the world—should not have profited from the fact sufficiently to enjoy some measure of ease. While Alice had never thought about it before, now that she was actually here, and viewing this scene, there came to mind criticisms of the ruthless manner in which the United States had procured the Canal Zone—the dishonesty, the cynicism, the blood-letting of the politics involved.

It had been done at the expense of such as these, whose birthright had been stolen from them. She had thought so much of the effect of empire in Asia, of the exploitation of China's millions. Now she realized that as a citizen of her native land she owed a great debt to these people around her, and she considered in a new light the extent to

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which a great nation is built upon the sands of opportunism, treachery, and bad faith.

As the afternoon progressed, she regretted coming with Erica and the Wilsons, and several times considered leaving them and returning to the *Hawkeye State*. She never should have left the vessel! Whatever urgency had sent Carl ashore ahead of the rest of them, he would have returned for her before the afternoon was run; of this she was certain. Now she had probably missed him altogether! Once she thought she recognized his tall, broad-shouldered figure ahead, and she reached forward eagerly, gripping the front seat of the car, only to be disappointed.

Sightseeing with Carl would have been an experience to treasure. These buildings in faded reds and blues, orange and green, would have seemed picturesque and romantic. As it was, she was conscious only of their oldness, of broken and fallen plaster, of blistered and weathered paint. The central square, with its squat, twin-towered Cathedral, which had been old when Jamestown was settled, lacked the beauty of age and seemed ill-kept and dingy.

Their driver took them down to the boat market, where the Indians came from up and down the coast to sell their products, and again she felt depressed, whereas with Dr. Brandt each new experience would have been exciting in the mere sharing of it. Even the hearty jollity of Erica van Nijden became irritating, especially her habit of translating almost every sensation or sight into terms of food and its possible goodness. The climax was reached when they passed an Indian family who had brought in a canoe-load of large, live lizards. Each one was rolled up in a ball in

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some fashion, and tied, so that it was incapable of movement, but the age-old saurian faces revealed their suffering clearly enough. Erica exclaimed, "Iguana, I think. Most delicious, too, I've been told. I've eaten other kinds of lizard many times. Diced in a stew, and well seasoned—oh, yes, and with chutney, or something tasty on the side. It can be good. Extremely good!"

Then Alice noticed that the reptiles had a further reason for their expressions of pain: the ends of their tails were cut off, and showed red and bloody. A senseless, unimaginative cruelty, it had probably been the traditional method of marketing these creatures ever since aboriginal days. The thought of this needless suffering added to her horror, and she exclaimed, "Look! Their tails! It is awful, Erica, and revolting, for you to talk about eating them when you can see how much agony the poor things must be enduring!"

Elizabeth Wilson also objected to the eating of lizards, but for quite different reasons, and Alice hoped that her own outburst was forgotten during the ensuing discussion between the bank clerk and his wife relative to what foods were, and what were not, fit for human consumption. As they returned to the waiting car, she began an apology to Erica, but the nurse patted her arm in an understanding fashion and laughed with heavy archness. "What I think we should do," she announced, "is to drive back to that square—the Plaza Independencia, or whatever it is called. It is central, you know, and everyone from the ship is bound to show up there, sooner or later."

She proved prescient, for they had no more than paid off the chauffeur, and noted groups of fellow-passengers idly

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wandering from one bar to another, when there was a hail from across the beautiful little park, and Dr. Brandt came hurrying toward them.

The city, which had seemed old, dirty, and dingy a short while before, took on a new loveliness in Alice's eyes as she surveyed it from the worn upholstered seat of the ancient carriage that Dr. Brandt had hired. The faded colors of plastered walls created an effect of unreal, opalescent beauty, while here and there, as they passed an open square or park, the riotous greens of the lush, exotic vegetation dazzled the eye with their brilliancy.

The nearness of Carl Brandt transmuted her life from the dullness of ordinary existence into this highly keyed, indescribably exciting awareness. It was not so much what he said, though now and then he pointed out for their enjoyment some unusual bit of Spanish ironwork, the vista of a crooked, Old World street, or the velvety, fawnlike eyes of an Indian child who gazed at them incuriously from the sidewalk. No, it was not what he said—it was his presence that imparted a mystical quality, so that she felt that for the first time in her life she was being fulfilled in some way that she couldn't understand or rationalize.

She wanted nothing more than this—or rather, whatever else might happen between them would be added ecstasy!

For Dr. Brandt, the experience was quite different. He put out of his mind all considerations of the future: his fears for it, or the rightness of asking his companion to share it with him. In spite of the usual informality and apparent ease of his manner, he was obsessed with one deep

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need, which overpowered or excluded from his mind all other thought. His desire was unique to him because of its totality.

Always before, whenever he had believed he was in love, it had been for a short period snatched from a career that the war had made troubled and insecure. On looking back he knew that he had been actuated at those times by a pleasure that he found in feminine companionship and not by any deep and abiding emotion. Now, though he hid it behind a casual professional mask, he was racked by the strength and urgency of his feeling. Alice's presence tortured him.

As they drove along the Malecon behind the broad and forbidding back of the Negro cabby, they watched the Pacific from over the lichened stones of the sea wall, but Dr. Brandt's thoughts kept reverting to this immediate need. The future, his career, his self-dedication, were all forgotten. He tried to understand the strength of his desire. He had been moved, as had the other men, by daily display of Allison Spruance's cool white flesh. Not that he had ever wanted her, he told himself, but there was no denying that within the week he had experienced a mounting of passion that had been controlled only by his loathing for all that the bride represented to him. He rejected with vehemence the idea that his body's yearning for Alice arose out of this. The thought was monstrous. One might as well suggest that it came of his recent sight of that brigade of prostitutes who rocked in their chairs probably no more than a mile from this avenue upon which they drove.

No, his feeling arose entirely from Alice's own character



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and person—from her attractiveness, which was as much of the mind and spirit as of the body. From the fullness of his heart he said, "This is wonderful, isn't it? And you make me feel young again, you look so charming and girlish. Ordinarily I have felt as full of years as this place."

Alice's skin was creamy, rather than white, and her coloring of pleasure a slight bloom rather than a blush. "You know what it is? Nothing but this dress that Erica fixed up for me. Whenever I was in Shanghai I used to buy those simple cotton coats that the coolies wear sometimes. I shouldn't have thought of wearing one of them on the street, but Erica altered it—all my other clothes were so hopelessly old-fashioned. *She* is the one who is wonderful!"

"You are glorious, then! And it isn't Erica's handiwork. Alice . . ." Dr. Brandt paused. What he had intended to propose was impossible to suggest to Alice under any of the circumstances that might have been feasible—impossible to him, even if she had conceivably acquiesced.

Alice waited in silent expectation, then suggested rapturously, "Let's not go back to the *Hawkeye State* for dinner. It's so beautiful here."

"Don't even mention the *Hawkeye State* to me. I'm still wondering what our reception will be when we return. If there's to be an international incident over our going ashore, it will involve all the passengers—and the crew as well—and we won't suffer any more because of a few hours of extra freedom. I have an idea: let's go to Dufour's place. You don't mind that his family is colored?"

"Oh, Carl, of course not. It will be fun eating there. I

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want to try *langouste à la Céleste*. You remember how he boasted of it?"

The doctor took out a penciled memo and passed it to the driver, who nodded, pulled on the rein, and gave the horse its head in a new direction. The animal's steps, muted until now by the sun-softened asphalt of the avenue, began to ring against the granite blocks of side-street paving. No wonder the chef had been anxious to move to another location! His little restaurant was close to the railroad section and in an unsavory part of the city. It did not look at all propitious, except for the sparkling cleanliness of a narrow front window, the familiar name gaily painted over the doorway, and the fact that the cabby nodded his head, grinned broadly and rubbed his stomach in a fashion that conveyed better than words could have done the quality of the food.

It seemed impossible that only a few hours had intervened since last they had seen the grotesque features of their recent companion, as he welcomed them with open arms and an expansive smile. They were introduced in turn to each of his family, and as the ebon-cheeked Céleste departed for the kitchen, after voluminous instructions from her spouse, Dr. Brandt began to understand the peculiar beauty which was hers—a beauty that had held the Frenchman enthralled during the years. She was truly "black but comely," recalling the phrase from *The Song of Solomon* which had never meant very much to him before. In appraising Madame Dufour, he wondered whether the black velvet richness of her skin was not actually more beautiful than the fragile creamy translucence of Alice's,

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for instance. In making a personal comparison in this fashion he understood that he was abandoning the objective point of view. Beauty exists in the eye of the beholder, but, even with the different standard of values which his life hitherto had given him, he began to realize that the Negro had qualities of loveliness he had never before appreciated.

The rich, bronze complexions of Mimi and Chichi were equally beautiful and quite as hard to measure by Caucasian tastes. They had regular features and straight hair, confined in braids about neat, small heads, but their eyes were definitely Negroid—almost too large for their faces, luminescent, and slightly slanted. They bowed in stiff curtsies and then ran, giggling, to resume their tasks, while Dr. Brandt brought Armand up to date on shipboard news. There was so much to tell about those hours since the Frenchman had left their little world—the Second Mate's insolent orders and the steward's mutiny, then the mysterious desertion of the ship by both crew and officers. Before all questions were answered, dishes of chilled papaya were brought to them, and the chef retreated to superintend his kitchen arrangements. The fruit was strange to Alice, and earnest of a new understanding was the completely unself-conscious way in which the doctor explained that in Spanish countries it was impossible to speak of the papaya by that name, owing to the obscene connotations it had acquired. "It's safer to call it *fruta bomba*, as the Cubans do."

Sharpened with the slightest fragrance of lime juice, Alice found the papaya delicious, while her curiosity over the other meanings of its name was forgotten with the

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arrival of the next dish, a heaping mound of fried rice, drenched by a stew of tiny clams. It was quite as good as it looked, especially when washed down by a delicate white wine imported from France a decade ago which Armand assured them had lain in his own cellar all these years since.

Compliments to their host and his family were shrugged off with the intimation that the important dish was still to come. The two girls disappeared into the kitchen, to return bearing a huge platter between them. Armand, like an absurd generalissimo, led the way, and a beaming Céleste brought up the rear. This was his *chef d'œuvre*—*Langouste à la Céleste*! It was a dish of epicurean proportions: a good dozen huge crayfish, carefully disjointed and with the meat separated from their shells, lay ensconced in a bed of blanched, finely shredded coconut, the whole sauced with a dressing whose components eluded them.

It was a merry, Gargantuan feast. Dr. Brandt sprang up with a playful gallantry such as Alice had never hitherto seen him exhibit. He held a chair for Céleste and bowed in grave, head-waiterish fashion while she slid into place to the accompaniment of gales of laughter from both mother and daughters. Despite his protests, Armand was forced into the opposite seat, and all four fell to—the girls giggling and whispering intermittently as they served with easy, gazellelike grace. The exotic meal, the unaccustomed wine, and the hilarity of the occasion combined to make Alice forget any last inhibitions of her missionary days, and she laughed as freely, with movements as unrestrained, as any of them.

Long after they had left the Restaurant Dufour they

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kept repeating that it had been a perfect meal—something to look back upon, so that all the misery and discomfort of the past week was forgotten in their feeling of satisfaction in the moment. At times they stopped to gaze into shop windows. Alice exclaimed at brightly colored and often odd bits of merchandise displayed for tourist and native buyer, while the doctor, less interested in sleazy Japanese silks and ornate souvenirs, used these opportunities to study and fix upon his mind each feature and characteristic of his companion. As she walked beside him he was conscious of her tallness, and approved. Her head came well above his shoulder and she walked with an easy stride that almost met his own. In spite of himself and of his firm intention to subdue those impulses, he found that he was again increasingly aware of Alice's person, of her long, slender legs, small waist, and firm, full breasts, of her whole physical and untouched perfectness. It was his freshly aroused and overwhelming desire at least to hold her that led him to direct their way toward the sound of music which flooded from a building on a side street. They entered the night club, conscious of the curiosity of its customers—a mixture of peoples that appeared to include all possible races. A waiter led the way to one of the tables in a series of small boxes that surrounded the dance floor. The doctor ordered drinks for them and waited with ill-concealed impatience for a renewal of the dancing. But when the Negro members of the orchestra resumed their places and the music began with a loud crash of drum and cymbal, its beat was quite impossible for either Carl or Alice. They watched as the crowded tables emptied to an accompanying

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shuffle of chairs. The couples danced face to face with a quick play of the hips—the man's hands at his sides, the girl's behind her partner's neck. They swayed together with tense, gliding motions and then gradually the tempo slackened until they stood almost motionless. The clarinets wailed, shrieked, and cried as the tempo again quickened in a final orgasm of musical excess and the sated dancers separated to gaze at each other with blank, unfeeling stares. Alice, quite as well as the doctor, understood completely the symbolism of the dance and as the drums began to beat again, as the clarinets started anew their incessant rhythmic movement, as the dancers kept pace with the sensuality of the music, she continued to watch with hot, flushed face and half-open lips that revealed the beautiful evenness of her teeth.

Here before Dr. Brandt was epitomized the purely physical longing which had held him in thrall for the whole day, and he felt a sense of shame. This was the way he had wanted Alice—primitively, with all the savagery that lay very deep in his soul and that this week had brought to the surface. He felt profoundly grateful that circumstances had intervened to protect them both, for how was he to guess to what extent she could have resisted him? Not at all, probably, for she had signified already in many little ways and actions that she was committed to his care and subject to his judgment—or lack of it. Here it was the dance that counted, the dance of elemental passion and carnal lust. As the dancers changed partners, showing more clearly than words could have done the complete impersonality of the performance, the doctor caught Alice's hand and almost

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roughly ordered, "Let's get out of here—let's get back to the ship. I can't stand any more of this place!"

As the beam from their taxicab headlamps picked out the hull of the *Hawkeye State*, it looked particularly forbidding and much larger than it had appeared in the daytime. The black-painted iron of the plates absorbed the starlight so that while all around was lambent their ship was like a blot against the night. After the taxicab had departed, Carl and Alice stood for a few minutes contemplating this effect. A soft, fresh breeze blew in from the Pacific causing a lapping of the water between the pier and the hull. It seemed quite impossible that twenty-four hours ago they had fought for every breath they drew. Alice whispered, "Is it my imagination, Carl, or do you feel the same thing? It looks to me as though there were no ship there, but a huge cavern in the night, and that we could walk right off the pier and through that hole where our ship is and nothing would stop us. We'd walk right through into the future and what it holds for us." She laughed uneasily. "Does that sound terribly silly? It's a peculiar sensation, and I had to tell you, but I don't want you to think that I often suffer from such ridiculous ideas. Ordinarily, I'm very sensible."

"But it's not ridiculous! I wouldn't have thought of it in just that way, but I see exactly what you mean. I would have said that the ship appears flat against the sky and the water, as though it were cut out of a piece of black cardboard and stuck there. You don't get any feeling of a third dimension. Your description is still better than mine.

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There isn't even a cardboard—it's just emptiness. The pathway into the future! I wonder what it will hold for both of us . . ."

Alice increased the pressure upon his arm and wanted to add, "Let's chance the future together, Carl, from now on," but a shyness held her—and there was still Robert to explain about, and so much of Carl's life that she did not know. He might even be married, an unhappy affair of the past. But that was ridiculous. Who could be unhappy in his presence?

As they drew close to the *Hawkeye State* the illusion of insubstantiality vanished. The separate square plates of which the hull was formed and the individual round heads of the rivets stood out in bold pattern, but the ship still lacked a third dimension. It was like a piece of theater scenery propped up and held in place by the gangplank, which made a huge flying buttress from the pier to the deck.

The ship appeared to be deserted until, as they came aboard, distant, unusual sounds revealed the presence of life. A half-dozen deck lights diluted the night with their pallid glow and created a pattern of confusing shadows on the deck, so that this part of the ship, upon which they had gazed until its proportions had been engraved forever upon their memories, now seemed to be completely strange. Alice, who led the way, stumbled over what she had taken for another shadow, and let out a cry of horror. It was a man, lying in an apparently lifeless huddle. The doctor bent over to examine him, when his hand touched something warm and sticky and he drew it back.



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Alice saw the blood on his fingers and asked in rising anxiety and fear, "Is he dead, Carl? What's happened to the ship? Let's get off, quickly!"

Dr. Brandt continued his examination and spoke grimly. "Yes—dead drunk. He fell here, I suppose, and cut his head. It's no more than a scratch, I think. Come on, let's go below—there's something about all this that I don't like." As they started aft together their eyes became accustomed to the half-light and more than one of the shadows of a few moments ago translated themselves into men, who lay where they had fallen. A Negro in the scuppers by the gangplank, looked as though he had been carried aboard and thrown there. Insensible figures sprawled on the hatch cover, and again Alice almost stumbled over another who lay across the top of the companionway.

It was the doctor who restrained her. "Only the God who looks after drunken sailors has kept this man from falling all the way downstairs. Wait here a minute, will you, while I carry him out on deck to a safer place?" He felt around in the semidarkness until he found the row of switches he was hunting and flicked the little public hall into light. Alice's face took on, involuntarily, an expression of disgust. The man was very drunk, his face bruised and scratched, his hair matted and his clothes torn and filthy. He was not a sailor, though, but one of the Texans, who a few hours before had been jaunty in gray Stetson and perfectly laundered blue-jeans. His upper lip was bruised and swollen and saliva mixed with blood oozed from the corners of his mouth.

"A pretty sight, isn't he?" Dr. Brandt asked, as he

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stooped over and picked up the sodden figure. Alice marveled at the ease with which he lifted the Texan and carried him past the door she held open for him, but she was distressed at the apparently casual way he dumped the man upon the deck. "Nothing that I'll do will hurt him much in his state," Dr. Brandt observed.

There was a disturbance on the pier and they hurried to look overside. Another taxi had drawn up and departed while its passengers engaged in a free-for-all. There was a shrill whistle and some uniformed policemen appeared from somewhere, clubbing indiscriminately with their night sticks. When the lot were subdued into unconsciousness, the police, instead of arresting their victims, carried them up the gangplank, one at a time, and threw them aboard with even less ceremony than the doctor had shown.

Pandemonium broke out from a new quarter. From the direction of the galley came the banging of dish pans, accompanied by weird, unworldly shrieks that reminded them of the mutes' cries. "Alice, perhaps you'd better wait here. In the light you won't be frightened, will you? I'm going to see what is happening down below." There was an even louder burst of shouting, followed by the brittle crash and jangling of breaking glass or crockery, and Dr. Brandt plunged down the brass-bound steps three at a time. The noises emanated from the dining saloon and he cautiously pushed open its door and peered in.

Two of the Chinese—the boy they knew as Chang, and another, who was presumably one of the cooks—were engaged in a duel, using the whole saloon for their fray. The weapons were appropriate: each brandished a long butcher

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knife, and as improvised shields the cook had a dish pan and Chang a round tin lid which he held by the handle. Each time the cook lunged with his weapon, it sent the lid spinning, and Chang's dives to recapture it were accompanied by the frightened, insane yells that the doctor had heard. Both men were drunk, of course, and in spite of the seeming ferociousness with which they fought down the aisles between the tables and back again toward the kitchen, he doubted that either would meet with injury, because of the unsureness of the other.

A ribald, drunken chorus struck his ears from some place else within the vessel's innards. Their ship had gone completely insane! While the noise continued from below, a man catapulted down the companionway, lay for a second and then, with the slow dignity of the very drunk, managed to rise and lurch to the next flight, again to trip and hurtle end over end down the brass-bound steps. The *Hawkeye State* had breasted its way southward like a fat and ill-favored dowager, only to carouse like any strumpet in her first tropical port-of-call!

Dr. Brandt rejoined Alice, and they returned to the deck. As their eyes grew accustomed to the soft starlight, they discerned the outline of another figure standing at the rail contemplating the shambles. "That's Darrow—Martin Darrow," Dr. Brandt whispered. Then he spoke to him. "Have you been here very long?"

"Good evening, Miss McMasters, and you, Doctor. I was quite glad to return to our little world here some hours ago. I didn't anticipate the extent to which the follies of the land would be carried aboard to plague us."

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"Are we three the only sober ones on the ship?"

"Oh, no. The two young ladies from Hawaii and their swains are making use of the boat deck—they're indulging in a headier brew than rum. And the Wilson family is below, trying to sleep, I suppose, if the noise of that barber-shop singing will allow it."

The doctor measured the strains of *Sweet Adeline* that floated up from open ports and shook his head. "I would guess that they're still awake, then. I suppose Miss van Nijden has also returned? We left them together earlier in the afternoon."

"The nurse? No, I haven't seen her. She hasn't come aboard, I'm sure. But here is someone else now."

A taxicab pulled close to the gangplank and the first-class passengers descended and leisurely embarked. Martin Darrow chuckled humorlessly. "If we knew the reasons why our crew and fellow-passengers have drunk themselves insensible, we would probably understand why the Gods of the first-class are still sober. Perhaps it is only our new experiment with prohibition that has created an overwhelming thirst for liquor on the part of those to whom it is denied."

"That shouldn't affect our bride and groom, however," he went on. "You can buy anything you want in these United States of ours, if you have sufficient means. Or maybe our people and the crew have been seeking an escape ashore—from things, from ways of thinking, from thought itself. You know thinking is very dangerous, these days!"

Martin Darrow drew a long, deep draft on his pipe.

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"But I'm wandering from my subject, as I'm apt to do. What I intended to say was that those of us who are back here and those below have a community of urges, and we seek to escape our world and our destiny because all that we have to contemplate is uncomfortable, troublesome, and irritating. Those two feel no such desire. The trip has been comparatively pleasant for them. What reason have they to need escape?"

When Darrow indulged in one of these philosophical harangues the doctor always felt a mounting impatience with him. But he only shrugged his shoulders and ventured, "Before long the Spruances may be wishing to escape the burden of each other."

The trio watched as the headlights of another taxicab cut an arc in the night and Cedric Weatherwax, with his usual erect, informal stride, crossed the pier toward the ship. "Weatherwax doesn't seem to support your theories any more than we do, Darrow."

"The empire builder! When your burdens are self-imposed, there's less wish to lay them down, I suppose. I must say this, though, of Weatherwax: there's no man I'd rather have with me in a tight spot. Did you notice how he handled that situation today? He had the coolest head on board. And what happened to that sailor, I wonder? The one who spoiled the officer's aim."

Dr. Brandt gave no indication that he had the same concern, and Weatherwax had no more than joined them before another taxi made its appearance. Erica van Nijden dismounted into the meager light at the foot of the gangplank. Her eyes swept along the vessel's rail until it spotted

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the figures watching, and she called, "Dr. Brandt, is that you? I shall need some help here, if you don't mind."

All three men hurried across the deck and down the gangplank, wondering whether the nurse was short of cash. She inclined her head towards the cab's interior, explaining, "I'm afraid I can't quite manage him, you know. It was only by accident that I happened to see him, and I've been hours, really hours, getting him here. If you gentlemen will just help a little, he'll be all right in no time at all, I think. Right now, though, he is helpless." While Weatherwax paid the driver, Dr. Brandt dragged forth the limp, unresisting form of Delos Newcombe. Together they carried the actor on board and Erica, walking alongside, explained breathlessly, "I found him just by chance. The poor man has been unhappy, I fear. He needs someone to look out for him, don't you think so, Doctor? And his poor face! He must have fallen against the curbing. He has quite a bad cut. I'll dress it as soon as we get him below. Or do you think a place up here would be better?"

They paused to rest while Miss van Nijden continued. "He is heavy—quite heavy. I had a difficult time with him and not even a cabby would help! Everyone just stood around and laughed, but I managed to get him in."

At the after hatch they rested again and Dr. Brandt suggested, "Why not leave him here, Erica? I'll bring up a mattress and you can clean him up a bit."

The poor actor stank of the gutter in which he had lain, and his relaxed features had dissolved into amorphous fat. Martin Darrow shook his head. "It's pitiful, isn't it? And a lesson, too. There is no escape, Brandt, none! How like

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the world in miniature our vessel is—have you thought of that? The world's division into classes—and here the Spruances possess more than they can possibly use, while the workers run the show, unseen most of the time. And the guiding authority, remote and unapproachable—the others believe in him because he *is* the authority, though you and I know that he is just an extremely fallible man. It is all wrong!

“What we must do is to change the structure of our ship society. There are beautiful empty cabins forward, where the crew could relax and regain strength for each new day's work. And there's no reason why *we* shouldn't have the run of all the decks. There's room enough for everyone. . . .”

Would the man never get done with his philosophizing? Dr. Brandt straightened up from examining Newcombe and reported to Erica and Alice, returning with basins of water, “No bones broken, I think, and by tomorrow he'll have nothing worse than a painful cut and a bad hangover.” Then, in spite of himself, he broke in upon Darrow's monologue to ask, “And how about the Captain? I suppose *you* would take over?”

“Perhaps I could, in an emergency—I've studied navigation, though purely as an exercise in mathematics. But I lack experience on the seas we have to sail. That's what we need to learn, Brandt—experience in command.”

Tenderly, Erica van Nijden cleansed the wound on the actor's forehead while Alice held the water for her, and the doctor, escaping the wordy professor, went for the promised mattress.

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The *Hawkeye State* was receiving her children back—singly, in twos, threes, or larger groups. They staggered or were carried aboard until the decks were a shambles, an alcoholically induced phantasmagoria in which no person appeared completely real or in true proportion, in which men sang, shouted, cursed, and cried, in which they reeled, staggered, and crawled, or fell into insensibility or sleep.

Then, gradually, quiet descended on the ship. Weatherwax and Darrow both retired. Erica took up a station by her patient, occasionally moistening his lips with a damp cloth. The drunken singing faded away. The Oriental duel in the saloon had apparently ended, though Dr. Brandt had no intention of learning its outcome. The pier was deserted, its infrequent lights casting yellow circles on the stone paving. The starlight was of almost unbelievable brilliancy and the cool, balmy air of the tropical night enveloped them as he and Alice reclined on deck chairs from which pier and harbor were equally visible.

For a long time they sat quietly, until Alice made up her mind that she must confide to Carl the matter that troubled her. She began to talk nervously and apparently from some inner compulsion, as though she had screwed up her resolution thus far but feared that she would falter in it. She began to tell about Robert.

"I really thought that I loved him, Carl, until one day when I saw him ordering the coolies around in our compound. If we went to China for anything, it was to *serve* its people—not to be their masters. I realized how hollow our pretensions were, and how little Robert meant the things he preached. I wanted to make some great personal



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sacrifice, to prove my own humility. I wanted to wash the feet of the lowly with my hair, to be a real example. . . .

"When I told Robert how I felt, he didn't understand at all. He said I was being hysterical. Perhaps I was, because everyone else sided with him. I began to ask myself if there were any Christians who turned the left cheek after being smitten on the right, who agreed with their adversaries quickly, who loved their enemies. These are commands that seem vital to me, although I may be imperfect in obeying them.

"That was the real reason why I had to leave China and the work I had been doing. Do you think I was wrong? Can you understand, just a little, how I suddenly found that I wasn't in love at all—had never been?" She waited, anxiously, for his reply, with eyes that were soft and wistful.

Dr. Brandt nodded his head gravely. "I think I can. It's that we measure people by standards of value, then discover suddenly that they are spurious—the standards, I mean. As for 'turning the other cheek' and so on, I don't know. I've a sneaking admiration for someone like your Robert, who believes enough in anything to preach it to others."

"But he didn't believe enough to *live* that way. He was thoroughly selfish, really. You are much more generous of your time and sympathy."

"Oh, come, Alice . . ." Dr. Brandt grinned ruefully. "I'm just a country doctor who was uprooted by the war and has made a mess of things since. What little I've done on board has been to keep my hand in, more than anything

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else. This isn't the time to talk about them, but during this week I've been trying to make some difficult decisions."

"Any that concern me, Carl?" Alice's voice seemed merely an extension of the night sounds, it was pitched so low, and Dr. Brandt had a sense of complete peace. It was succeeded by a feeling of humility before something he had suspected and now knew to be true: Alice had fallen in love with him. She was not one who took love lightly, either, but through the magic of shipboard or of their association, this miracle had occurred. He knew that he hadn't the qualities she imagined in him. Now he answered gently, "For the first time in three years I am really anxious to get back to work. It will be a hard pull . . . there are certain considerations—personal ones. . . ."

He was quite unprepared for the intensity and passion with which Alice answered. "If you are trying to make a decision about me, it is because you feel the way I do—and in that case you have no right to arrange our future alone. I don't care what is troubling you; let me have my say in regard to it. If there has been somebody else—if you've been married—I'll still take any little place in your heart."

"No, no, it isn't anything like that. I'm not married—there is no other woman," Dr. Brandt protested quickly. Now his mood of humility was replaced by elation—an elation subdued by an increased sense of responsibility. Alice had placed herself in his hands. After these days on the *Hawkeye State*, sitting within that aura of desire with which Allison Spruance had surrounded every male aboard, including himself, the future—a life together—did not seem so important as the immediate, physical cravings that de-

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manded satisfaction. He caught her in an embrace to which she responded willingly, and kissed her with lips that were hard and demanding—ruthless, in a sense.

Then came the sound of footsteps on the deck overhead, and he let her go, reluctantly and with no idea of sparing her. In a moment, Nels and Karl descended from the boat deck, followed by the Carpenter cousins. As the girls emerged into the light, their faces showed flushed and sated. Their hair was disarranged and their dresses were creased and wrinkled. Self-consciously, they made futile dabs at repairing the ravages as they hurried past, whispering and giggling when they noticed that they were being observed.

After they had disappeared below, Alice and Carl sat for a long time, conscious of this new understanding between them that neither had put into words. Alice's companionship in the days ahead would not constitute an increase of responsibility which he was ill prepared to assume—not at all. Instead, she would reinforce his strength with her own, and he felt complete confidence that, where he might have failed alone, together they would succeed.

The waning moon rose, adding its warmer rays to the cool brilliance of the stars. There was no sound but the soft licking of water between hull and pier pilings and the occasional creaking of hawsers as their vessel strained at its lashings. The *Hawkeye State* had become an unreal, insubstantial dream ship, unfamiliar to them because it no longer rolled or palpitated to the impulse of its engines. Happy in their silent communion and loath to be separated by retiring, the two lingered on, lulled by their aloneness,

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by the waters of the harbor, the quiet of the land, and the lights of heaven, into a kind of glorious somnolence.

To both Carl and Alice came thoughts of consummating this love, now that the opportunity to do so was surely available. In Alice it took the form of an impulse of surrender, of a vague, sweet longing. Carl felt a quickening of desire that strengthened as he thought of holding Alice closely, within the deep private shadows of the boat deck above. He envisioned that deck as a kind of altar upon which they might offer themselves in a solemn sacrifice to love, but each time he thought of prevailing upon Alice to accompany him there, he feared that somehow the fragile mood of the present might be shattered, while this other happiness he knew would be theirs later, and inevitably.

Again they heard the exhaust of a motor, followed by the now familiar pattern of headlight beams arcing in parallel lines to the turning of a taxicab on the pier below. The quiet of the night was shattered by a series of loud and unmusical but joyous shrieks as three passengers descended. It took several moments for Carl and Alice to recognize the man who weaved so uncertainly toward the ship, his spectacled eyes glowing like a cat's in the dark as he continued his strident whoops. His companions settled with the driver, ran forward and assisted him on either side as he negotiated the gangplank. Then, safely aboard, Mr. Bloom pushed away his protégés and began to bellow a Spanish song that he had presumably learned during his carouse.

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THE HOUR for sailing—8 A.M.—was written on a blackboard hung by the gangway in smudged chalk that had apparently been guided by a palsied hand. But at nine o'clock the *Hawkeye State* still slept at her berth, and gradually by the mysterious grapevine telegraph that is on every vessel the news circulated that the Captain was missing—a rumor which was given further credibility when the Second Mate and three of the crew were seen departing toward the city. Not over a dozen of the third-class passengers had been down for breakfast, but gradually one and then another shook off the distress of their hangovers sufficiently to come up on deck and walk back and forth with unsure tread, as though impatient to be on their way from this port whose pleasures had proven so insubstantial and disillusioning.

The sky was overcast, the air humid and enervating. From habit, Dr. Brandt reminded himself to visit his patients and then recalled that the Greensteins were no longer with them. He felt in no mood to attempt a conversation with the shipwrecked sailor, and in the sober light of morning Smith's lack of interest in Panama appeared

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completely sane; so the doctor abandoned himself once more to the solace of the deck chair.

William Wilson took possession of the one next to him, and in response to a question said dejectedly, "Not really—not as I'd hoped to. It was a wonderful experience just to see a foreign city after these years. If I ever own a house, I'd like to paint it bright pink or deep blue, maybe, or red, the way they do here. I never will, I guess, because Elizabeth—my wife, you know—prefers white or cream-color. And I like the palm trees and the parrots and the winding, mysterious streets and the way the people talk. I've always thought of Spanish as a musical language; I read it somewhere, I guess. I never realized that it is spoken in little barks—no, not barks exactly, but in continuous ejaculations. Have you noticed?"

While Dr. Brandt was trying to recapture the sounds of yesterday, the bank clerk continued, "What I particularly wanted to see in Panama, though, was a little of its vice. I've read that it is a sink of iniquity, and I should have liked to witness some real vice. But that's a difficult thing to do, you understand, with one's wife along. Mrs. Wilson is so extremely respectable."

"I'm sure she is," Dr. Brandt acquiesced.

"Too respectable, sometimes. That is, when you'd like to see a bit of—well, a bit of life that is different from your own, and romance and how other people live.

"Anyway, we had a very nice carriage drive and a good dinner. At least I liked it. We went to Armand's. They said you had been there. It would have been nicer if we had arrived in time to have dinner with you folks. Eliza-

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beth likes only meat and potatoes, and besides she thinks it's immoral for a white man to have a colored wife. I tried to tell her that was his business." He paused, smiling in a way that transformed him completely. "You won't whisper this to a soul, will you, Doctor—especially to Elizabeth? It would be romantic, wouldn't it, to be married to a beautiful Creole? Not in New York, of course—they wouldn't keep me on in the bank. But if I were in Panama City, say, or Port-of-Spain, or Fort-de-France. In a place with a name that does something to you! It would be wonderful to have a wife like Chichi, Mr. Dufour's daughter, for instance. She is beautiful and mysterious, somehow. You understand what I mean?"

Dr. Brandt nodded gravely. "I believe I do. I understand perfectly."

"Not that Elizabeth isn't a good wife, you know. But I would like to experience something different. . . . Tell me, Doctor, did you see any iniquity?"

"I believe I did, a little, but I'm afraid it wasn't very exciting. You would have been disappointed, I think. Perhaps when he makes his appearance, we should question our friend Bloom. I should suppose from what I saw of him upon his return last night that he had experienced iniquity on a rather extensive scale."

One of the Model T taxicabs, glorified with red leather and brass-bound decorations in the fashion admired by Panamanians, chattered to a stop by the gangplank, and Dr. Brandt whispered excitedly, "Look, Wilson, I bet a hat it's the Captain."

Not only the crew and the third-class passengers had

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sought escape among the pleasures of Panama City. The missing official was lifted out by the sailors who had gone in search of him, and hurried aboard. The doctor anticipated the pain of early disillusionment which would be the Captain's, and he was glad that so few of the passengers had seen him. It was necessary in any society, even in one so small as this, that its members respect and trust the man whose authority is supreme.

Within a few minutes the *Hawkeye State* sprang into life. Most of the day would be required to pass through the Canal and there was no time to lose after their late start. Members of the deck crew hurried about their tasks. All clearly showed marks of the prior night's debauchery, and Dr. Brandt noted with idle curiosity that they were again wearing with an air of sullen defiance the red ribbons that were a badge of their unity. When a number of the colored stewards made their appearance in their accustomed lounging place, they also wore the ribbons, startlingly red against the starched white of their duck jackets, and he tried to trace in imagination the series of incidents and patterns of thought that had finally led the two racial groups to this appreciation of the oneness of their interest. There were cries from the bridge, the shrill screeching of 'bos'ns' whistles, and a sudden jarring as the screws resumed their churning. The lines that held to the shore were slipped, and the *Hawkeye State* moved loggily into the waters of the Canal.

There was something about the ship that was earning the doctor's regard. Her passengers, her crew and officers might all be humanly frail and undependable, but the ship herself



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was solid and unchangeable. He doubted whether there was a completely sober man on the bridge or in the wheel house, yet the wake fanned out straight and true behind them. The hurricane season was well over, thank goodness! Still, the Caribbean and the straits between Cuba and Florida were hazardous seas. They needed to put their trust in the ship—not in those who stood on its bridge. The ship would not fail them.

The barely perceptible throbbing of engines proceeding at reduced speed were magnified within the brain of Delos Newcombe, reaching unendurable proportions. As he returned to consciousness he concentrated upon fighting this rhythmic skull-splitting pain and at the same time tried to sense his whereabouts. Like a man aroused from a nightmare, he was aware of two worlds and wasn't quite certain in which he belonged.

He began to recall the impulses that had dominated him the night before. Who could say that he was growing old? He had proved himself as youthful as anyone in the place where he had gone—and where perhaps he still was? The girl had been little more than a child—sixteen perhaps. He had shown that he could equal her youthful capabilities! Then the smug complacency of semidrunkenness was shattered by a sobering thought. That's where he was—still with Conchita—but that throbbing in his brain felt like the pulsing of a ship's engines. He tried to peer backward through the fog of the last hours, and found no remembrance at all of having come aboard.

The *Hawkeye State* was sailing this morning, and he

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couldn't afford to be left! He struggled into wakefulness and sat up, gazing about wildly. A restraining hand caught his arm lightly and a deep, sympathetic feminine voice soothed him. "It's all right, Mr. Newcombe. You had an accident, you know. But a good hearty breakfast will make you feel better. It will be up in no time at all, now."

What had happened? He was clad in his own pajamas, and his dressing gown was thrown over him against the cool of the morning. Even in his present wretchedness, he took satisfaction in the familiar initials embroidered on each garment. Under his hand he could feel the coarse canvas of the hatch cover. How had he gotten here? And why was Miss van Nijden nursing him? Not that he hadn't always liked her, of course; it was only that in relation to himself he always pictured slim, beautifully groomed, glamorous nurses who would fall in love with him afterward. The Dutchwoman wasn't his type. She was feminine and sympathetic but did not conform to his standards of beauty. But as he lay back, again closing his eyes, he realized that never before had he felt anything so soothing to his injured nerves as the slow stroke of her hand across his forehead. He tried once more to recall his actions during the time ashore, and now he felt no complacency whatever. First of all, his resolution to stop drinking had been shattered. And what drunken impulse had gotten him into that filthy crib? For a while last night it had seemed quite an exotic place. Now, in the clear cold light of the morning after, he knew that it had been dirty—and the childish strumpet had been a perverted, diseased little creature, as old as life itself. He had chosen her because of her youthfulness!

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What a laugh! She had never been young. She was a . . .

The greatest, the most consuming fear he had ever experienced took such possession of Delos Newcombe that he shook all over until the nurse's soft tones helped him to regain some measure of self-control. Disease! The meticulous care that he had always taken in his many relationships with women might have gone to naught because of last night's reckless action. He had taken no precautions—none whatever. Delos Newcombe was completely sober now. He sat up again. Then in horror and dismay he put his hand to his temple, only to draw it away quickly, as he felt a new hurt.

"You cut yourself rather badly. I cleansed and dressed it last night. The light wasn't too good, and I'm a little worried. If you don't mind, I should like the doctor to look at it. He would, I know." Then, with hearty cheerfulness, "Here's breakfast. My word, Chang, you look ill yourself this morning. You're absolutely green!"

The Chinese boy gave a wry grin and slipped off as Erica went on in coaxing tones. "Coffee! A large bowl of it, just as I ordered. Chang is a good boy. And two very nice soft-boiled eggs. And a lot of bacon to settle the stomach. And rolls and cheese. I insisted on cheese—it's strengthening, you know."

Between the fear that possessed him and his desire for coffee, the latter won, and Delos Newcombe took deep draughts of the bitter brew. Considering that he had long prided himself upon a meager breakfast, as befitting a temperament that needed gentle and gradual appeasement of the demands of appetite, everything, even the cheese, tasted

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amazingly good. By the time he had finished, the *Hawkeye State* had passed through the first locks—not that he even noticed this miracle of mechanical and hydraulic power. Although the food revived him as Erica van Nijden had predicted, it had not lessened his fears. He needed to have a man-to-man talk with Dr. Brandt immediately, and he began to chafe at the nurse's continued presence. He stood up, shrugging off her assisting hand, and proclaimed irritably, "I'm quite all right!" Then, noticing Erica's hurt expression, "You have been most kind and I do appreciate it. That fall must have knocked me out last night—a considerable shock. But I am entirely recovered, I assure you."

His shaky passage across the deck toward Dr. Brandt belied his words.

Knowledge that their vessel was again under way gradually brought to deck the remainder of the passengers, and the third-class section took on an air that was almost festive. It was comparatively cool, though the day was cloudless, and as they glided between jungle-lined shores, the men gathered in little groups along the rail to boast about their experiences of the night before. The tawdry dissipations that had left them dirty, drunk, bruised, or otherwise disabled, became marvelous adventures in the telling. Even brown-tasting tongues and still-present headaches were overlooked as they outrageously exaggerated the extent of their carousings. Alice came on deck and favored the doctor with a shy smile, as though not quite certain that he would remember the completeness of yesterday's understanding;

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then sighed with relief as she knew without exchange of a word that his feelings had undergone no alteration.

Martin Darrow greeted the doctor and remarked, "We are strange beings, aren't we? An hour ago every last one of these men bitterly regretted his part in last night's pandemonium. They all felt sick and cheated. But already memory has gilded the drabness, and each one has become a hero in his own estimation." He puffed on his pipe. "That's human nature, I suppose. Yesterday marked the third anniversary of the Armistice. We're beginning the fourth year of peace, do you realize it? How soon will men forget the disillusionment of that debauch and talk once more of its heroism and adventure? There's an apt simile!"

Dr. Brandt's mouth hardened. "If you'd been in it, Darrow, you wouldn't talk so casually about war."

The professor lowered the hand in which he clutched his pipe. "You're quite right. This morning we should be contemplating the greatest achievement of our civilization. It is wonderful to think that from the time the first Spaniards tracked through those jungles men saw the need of building a canal here. For almost four hundred years it was dreamed about; and we made it reality. Have you ever thought why we could do it, Brandt, when the others failed? It wasn't entirely because of engineering knowledge or greater skill or higher purpose. No—we possessed machines.

"In a way this isthmus symbolizes the intrusion of our machine culture into one of different values, and I don't know yet which will survive the longer as an entity. Theirs has existed two hundred years longer than ours, of course,

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and it may well continue when we have bombed ourselves out of existence. Spanish culture is of the spirit, essentially. That was so even from the beginning. We prattle about our forefathers' seeking a place to worship as they chose, but we know that the Pilgrims were looking for new fishing grounds, and the Jamestown settlers for trading posts and plantations. I'll grant you that the Spaniards sought gold and bent the backs of Indians to their uses, but they searched for human souls as well. The answer is that here the Indian survives. He is *en masse*—he pervades everything. *We've* made him a ward of government.

"We're the inheritors of a completely materialistic civilization. We measure success by the standard of wealth—wealth expressed in terms of machines owned."

The first locks loomed ahead, although somewhat dwarfed to port by towering hills. Compared with the junglelike vista of shore on either side, the utilitarian beauty of the concrete structures gave the impression that here was not only a contrast between two cultures but one in time—the ageless jungle intruded upon by the newest epoch in man's unending cycle.

"Machinery accomplished this, Brandt. Under man's direction, of course. The successors of Bolivar had as much vision, skill, and spirit as we, but you can't dig a ditch like this with bare hands and puny shovels."

Dr. Brandt resented this intrusion into his newly found happiness, though he recognized the validity of the other's remarks and nodded in agreement before turning his attention to the next stage in their progress, as electric towing locomotives eased the vast iron hull into the lock. As all

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the passengers were watching the fascinating details of the lock's operations, the two began to feel alone once more, and Alice's hand slipped along the rail to find a haven within his. "You know, Carl, we haven't seen Mr. Bloom so far this morning. I hope last night wasn't too much for him. Perhaps afterward you had better go down and see how he's doing."

Dr. Brandt smiled wryly. "A little later," he whispered. "Just now it is fun not to be told how much water these locks hold, or how high we're being lifted. There are times when the pedagogical mind wears me down—whether it's the philosophical type or the fact-dispensing one."

David Bloom awoke from a heavy sleep with none of the regrets that dissipation is supposed to bring. He felt only a complete satisfaction that he had passed another milestone in the gaining of worldly experience. He lay back in his narrow berth remembering with almost clinical interest his various sensations and reactions in the course of the new adventure. He had been gloriously and hilariously drunk! For the first time in his life he had spent money in a way that for him was profligate. He had talked with women who were undoubtedly "fast." He had tasted of life with a capital L. His adventures would live in his mind to his dying day. Possibly they would be recounted to sons and grandsons when they reached an age of maturity to prove that he was someone who had in his day drunk deep of the heady brew of life.

He impressed again upon his memory each event of his carousal. He almost relished the slight headache, the lassi-

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tude and temporary weakness that his binge had engendered. So this was a hangover! It wasn't half bad. One expected to pay for pleasure, and the bill didn't seem excessive. He wished now that he had been even more devil-may-care. Of course, he had to think about the youth of his two companions. That had deterred him from accepting the invitation of the very charming young Spanish lady, and had prevented him from buying just one more round of drinks. As a teacher, he had to consider the morals of the young!

At this point he realized that the *Hawkeye State* was in motion, and he jumped out of bed, aghast to think that perhaps he had already missed part of the passage through the Canal. A second and almost equally lamentable discovery was the lateness of the hour. Breakfast had been over long ago! Not that he was hungry, especially, but his passage money entitled him to have a certain number of meals and of one of these he now felt cheated.

For the first time since he had been at sea, the little teacher neglected to put on the high, stiff collar and attendant stringy necktie that he usually wore, and dashed out coatless not to miss any more of the Canal. It would be tragic if they were already through the first locks—under his breath he recited the height of their lift. And Culebra Cut! He couldn't miss that! He reached the deck breathless. The ship was passing through a rather wide body of water that didn't appear at all like any part of the Canal that he could visualize. He caught sight of Dr. Brandt, deep in conversation with the actor (what had happened to him with his face all bandaged?), and rushed over, oblivious of



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Newcombe's scowl, to interrupt. "Doctor, it's terrible—I overslept! Where are we?"

Without a change of expression, Dr. Brandt answered, "Where were you at lunch, Bloom? I wondered. I haven't paid too much attention to our progress, I'm afraid. But you're in good time to see Colón as we pass it, I'm quite sure."

There was anguish in the teacher's voice, "The locks? I've missed them! All of them—Gatun Lake? Culebra? This is terrible, Doctor! How can I face my classes? My boys will want to know especially about the Canal. I *can't* say that I slept through it! What would they think?"

"You can't say, either, that you were actually in a drunken stupor, Bloom. That wouldn't go well with your position. But you can see for yourself how distant the shores are. I suppose this is the Bay, and we'll be reaching open sea about dinnertime."

Maude Carpenter awoke with a pleasant, nostalgic dream still in her mind. There was a familiar broad valley with peaceful cattle champing contentedly on grasses, while in the foreground the ranch buildings sprawled lazily and Aunt Sadie, Grace's mother, with whom they both lived, stood in the doorway. She felt a lassitude quite different from her usual morning awareness, and for a few moments longer endeavored to recapture the scenes that in sleep had seemed so real—but in vain. She gazed up, instead, at a pattern of rectangular steel plates and round rivet-heads set in double rows, at criss-crossing pipes of various sizes, at metal beams and struts whose purpose she made no

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attempt to fathom. They were all painted the same glistening white, already browned here and there by insidious attacks of rust, and nothing about them remotely suggested a fresh Hawaiian morning such as she was trying to envision.

What was she doing here, on this narrow pallet suspended in air high above the deck beneath? Someone had told her that during the war this ship had been a transport and that these rows and tiers of cotlike beds had been occupied by men who fought, died, or were maimed in defense of something called "Democracy." The word had no reality to her, but she could imagine all those young soldiers, hundreds and hundreds of them, going to war, walking up and down the aisles, smoking, talking, sleeping or lounging in berths like the one in which she lay. It was comfortable to feel that this necessity was past and that those boys no longer needed to risk life or limb going to war. Tall, laughing, clean, good-looking boys, like Nels Larson . . .

Then she was wide awake. Nels Larson and last night—she had known all along, from the very moment she woke, that there was something different about today. That was it! She would never be the same again—completely the same; and, worst of all, Grace knew. Of course she also knew about Grace, who had nothing on her in that respect. Nels had been gentle, understanding, and sweet; but she had heard Grace's smothered cry of pain. . . . And anyway, they had practically confided in each other afterward—not in words so much as in looks and actions. What could have possessed them? No matter what might happen,

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there was nothing to expect from the Danish boys; they had made that clear enough. Both of them had spoken of their disillusion with America. There was no chance that they would want to go back to the Islands, and Maude could not imagine herself accompanying Nels to Denmark, even if he should be willing to marry her. Not only had she sinned—she might very well have gotten herself into trouble! What a convenient word to cover so many eventualities not mentioned aloud! They might both bring disgrace on themselves, on Grace's mother, who had raised them, and on the aunt with whom they intended to live while in New York.

Yet Maude knew that tonight and tomorrow night, as long as Nels might want her, she would continue to do as she had done, regardless of what might happen afterward. Vaguely she knew that there was some means by which she could continue to enjoy those new, glorious sensations which had been aroused within her and still avoid their consequences. Supposing it was too late, supposing the damage had already been done? She regretted her ignorance. There must be something she could do—take some kind of medicine, perhaps. She regretted, also, that she had to share confidences with her cousin. But there was no help for it! She called gently to find if Grace were awake, and on hearing her response descended agilely into the berth directly beneath and snuggled up to her. It was comforting to have Grace to talk with, to feel her warm nearness. She tried to think how to begin what she wanted to say, only to hear Grace whisper, "How could you sleep after what happened?"

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"You mean about last night?"

"Of course, last night. If you hadn't started, I would have been all right."

"Why, Grace Carpenter, I put up twice the fuss you did!"

"I know, but you'd made up your mind to let him. I could tell. I thought, if Maude does it, I'll do it. But I was scared just the same, and I've been ever since. How could you sleep! And, Maude, what will we do? Supposing—supposing something happens? I'd die of shame! And it wasn't even fun—it wasn't *nice*."

Maude recalled her own experience. The *Hawkeye State*, alone and deserted except for themselves, and for that short while completely stilled. The stars overhead, the night's lightness once her eyes had become accustomed to it, Nels' touch along her thigh, the climax of fulfillment. Grace apparently had missed all this! With Karl Thysen perhaps it would have been different. She allowed her mind to revert to the present and to Grace's continued complaints. "Oh, Maude, we'll have to do *something*. Maybe it's too late—maybe we can't. I'd like to talk to Dr. Brandt about it—he seems understanding; but I'd be too ashamed. He knows, though, I think. We must have looked awful when we came downstairs last night and walked right by him and that missionary. What she must have thought!"

Maude's voice took on a hardness. "Maybe they're no different from us. He's certainly fallen for her!"

"They say she was a missionary in China. She's nice, I think. But, Maude, we have to do *something*. We *have* to!"

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Maude felt curious about her cousin's manner. Grace sounded bitter and cheated. How had her experience differed from Maude's own? She would have liked to put some questions, to compare every emotion and sensation, but some constraint held her. Instead, she whispered, "What if they ask us again?"

Grace was shocked. "Why, Maude Carpenter, you must be crazy! We'll be lucky if we get through this time without anything happening, and I'm going to talk to the doctor whether you do or not." She climbed over her companion, jumped to the deck, and continued determinedly, "It's late, anyway, and we're moving again. Don't you feel the engines? I'm going to take a shower and I'll feel cleaner." She donned a kimono and walked toward the washroom while Maude lay back, a half smile upon her lips, and her fears forgotten, to think languorously of the nights ahead.

The idea that Dr. Brandt could have been teasing him never entered Mr. Bloom's mind. One didn't joke about anything so serious, so catastrophic, as missing the whole Panama Canal! Not when one had spent weeks and months, before setting out on one's circumnavigation, in accumulating facts about this greatest work of man! He retired to an unoccupied portion of the deck where he could be alone with his thoughts, and became so involved in bitter introspection that he hardly gave attention to the passing scenes. And he had missed luncheon as well as breakfast—two perfectly good meals thrown away! He surveyed his hilarious escapade of the night before in the light of these dis-

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appointments and was surprised to find that it had still been worth the price.

He had bravely tossed down a variety of strange alcoholic concoctions. He had been instructed, by divers women, in the mysteries of the tango. He had held on his lap a heavily rice-powdered but beautiful creature, who surely must have been a real, live courtesan. She had called him Chico. Chico Bloom! Imagine!

He couldn't deny, though, that it had been an expensive evening. He counted the bills in his wallet and then the change in the little black purse that he always carried. Both stores were sadly depleted, but he had no regrets! With his passion for facts and figures he tried to tot up the quantity of rum he must have drunk, for use in later boastings, and it seemed an awe-inspiring volume.

How had his wards fared? He had completely forgotten about them, except to recall that they had returned aboard with him. He peered forward in the hope of seeing either John or Ernie—and a surprising sight met his eyes. Almost due ahead rose the spare, concrete beauty of what could be nothing else than a set of locks—locks that climbed upward! Dr. Brandt had made a sad and inexcusable error, of which he should have to apprise him later. Why, they hadn't gone any distance at all! Culebra Cut and Cucaracha, the famous cockroach slide, were still ahead. He almost jumped up and down with excitement. Immediately he was bursting with facts and figures, and what good were they if kept to one's self? Dr. Brandt had seemingly disappeared, but there was the actor, attended by Miss van Nijden, and he hurried toward them, with eyes agleam.

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In an oracular voice he announced, "You see, Miss van Nijden, we are leaving the Miraflores Lake. From the Spanish—*mira* meaning to look, and *flores* is flowers, of course. It shows the poetic Spanish touch. I have a good guide book downstairs, with pictures of the whole Canal in it. Afterward I'll get it for you so you can see just where we are going. Meanwhile, if you have any questions to ask, I shall be glad to answer them for you."

From the spot on the boat deck that William Wilson had made his own, he surveyed the results of his labors and found them good. It was a beautiful day—so clear that the distant jungle-covered margin of the Canal seemed right at hand, as though the atmosphere were actually a prism that magnified the view. Overhead, shading him from the sun, was the swelling curve of the lifeboat; and when he looked directly down, the muddy Canal water appeared to rush past the stationary black hull of the *Hawkeye State*. When he became dizzy from watching the passing yellow flood and its flotsam of broken vine, occasional exotic leaf, and strange fern, his gaze returned to the Canal itself. This was something like! He took a breath that hardly changed his chest expansion, although in imagination his burly body tried the seams of his jacket. The greatest work of man, to which he had contributed no little share! He swung great, hairy arms with becoming ease as he viewed the result of his efforts. Let others take credit for the locks—the mechanical genius that had designed and built them was negligible without *his* brawn and daring. He had come to direct grips with Nature. He had fought through the mud and

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jungle, wrestled with bare hands against the native crocodile and panther. He had survived the deadly malaria and the pitfalls of the sinful cities. It had been a long, patient, and bitter struggle, but in the end he had won!

It was too bad that Billy wasn't with him, so that he too might enjoy this adventure from his father's past. He wondered where the boy might be, then gradually returned to his daydreaming. He had helped to cut this cleft in the continent's spine, and then, when the slides came, he had frantically worked to push back the relentless earth. How many times during the years had those avalanches crashed down, to shut off the Canal completely? This was the final victory, to stand here on his own private deck while he viewed his handiwork.

By the sorcery of imagination, he could envision a picture of himself, high at the controls of a giant steam shovel that moved a ton of earth with each bite of its iron-toothed jaws. Again, he was a laborer with pick and shovel, so strong and so adept that he was always called upon in an emergency. Yes, his was the accomplishment, and this was true in a sense quite different from that used in his imaginings, for it was an achievement of the whole citizenry of which he was a part, and each had a right to be proud of his share in it.

As the *Hawkeye State* glided along, a sense of awe gradually replaced his doubts. The great banks of earth were man-made mountains, already covered with the lush growth of the tropics. The dynamic forces inherent in them had been restrained for the good of all nations. There was nothing—nothing that could not be done by that great



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human brotherhood to which he belonged. All that was necessary was to have the conception, and the means would be found for its execution. Wasn't this proof—this wide river that flowed over a mountain top? Wasn't it proof that mankind could accomplish anything it wished, once it had set its mind to it and had fashioned the tools and machinery for that endeavor?

Perhaps, as people were beginning to say, we had not really won the war, after all, and the forces of human discord were again loose, gradually causing faults in the social structure that would lead to a new avalanche of gray- or khaki-uniformed men, under which civilization would be submerged once more. When would man, in his mass power, daringly conceive a means of harnessing the potency of peoples, as the land here was restrained? The slides of Culebra had broken away a few times, true, but in the end they had been held—and the peaceful green of the jungle covered them.

William Wilson became rather self-conscious at the profundity of his own thoughts. Perhaps he was wrong to feel worried and resentful and insecure of what the future might hold for him and his family. In any case, this much—this scene upon which he was now gazing—could not be taken away from him. He again wondered where Billy was, so they could share in one of his games of make-believe—not of seafaring this time, nor of piracy, but of hogging with a giant shovel along the dirty waters of a canal in building.

When the youngster was not to be found and he still needed company, he walked aft, to the shelter deck at the

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extreme stern, whence came the nostalgic, gusty notes of the Dane's concertina.

Nels was dressed in the tightly fitting jersey, khaki shorts, and tasseled woolen stockings that appeared so strange to the American passengers, but the bank clerk thought he was a most romantic figure, with the blond hair of his chest frothing over the circular neck of the shirt and the muscular columns of his thighs visible below his shorts as they sprang upward from full calves and compact knees. Nels leaned against the deck house in a graceful, negligent attitude, his octagonal concertina apparently opening and closing with no effort at all on his own part, while he hummed, la-la'ed, or sang in accompaniment to the reedlike music. He nodded to William Wilson without pausing in his song; then, when he had finished, he smiled with a bright flash of strong teeth. "A nice tune, eh?" he asked in his accented but precise English. "It is a song of my homeland. I sing it whenever I think about being there. One should dance to it, too—this way." He skipped and jumped through a typical peasant dance, then threw himself on the deck, laughing. "It's fun, no?" And then answering himself, "Ah, yes—fun. That's why I have to go back. I'm afraid that's what we Danes live for. I thought I would like America, but, no—I have to go home."

Wilson had been seeking an audience for his own thoughts. He had already framed questions to ask Nels. "How do you like the Canal?" he had intended to say, and then, in agreement with the other's admiring adjectives, "Yes, it is wonderful," and something to the effect that only in America were such things possible. Instead, he

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found himself asking curiously, "You really did not like the United States?"

"Of course I liked it, but I missed the fun. It is a wonderful country—so large. We went to my uncle's in North Dakota. It took us days to get there—literally days; though, of course, we stopped off at several places. Thyssen has relatives in New York and Chicago. We saw a lot of things—theaters and cafés . . . But nowhere any fun. In North Dakota, near my uncle's farm, there were some other Danes living." Nels paused in retrospect and then began to play a quick, lively dance, but so softly that it became merely an accompaniment to what he had to say. "There was a little fun among them. Wherever Danes get together there has to be some fun, you know. But even there, it had become—what shall I say—diluted."

William Wilson tried to recall some of the things that were fun in America. He began first by trying to remember the good times he had himself enjoyed, and, when he failed, resorted to general objections. "But what about the movies? And the dance palaces? There are many places one can dance, and they are not expensive. You pay fifty or seventy-five cents and there are girls to dance with you. I have never been to one, but it always seemed quite exciting. Of course, since prohibition we don't have cabarets—they must have been fun!"

Nels laughed tolerantly, in tune with his music. "No, my dear sir, fun is fun. It isn't paying money to dance with a strange girl or to watch two people make love in the pictures or to see dancers in a cabaret. Fun is to laugh and drink with people you know, while there is music to listen

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to, or to play while your friends enjoy themselves. Fun is dancing with someone you know while your neighbors dance around you. Fun is making love to a girl that you like. Most of that, even the last, you Americans know little about. It's sad, too. There are so many ways in which you are great. Maybe we Danes would be greater, also, if we didn't have so much fun and worked hard all the time, as you do."

William Wilson protested. "I don't know about the dancing and that stuff—you can't very well in cities like New York and San Francisco, where I've lived mostly. But—why, Elizabeth and I have been married for fourteen years, and I certainly know what love is!"

"No—Denmark for me," Nels retorted. "And Karl feels as I do."

But William Wilson was too taken up with the grandeur of the Canal to waste time in discussing so nebulous a matter as fun, and wandered off again. It was two or three minutes after he left that Nels stopped playing. He remembered a phrase that he had just used, "Fun is making love to a girl that you like," and he thought of Maude Carpenter and of the night before, under the skies. All leading up to it had been fun, but that had been more than fun. It had been exquisite—entirely different from anything he had hitherto experienced in life. This period of delicious sensation had begun only when they were one; until then, this courtship had been no different from many others in which he had taken part. Those times it had all been fun, from beginning to final regretful parting. Nels had always thought of love as something that grew naturally between

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two people and was fulfilled afterward. But he was in love, actually in a love that—oddly enough—was consummated in its burning.

Last night Maude Carpenter had been generous, withholding none of herself—sweet, sensitive, yet almost hysterically passionate. He had fallen in love, not because of her mind, character, or appearance, but because of the pervasiveness of her passion—the strength of the feeling with which she had responded to him; and he wondered whether, contrary to all that people might say, this were not the most enduring kind of love.

He knew that right now, much as he had learned to dislike the life of America—which had no capacity for enjoyment within itself, but depended on sensations imposed from outside—he knew that in spite of this, if Maude asked, he would let Karl go on his way alone. For Karl, he was sure, last night's adventure had been merely one of pleasure.

Maude had told him something of ranch life, and at first when she had described the scenery of their particular island, Hawaiian life had seemed exotic and desirable; but gradually he had realized that it was in spirit an extension of the American continental scene—as material and as unimaginative.

Yes, he supposed he *could* give up returning to Denmark. Somehow he couldn't envision Maude in the setting of his home village, and there seemed no other possible solution. He became completely lost in his thoughts and one hand slipped out of the restraining leather strap of his concertina. The music that had been in it expired in a thin, long-drawn-out squeal as the bellows slowly opened.

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As the sun set in a sky spangled with the tropics' brilliant hues, the far lights of Cristobal and Colón gleamed starlike. Dr. Brandt, watching the distant houses dark against the land, felt no regrets that the twin cities at this end of the Canal were not a scheduled port-of-call. In two days they would be in Havana—ample time for his fellow-passengers to repeat their feverish carousing. What was the need of his fellow-Americans that drove most of them to the bars and brothels of foreign cities? The people of no other nationality would have behaved that way under similar circumstances. Neither the Dutch nurse, nor the English engineer, nor the Danish boys had fallen prey to the tawdry charms of Panama City. What was the restless driving impulse that made the American tourist a symbol for drunken debauchery in all the ports of the world? Which reminded him: he had expected before this a call from the Captain. Probably, from the state McVeigh had been in, it was late afternoon before he awoke. As the doctor lit a fresh cigarette from the one he had been smoking, he asked himself in some bitterness why he needed to worry about the problems, the health, or the happiness of others.

Both Delos Newcombe and Grace Carpenter had used him as confessor. Of what service could he be to either, except for re-dressing Newcombe's wound? It had become infected—not surprisingly—with the filth of the gutter in which he had lain, and he would be fortunate indeed if there were no evil consequences of the earlier exposure he had confessed to.

Dr. Brandt felt more sympathy with the Hawaiian girl. She had been straightforward and simple, though also badly

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frightened, and he regretted that he had been able to give her only slight reassurance.

He turned from these to his earliest problem: John Smith—anonymus, uninterested, with no past, apparently, and no future. But again, why worry about him? The man seemed perfectly content—perhaps because he appeared to be unaware of the apprehensions, the sufferings, and the human needs about him. As for Ralph, that had been one trifling act of kindness to offset his present feeling of uselessness. The boy's finger was almost healed, but he would run down and take a last look at it to be sure. Besides, he wanted to find out about Al Connors. Certainly the seamen's leader had averted bloodshed, but he might very easily become the scapegoat for all that had happened.

When he knocked at the familiar, finger-smudged door it was opened by Ralph's cabin-mate, the older man, who shrugged his shoulders in answer to the doctor's query. "I don't know—he's in the brig. He had a run-in of some kind this morning about wearin' his ribbon. I told 'em that stuff wouldn't get 'em any place. I heard the niggers pulled rods on that bastard of a Second Mate. Niggers got guts, sometimes. I din't see it, but I heard about it."

Dr. Brandt nodded. "I saw it, and, as you say, they have guts. Whether what you are all doing is right or wrong I don't know, but I am concerned about that leader of yours. He prevented bloodshed yesterday. And about Ralph—because he's a patient of mine, I guess."

"Al's a Red—always causin' trouble. I ain't worryin' about him none. Ralph has got himself to blame, listenin' to him. You fixed his finger swell. He was sayin' just yes-

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terday, if it hadn't been for you, he might have lost it—maybe his whole hand! Not that any of those guys,” motioning upwards, with a vague bitterness in his voice, “would have given a damn.”

“Later I'll try to find out what happened. I'll do all I can,” the doctor promised as he escaped the cabin's fetid atmosphere.

As he crossed the well-deck a seaman intercepted him. “The Captain would like to see you, sir—right away, if you can come.” It was the message he had been expecting, and he nodded. As he retraced his steps forward, he noticed that the ship's motion had increased. Apparently they were well out of the Canal and headed into the open Caribbean. Several times he had to steady himself against the rail in order to keep his footing, and he observed, “She's really rolling, isn't she?”

The seaman agreed. “I'm glad it's November and not September.” The doctor missed the connection, and the seaman explained. “September is the last of the hurricane months, so they say. Maybe they have one in October once in a while, but in November, never. This tub would give you a real shaking up in a bad blow. I wouldn't want any part of it.”

Dr. Brandt noticed that he also wore a red ribbon and wondered what significance it held for him. It had lost its original crispness and hung soiled and partly hidden, as though he had become rather ashamed of wearing it. As they rounded the forward section of the amidships superstructure and were exposed to the full force of a fresh gale, the doctor paused to watch the fine spray that broke over



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the fo'c'sle head and was whipped to port by the wind. The change in the weather was not unwelcome. Anything was better than the heat and the complete absence of breeze from which they had suffered in the Pacific, if his fellow-passengers had acquired their sea legs sufficiently to stand the ship's increasing motion. In any case, two more days would see them in Havana, and another respite on land would probably revive any who became seasick.

"The old man's waiting, I guess," the seaman reminded him, and then turned and disappeared—probably to avoid contact with a moody superior. The doctor's suspicion was verified when an ill-tempered voice said to him, "That farmer took long enough to fetch you. I don't have an honest-to-God seaman on this crate."

"You wanted to see me?"

The irascibility in Captain McVeigh's voice gave way to a slight tremor as he motioned toward his cabin. "I'm damn glad to see you! You said you'd come if I needed you, and you've made good." He tried nervously to find some way to begin what he had to say, but the instinct of command kept him from any words that would have admitted weakness. He grinned pathetically. "The hair of the dog that bit you—I guess that's what we need, isn't it, Doc?"

"You can speak for yourself. I didn't get bitten."

"Don't be that way. Practically everybody from the ship was drunk in Panama, except you and the women. What can you expect with that damn prohibition law in the States?"

The Captain was going through the torture of a man recovering from intoxication, during which he first sees

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himself as the disgusting mortal that he is and then seeks to recover self-respect by placing the blame for his weakness on someone or something else. Dr. Brandt, in no mood to pander to this desire, answered shortly, "You didn't ask me up here to discuss prohibition?"

"You're sore because of yesterday. I tell you, Brandt, I got those orders from the agent in Panama: 'Let no third-class passengers go ashore.' There'll be merry hell if New York ever finds out they went off anyway—just because I have some officers I can't trust."

"Because you didn't stay on board, you mean."

"Christ, Doc, I *couldn't* when I got that order. You were all standing there, waiting. I'm a sailor—I know what it means to want to get off a ship in a strange port. I couldn't face it!"

"So you let somebody else do it and had a mutiny on your hands—and there might very easily have been murder."

"The niggers! Those Reds on board put them up to it. We have the ringleader, and I'll settle with the others. I'll have every last God-damn red-ribbon farmer arrested as he goes down the gangplank in New York! We'll see who's Captain on this ship, by God!"

Dr. Brandt's voice softened. "If you do, I'll be a witness for the defense. I don't care how far I have to go. I'll tell the whole story of this ship, since I first embarked to the time I saw its Captain carried on board!"

Captain McVeigh's mouth fell open and he sat down heavily in the swivel chair. "Do you mean that, Doc? That I got *carried* on? I didn't remember!" His voice trailed off, and then he shouted, "What the hell can you expect, with

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what I've had to put up with? This voyage has been nothing but trouble, trouble, trouble, since the day we left New York! And as if things weren't bad enough already, I get Bolsheviks aboard! Not once, mind you—this isn't the first crew that's pulled that red-ribbon stunt. And I'll take no more of it! I'm Master of this ship, and the hell with you and your butting in!"

Dr. Brandt sat back. "I'm a doctor of medicine, a science concerned only with the human body, and right now I feel its limitations pretty keenly. I'd like to be able to treat the spirit—the soul, if you don't mind my putting it that way—yours, Captain, and those of the men below decks who are tortured just as you are, by the same press of outside circumstances, by equal necessities of living, by the cruelties and the thoughtlessness of superiors, by all the unpleasant and dangerous incidents that go to make up a life at sea. Gradually they have come to realize that their interests are one—the same interests as yours, Captain: of living and doing their job. You're not on the opposite side from them, as you suppose. You have closed your mind to the facts."

"By God, man, they're Bolsheviks!"

"The banner doesn't matter too much. What does is that they have united and they've taken the only symbol available to them. Seaman and grease-monkey, white and black, are together in a bond of common humanity to which you also belong as well as those sadistic little officers of yours. I can't very well expect you to join with them, of course, but if you want my advice, for your own good, I'd release the men you've put in the brig—one of whom, incidentally,

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has been a patient of mine. Another—the ringleader, as you call him—prevented bloodshed yesterday by an act of real heroism. I would forget what happened in Panama City, and I'd ignore the red ribbons that are worn on peajackets or overalls. I assure you, Captain, that every man who is subject to unjust and intolerable conditions wears a similar ribbon within his heart. Flaunting it in public does not make it any more dangerous. Forget about it.”

“Like hell I will!”

“I'm not trying to be facetious when I say that we're all in the same boat—Captain, crew, and passengers; even those two in first-class.” As Dr. Brandt stood up, the Captain shook his head stubbornly. “I can only offer a prescription. I'm sorry you won't take it—you'd be a little easier in your mind. Good night.”

Captain McVeigh stood quietly until he heard the doctor's footsteps retreating over the deck outside, when a feeling of intolerable loneliness gripped him. He sprang to the door, calling, “Doc, Doc, wait a minute!” And when they again confronted each other, “You shouldn't go off the handle with me that way. Because I'm touchy, you don't need to be.”

“I didn't see any point in our talking further, that was all. I've already told you what I think you should do. If you take an opposite course, I'll be on the other side, I warn you!”

The Captain grasped the doctor's lapels with both hands. “Stay a while, will you, Doc? Let's talk things over, anyway, or forget what I've said. Just don't leave right now, that's all.”

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Dr. Brandt resumed his seat while the Captain released his own pent-up emotions. "You're asking a lot, Brandt. As Master of this ship I can't let a crew get away with mutiny. I daren't. In a way you were right, and I'm not too stubborn to admit it. We are all poor buggers together and none of us know just where we are heading. A man isn't even commander of his own vessel any more. He's a streetcar conductor. I don't run this ship—I get my orders from New York. I do what I'm told, whether I like it or not—or lose a job that I need. If I didn't have a wife and family I'd say, 'To hell with them!'" The Captain's hand trembled as he held it out. "Let's be friends."

"Of course. If you think I haven't been friendly, you misunderstand me completely."

"I need you, Brandt. I need somebody to tie to. You haven't any hard feelings?"

"There aren't any hard feelings. I still think you should follow my prescription."

Captain McVeigh poured himself another drink and continued to talk, slowly and hesitatingly at first, as he tried to find phrases for ideas he had never hitherto put into words. "When I married we bought a farm in Connecticut. It was what I had dreamed about. Land under my two feet that belonged to me, in place of a deck that was some ship-owner's property. The war ended that. I went back to sea because I thought I was needed there, I guess. But since then I've wondered why I was taken in by the hoop-la of patriotism and all that stuff!

"The war was no party, as we both know. A hell of a lot of fine men lost their lives—and for what? I don't know

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what you found, Brandt, when you came back, but to me it was pretty rotten. Have you ever gone to an American movie in some foreign city and heard the horrified comments of the folks around you? It was like that. I was seeing life in my own country with the eyes of a stranger, and it made me puke. I had to stay at sea, because I couldn't stand the land any more . . ."

"I guess everyone found the same thing," Dr. Brandt replied. "In winning a war we lost our—oh, I don't know what to call it—our conscience, say. When I came home I was shocked, just as you were. I'm going back now, hoping that things have changed, and knowing in my heart that they haven't. A war does that to people, I think.

"I have a theory about it: as our capacity for destruction increases, as we invent tanks, guns, airplanes that can drop bombs on defenseless towns, we daren't face the potentialities of what we have done. We have to blind ourselves to the consequences of our evil genius. We stifle our ordinary, decent, human impulses until they atrophy through disuse. That's one reason you have moving pictures that glorify every sordid element in the human character, why you have keyhole-peeking reporters, and yellow newspapers, and—"

"Even the so-called funny papers intended for kids."

"Exactly! As a country we have lost the moral character to control our destructive forces, though there persists in individuals a desire for something different and better—like earthworms spawned beneath the ground, that slowly and blindly struggle up to the sun's light. Something like that has been going on among your men here, just as it goes on

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elsewhere—in offices and factories and on farms. Out of it will come, eventually, a new resurgence of humanity which will again possess a code of conduct and morals. The celluloid unreality, the cheap sentiment, the glamour of vice, will be dissipated when these individuals begin to join together and strive together.

“It isn’t important that you rant about being the Master of your own ship, or that in the new strength of their unity your men defied you. What does matter is that they *are* united. Your salvation and mine depends upon joining with them, understanding and aiding them.” Dr. Brandt sat back, smiling ruefully. “I don’t mean to sound preachy. I’ve had time, though, to think over this problem, and while I may not have put it just as I wanted to, I think that I am right—just about right.”

There was no doubt that by this time Captain McVeigh was a trifle drunk. He began to laugh, swaying slightly, and Dr. Brandt suggested, impatiently, “Why don’t you let me in on your private joke?”

“All right, Doc, I will. Maybe it won’t matter a whole lot whether I release the men in the brig or leave them there. Suppose they wear all the red ribbons they have a mind to and I do overlook the show those niggers put on? *That* may not make any difference either—or your talk of grease-monkeys banding together. I’ll tell you why: there’s a hurricane kicking around the Caribbean, over a month late. I didn’t like the looks of things, so I wirelessly New York for orders.

“The reply is there on my desk. ‘Proceed,’ it says. ‘Proceed’! Why, to some of those guys in offices the opera-

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tion of a ship is only a kind of game. They don't give a good God-damn about us. Somebody figured out the cost of the bond we would have to post in Panama, so wireless orders to keep third-class passengers aboard. Maybe it was the same bright boy—I don't know—who figured the cost of laying-to in Colón until this weather blows over. And we're in for it! I wonder sometimes if God in heaven doesn't work a little like the U.S. Shipping board—whether He sends His commands by some kind of celestial wireless, without knowing what the hell He is doing to people."

"Just why did you want to confide this to me?"

"If worst comes to worst, things could get pretty messy in the steerage. You'll do what you can? I know you will, anyway."

Dr. Brandt leaned back and half-closed his eyes. "The sensible thing to do would be to move all of us into those empty first-class cabins. I know you can't do it, of course—even on a government-owned vessel, in which most of us have an actual stake. The 'rights' of two individuals are protected in defiance of the very safety of the many. Our economic system works in queer ways sometimes."

"Who knows?—it may all blow over. It's not only that we have bad weather around—it is so unusual for this time of year. There's no prediction how it will act."

"Your officers?"

The Captain made a gesture of contempt. "Kids! I told my chief what we might expect and he said, 'Good. I've only been in one really bad blow.' Then he yammered for ten minutes about some North Atlantic gale that stove in



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a couple of lifeboats. A hurricane, Doc, is something you don't talk about afterward."

"If this one strikes us, you don't think the *Hawkeye State* will get through it?"

"I don't mean that. Any ship that survives a hurricane does so by the grace of God. This is emergency shipping, designed in a hurry, built in a hurry. Besides, she is cranky as hell. If we hit into what's out there, it will be no picnic."

"I'm afraid you have confided in the wrong person, McVeigh. We have a professor on board who has reasoned out the future. He's plotted it out in neat little squares. He'd be excited about this. Maybe he'd draw a nice parallel between the *Hawkeye State* heading into the storm and the world rotating hell-bent toward its future."

Dr. Brandt stood up, his face drawn and wan, so that his cleft chin and dark eyes took on a new prominence. "I guess you and I might have spared ourselves all our soul-searching. Right now I can only tell you not to worry too much about the third-class passengers if things get bad. There are some good people among us . . ." He held out his hand and the Captain grasped it, both knowing that, futile though their talk may have seemed, it had cemented an understanding between them, had made them more than ever appreciative of the qualities they possessed in common or admired in each other.

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DURING THE NIGHT the *Hawkeye State* began to groan like an old lady stiff with years. Her broad, awkward frame lacked the buoyancy of youth and she creaked at the joints, and the bones of her—ribs, beams, and scantlings—registered a vehement protest against the treatment she was receiving. She was being ill-used, the recurring shock of waves catching her broadside. It might even have been suspected that like other old ladies, this one wallowed in a kind of self-pity, encouraging the buffets she received so that she might complain even more strenuously.

Elaboration upon this little metaphor eased Dr. Brandt into wakefulness. It was not a bad figure of speech, for the *Hawkeye State* was an old lady, though her keel had been laid less than five years ago. On sea, as on land, women are old when they have outlived their usefulness; no face-lifting can change the fact. There was no need to limit the conceit to ships and women; it applied as well to anything or anyone else, himself included.

During these idle half-waking thoughts Dr. Brandt hoped that he would drop back into sleep, but in pursuing them he came completely awake. He began to wonder what

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had first disturbed him. Among various strange sounds, there came from beyond the bulkhead an occasional crash of poorly stowed cargo and from overhead the repeated clang of metal against metal as some article of ship's gear swung back and forth. He lay quietly, trying to establish the source of these noises, and then rolled over impatiently. Damn!—that was the way to insomnia. He wanted all the sleep he could get. If they were in for a hurricane, he needed to be as fit as possible.

The hurricane—that was it! He sat up in his berth, hitting his skull on the metal frame overhead, and swore again. It was probably subconscious worry over this danger that had aroused him. Why had McVeigh picked upon him for his confidences? Why not Weatherwax? *There* was the real leader among them: unimaginative probably, but more dependable because of it, and, if occasion required, it would be Weatherwax who would take charge.

No, the Captain had chosen him because they were both weaklings and there was a brotherhood of the ineffectual. They shared and understood each other's doubts and disappointments, and the Captain was doomed to failure no less than himself.

On any ordinary ship a hurricane would be bad enough. On the *Hawkeye State* the hazards were increased, terribly increased. A makeshift vessel manned by a green and mutinous crew, with inexperienced officers and a Master fearful of his own and his ship's destiny—what chance of survival would they have?

The familiar tinny orchestra changed tempo. One of the screws rose clear of the water, raced unimpeded, and

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slapped a rising wave, setting up a crescendo of sound as the tiers of berth springs and metal frames clanged and jangled. Undoubtedly there was bad weather brewing. The Caribbean was noted for its storms, and in any gale this war-born craft would make heavy going of it; but that did not necessarily mean that they were in the hurricane's path.

He had faced danger and catastrophe too often to be frightened by a threat of storm. And yet he was afraid, desperately afraid, of what the next hours might bring. It was not the first time he had known fear, but always before it had been inspired by some immediate danger—the thin wake of a periscope, an artillery barrage that crept relentlessly nearer, or a plague that struck without warning and observed no conventions. Certainly he had known fear! But never of some danger that was not yet actually upon him. He reached over and, with the ease of a habit recalled from the past, adjusted the guard rail along the outer edge of his berth, then continued his thoughts. His new attitude toward danger was due to Alice's presence and his feeling toward her. It also came of an affection for those others who had grown close to him—for Erica van Nijden, Bloom, the Wilsons—yes, and the Captain, too, who wanted more than anything else to plow again in the Connecticut hills rather than in distant sterile seas. He began to worry about these shipmates and in considering their smaller problems forgot for a time the greater danger.

Erica was taking too much interest in Delos Newcombe. He had learned enough of Newcombe's history to believe that the actor could never bring happiness to any woman.

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But might not Erica and Delos each have qualities in which the other could take the greatest satisfaction? The romantic lover of stage and screen—as he believed the term went—could be a supreme experience to a woman who had given up love and romance to devote her life in ministering to others; while, after a succession of vain and selfish women, someone as practical and selfless as Erica might bring peace to Newcombe—certainly she could make him comfortable in a way he had never known. All yesterday she had given most of her time to waiting on him. The doctor laughed softly as he remembered a glimpse of Erica feeding her patient to the accompaniment of a kind of Netherlandish baby-talk.

Delos had reveled in the attention, if actually he had not behaved like some spoiled brat. As the doctor had told himself before, Newcombe was conceited and egotistical. Just because the little Carpenter hadn't swooned at the sight of him, once he was ashore he had run for the first pair of legs he could find. Afterward, in pouring out his confidences to the doctor he had not once expressed any gratitude to Erica for bringing him aboard. He had excused his own misdeeds and when, presumably, he had made his soul lily-white to his own satisfaction, he had tumbled out his fears of possible consequences. Ordinarily, Dr. Brandt didn't think so harshly as this about Newcombe, but now he could feel no sympathy for him.

Troopship berths had not been designed for a person of his inches. This mattressed and pillowed shelf of pipe and spring and wire was both too narrow and too short. As he turned to give his cramped knees a new position, he

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thought, "Let Newcombe worry awhile—it will do him good," though there remained in the back of his mind a concern for the condition of the actor's wound. That had been a nasty gash he had received in Panama—one destined to leave a scar on the hitherto faultless Newcombe features, even if there were no further complications.

He braced himself to the increasing motion of the ship, while his thoughts turned to still another problem in which he had been the confessor. Too bad that again he could not provide a proper penance! There weren't two finer boys on the ship than Karl and Nels, and the Carpenters were nice, unspoiled girls, both of them. Why couldn't their healthy, human, normal mating, together with whatever fruit it might bear, receive the full approbation of society? There was something wrong with a civilization that would condemn any of that quartet. If they had sinned, he had been just as guilty in his thoughts. In his case he had been able to impose restraint because of a belief in the permanency of his relations with Alice. In theirs, there had been fulfillment because they had to grasp something that might never happen to them again, each with the other. The two couples were committed to fates a half a world apart, and this had been their moment of meeting.

When Grace came to him, he had repeated some platitudes in which neither of them believed, and now as he rolled to the ship's motion he cursed his helplessness anew.

Then came the questions that always recurred during these bouts with sleeplessness: how could he hope to be of aid to these others, and why should he waste time in concern over them when he couldn't even help himself? He

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blamed himself for having allowed Alice to fall in love with him, as though this were something within his control. It was unfair to ask her to share the struggle ahead. It was not only the difficulty of building a new practice, though that would be hard enough. No—what was worse was that he was bitter over the way the war had disrupted his life so completely.

If only he had been sensible and had stayed at home, or if he had gone back as soon as the war was over. He might then have retrieved many of his patients and continued from where he had left off. But no, once in Europe the needs there had seemed of more immediate importance and he had stayed on—for too long, as he realized later when he did return. Instead of buckling down then, he had been restless, upset, and disillusioned. He had taken the Hawaiian appointment as an escape; but all the ills he had discerned in American life—the distinction between races, the exploitation of labor and the cheap, false standards of an age of high-pressure merchandising—were there in even greater degree than at home. He had not been happy, though whether the islands or himself had been more greatly at fault he could not say.

"I am not even a whole, well man," he told himself as he gazed open-eyed into the darkness. Physically, he had never felt better, but he was torn by moods and depressions, and horrible memories came out of the night and roused him, shaken and trembling. It was unjust that Alice should share those torments.

He wished for morning, but hesitated to consult his watch, for fear daylight was still hours away. Finally,

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when the desire to know the time became overpowering, the pale dots of hours and hands glowing out of the darkness made him grunt in satisfaction. Almost half-past four! A long wait for the dawn would have been unendurable. He climbed down, donned slippers and bathrobe. It was even harder to walk than he had expected and he zigzagged down the aisle past more fortunate sleepers, pushed apart the sliding door that separated their quarters from the narrow hall, and went up to the public room adjoining the dining saloon. It was deserted, of course, and only the dim safety lights burned at the doorways. He picked his way between tables and chairs to the row of ports that looked out over the deck-well.

Ahead, the horizontal pattern of the cradled booms made a frame for a portion of the superstructure, which gleamed whitely while its own ports stared back at him unblinking. He could make out the dark rectangle of the swimming pool, its canvas sides billowing and flapping, and he was surprised that it had not been taken down. Surely if there were a hurricane in the offing this should have been done, and the omission typified the general slackness on their vessel.

By peering upward he could discern the funnel, its plume of oily smoke shredding to port in gray rags that were immediately lost beyond his sight. Again he was struck by that illusion which had been with him ever since he had first boarded the *Hawkeye State*: it was a deserted and undirected vessel, pursuing a course that fate had charted for it. The third-class passengers had no part in its operation or its life, but filled the role of spectators only. It was



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hard to realize that a common destiny was shared by those who lived in the three sections of the ship that rose above its hull: fo'c'sle, amidships, and poop. But it was a destiny that rested hardest on those who lived forward and toiled—unwillingly enough—at oiling and wiping the shining machinery, at feeding fuel and water to furnace and boiler.

Gradually, as the night grayed into dawn, he could make out various details of the scene—the gleaming iron plates of the well-deck, wet with spray, a piece of canvas whipping in the wind. He opened the bulkhead door, through which ordinarily the stewards carried their supplies. He was in the lee of the wind. He climbed the upward slanting deck and then, as it fell away, plunged forward to bring up against the winches as the wind caught him. Surprised by its strength and warmth, he leaned into it, clutching at his bathrobe. This was surely a gale that had been born in some hot tropical land; without knowing at all its place of origin or whether the idea was geographically possible, Dr. Brandt imagined that it had blown first through the rank jungle of the Amazon or the Orinoco, carrying the miasma of tropical swamps that would eventually temper a Mississippi Valley autumn.

The wind, though strong, was a kindly one, and probably the Captain had been borrowing trouble. Everyone said that the hurricane season was past. Undoubtedly the office in New York, about which McVeigh had talked with such contempt, had access to all the Caribbean weather reports and had arrived at a safe and sensible decision. Perhaps his superiors had considered the overwrought state

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of the Captain's nerves, knew that he was timorous over a little dirty weather . . .

Dr. Brandt's bathrobe billowed clear of his long legs, becoming an increasing nuisance, and he interrupted his thoughts to dive for the door through which he had come and return to his berth to dress.

At Erica van Nijden's suggestion, the five women who were left moved to the section of the dormitory farthest from the screws. In urging the change, she had said, ". . . and we'll take berths close together. With the weather so unsettled, a storm seems likely, and this way we can keep an eye upon each other. In addition, the shaking from the propellers will be less." She did not wait for their concurrence. "Mrs. Wilson and Peggy should take those two berths nearest that wall, and I'll go next. For you two," indicating the cousins, "opposite will be a nice place, no? And Alice beyond, or on my side, if you prefer it. What do you think, friends? A good idea, isn't it, instead of all scattered about, the way we have been? I confess I'll feel safer."

Each of them knew that Erica's concern was not for herself but for them, and even Mrs. Wilson was appreciative of her forethought. "I declare, Miss van Nijden, you think of everything. I don't know how I'd manage on this awful boat if it wasn't for you. And now a storm coming—just one thing after another!"

"That's always the way a little in life, don't you think? All one can do is meet things as they come. It is easier, though, when one is well fed, and at the moment I am

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hungry and I have an idea that is really brilliant. I propose raiding the galley. Isn't it too bad that we didn't think of it before?" Erica continued talking as the group moved their luggage forward to the berths she had designated. "The Chinese are all gone and there must be some left-overs. It will help stay our appetite until breakfast."

The women's quarters were on the lowest deck and only half as large as the men enjoyed above. In no time at all the change had been completed. "We shan't tell the men. They are always such pigs," Erica concluded, and though she was the only one who was really hungry, the five, with Peggy trailing behind them, made a foray to the galley. They were in luck, beyond all Erica's expectations, as the morning victuals had already been brought aft in preparation for breakfast. The others had qualms over the quantities of ham and cheese with which they tiptoed below, not because they had stolen it, but because it might be unwise to eat such heavy fare before going to bed on a vessel that was increasingly unstable.

The feast was a merry one, nevertheless, owing primarily to Miss van Nijden's ebullient good humor. "Come, Alice, another piece of ham. You've eaten like a bird. And, Maude, some cheese, eh? We may all be busy tomorrow taking care of a lot of seasick men, and you'll need all your strength."

"If we're not sick ourselves, the way you stuff us," Alice protested.

"Nonsense! The two perfect preventives of seasickness are good plain food and enjoyable companions. This has been fun, hasn't it, girls? And you have my word for it: tomorrow we'll all be fit as a violin." She gave her throaty

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laugh. "That is one of your English expressions that never made much sense to me."

Grace Carpenter shrieked, "Fit as a *fiddle*, Erica!"

"Of course! A fiddle is a violin! But it still doesn't make much sense, does it? Except that we will be that way, you'll see."

Apparently Erica's specifics were good ones, for next morning the whole feminine passenger list reported for breakfast while only a third of the men made their appearance. Despite the newly placed racks to keep the dishes from sliding, the motion of the *Hawkeye State* was so erratic that it was impossible for the Chinese boys to serve anything but solids, and coffee was dispensed at the galley door. This called forth a renewal of last night's merriment, and Alice began to wonder about the reason for Erica's particularly high spirits and why she appeared to be taking them all under her immediate care. Breakfast over, they were practically shooed up on deck, like the chicks of a worried hen.

They were no sooner gone than Erica procured a whole pot of coffee from the galley and descended to the men's quarters, to which she had access in her role of nurse. She hallooed twice, to make sure that everyone was either dressed or under covers, then hurried toward Delos Newcombe's berth. She spilled little coffee on the way, and none in pouring, which in itself was proof of her skill, but Delos was fretful. "I abominate cold coffee, Erica. This is only lukewarm . . ."

"I'm so sorry . . . difficult . . . the way we are pitching. Would you like me to take it back and reheat it?"

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"No, no. Never mind. I'll make out. My head is splitting, simply splitting. I don't think that bandage got on right."

"Oh-h-h-h, Delos, I am so sorry. Let me see."

"It does no good repeating that you're sorry. Here I am, in agony . . ."

Delos was such a child—a spoiled but adorable one. Erica felt a rich maternal urge as she sat on his berth and gently lifted his head so that it couched upon her lap. He was hers; she had rescued him from the gutter and had tended him since. She hoped, without daring to let the thought take definite form in her mind, that she might go on forever nursing his pains, whether physical or of the spirit. Her short, competent fingers removed the dressing with painstaking care.

"My poor man, no wonder you have been so miserable. Drink the rest of your coffee, then I'll fetch Dr. Brandt."

"Erica, could you tell—is there any sign, well, of some kind of disease?"

What in the world was Delos thinking of? "There is a local infection, certainly. In English, though, one would not call it a disease."

"An evil fate pursues me, Erica. I'm resigned to being scarred for life—a ruined career. But a lingering death . . ."

"Nonsense. A little scar on your forehead will make you even more handsome. And trust Dr. Brandt to heal it. There's no danger, nothing to be afraid of."

"Erica, be honest with me. There's no sign that it won't heal, ever? Because of some—some reason?"

"Of course there isn't. An infected cut is all it is. How about some more coffee? You should have something sub-

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stantial—a little cheese, or cold bacon? It is too rough to manage cooking on the ranges.”

“God’s mercy, no. Toast . . . orange juice . . . a little coffee—all I ever have for breakfast. Just hold my head a while, like that. You are sure I have no fever?”

Right this minute, Erica thought, she ought to be summoning the doctor, before the storm got worse, but the temptation was too great. She sighed contentedly and continued to stroke the noble, injured brow. Life was too good to her. This was more happiness than she had any right to expect.

The wind had a muted whine, now, and the ocean was gray and forbidding, rising in high, long swells with deep gullies between them that changed continually in size and conformation. As they climbed from one of these valleys, Alice was sure that the impending mountain of water would engulf them before they could reach the safety of its heights—and each time, as they avoided this danger, a new one threatened.

They had been marshaled in the lee of the deck house and Alice determined to try her usual walk around the deck; but once she stepped beyond their shelter the wind mauled her so forcibly that she was glad to retreat. It was amazing, this sharp demarcation between wind and non-wind. Here, tensing themselves against the sudden plunges that threatened to eject them from their chairs, there was still a quality of peace. They could watch the effects of the gale without feeling the wind itself. The air was humid and without motion, but just beyond, following a

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line so easily defined that one could almost place a finger against it, the gale formed an invisible, wall-like barrier.

This was the most powerful manifestation of wind and wave that Alice had so far witnessed at sea. Surely nothing could be worse, and it was comforting to feel how completely their ship mastered the elements—how strongly its heart throbbed under foot, driving them toward home and the new life that was soon to begin for her.

A new life—with Carl. As she thought of him, he made his appearance. He looked tired and worried, unnecessarily concerned because of the weather, when anyone could see how seaworthy the *Hawkeye State* really was.

And here came Erica. No doubt she had been down with that actor. Erica, who was so generous and sympathetic and impulsive that she didn't realize how she was being imposed upon. The nurse broke in upon her thoughts. "You don't mind if I talk to Carl a second, do you, my dear?"

"Of course not." In spite of this assurance, Alice felt a twinge of disappointment that she could not immediately tell him of the emotions which the morning, the splendid performance of the ship, and—most of all—thoughts of him had engendered.

She watched as Erica walked toward him, but could not hear her abrupt question. "We are in for a very bad storm of some kind, don't you agree? A typhoon, I'd say. In these waters I believe they have another name for them."

Dr. Brandt lit a fresh cigarette from the butt of his old one and inclined his head sternward. When they had walked completely out of earshot of the others, he an-

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swered, "There is an out-of-season hurricane knocking about. The Captain told me of it last evening. He wanted to lay over in Colón, but his office overruled him. You won't tell any of the others? No use exciting them; and it *may* miss us entirely."

"We shan't escape, Doctor. I was born on Texel, an island off the Netherland coast. There is a Dutch saying to the effect that our people were too good sailors ever to be farmers, and too much farmers ever to be good sailors. But I can smell the weather, and what we have to fear is close—too close. We should make some plans. I'm not afraid for myself, you understand, but there is Mrs. Wilson and her children. She is apt to get hysterical and it will be pretty bad back here. Whatever we decide must be done now. Once the decks are continuously awash, we shall be cut off from the rest of the ship. Completely cut off."

"We'll get bounced around a little more, certainly. The question is whether third-class passengers dare contaminate first-class cabins—even unused ones."

"There is the ship's hospital. Why couldn't they stay in it? And poor Mr. Newcombe, also. He seems very upset. I came up to ask you to look at his wound again. It is not healing properly—and so painful. There isn't time for that now, I'm afraid, but in the hospital he would at least be more comfortable."

"You might suggest it to him. I doubt that he would go. And, Erica—I spent the early morning thinking this out: if we are heading into disaster, each of us has a share of the courage of all. I'd rather have that prospect than face a first-class fate alone . . ."



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Erica laughed—a laugh so long and sustained that it became a challenge to the wind that cut off the sound a foot beyond them. “Doctor, you are being facetious. First-class fate! That is a real joke. There’ll be some bad hours perhaps. But disaster?” She laughed again. “I saw to it that all the women had an extra meal last night, and I’ve still some cheese and ham below—good, fat ham. I didn’t quite know when we might expect . . .”

They were interrupted by the approach of Cedric Weatherwax, who managed to look even more casual than usual in spite of difficulty in maintaining his footing. “I say, Doctor, I’ve been looking for you. Don’t go, Miss van Nijden. Have you two noticed anything unusual about this storm? I mean—well, it isn’t a storm, not really. The sky is overcast, true. But with a gale of this proportion one should see the center. And here, out of the wind, it is extremely muggy.”

“You are quite right, Weatherwax. We were just discussing it. The Captain fears a hurricane. I didn’t want to alarm the others.”

“I thought perhaps we should make some plans. Things may get a bit sticky. We’ll be marooned. Literally marooned.”

“A desert island on shipboard.”

“Quite so. In England this style of vessel is called a three-island one. You notice that the Chinese carry all our supplies across the deck. A hundred people use a good bit of food, for one thing. How soon is your hurricane expected and how long will it last?”

Dr. Brandt shrugged his shoulders. “I’ve no idea. When

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the Captain told me last night, things looked better than they do now."

So far aft, the rocking motion of their craft was less perceptible, its place taken by a dizzy lift of the stern, followed by a sickening drop, as though they were on one end of a giant seesaw. This motion was noticeably increasing in violence. Weatherwax said, "My word! It is a good thing we three have strong stomachs. We shall need them if this keeps up."

Dr. Brandt, moving sufficiently to test the force of the wind again, cried, "Weatherwax, look here a minute! Here's the storm center you've been looking for. Erica, what do you think of it?"

A bank of cloud that ranged from olive green to deep purple had mounted the horizon, and before it three shining, slanting columns raced toward them.

"Here comes the rain," Erica said. "What do you think, Doctor—Mr. Weatherwax? It is time to tell the others?"

They nodded assent and the three ran toward the women. A dozen men now huddled with them behind the shelter of the deck house, watching the frantic efforts of a group of seamen as they struggled to lash canvas covers over the open mouths of the ventilators.

"A little late, what?" Weatherwax commented. But the seamen, apparently fully conscious of the danger ahead, had completed their job as the rain struck. It came, not perpendicularly or at an angle, but horizontally. It penetrated everywhere at once, the passengers' shelter was of no avail, and, while Weatherwax and one of the other men

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braced open the door, the soaked passengers quickly escaped within.

Dr. Brandt addressed them. "I'm sorry we didn't get started sooner, folks. I believe we're in for a hurricane. You had better get changed into dry things while you can. Hurry now!"

Rivulets of water ran from Weatherwax's red mustache. "A bit of the real thing, eh, Brandt?"

"A foretaste of what's to come, anyway. Wilson, take charge of your wife, will you? Get her below and keep her there."

Mrs. Wilson had already begun to cry, wringing the wet sleeves of her dress between reproaches directed at her husband and anyone else who would listen. "I told you this would happen. We'll all be drowned! Peggy . . . Billy . . . o-o-oh."

With the mention of the word "hurricane," Wilson had straightened. The man who lived in his imagination took charge. "Shut up, Elizabeth," he commanded in a voice that was completely strange to his startled wife. "Bill Wilson," she cried, "how dare you talk to me—"

The head of the Wilson family walked over to her purposefully. "Keep quiet, or get down to your berth!"

Mrs. Wilson persisted in her protests, though with an increasingly puzzled expression. What had gotten into Bill? Her mouth closed in a thin line, only its occasional twitching betraying her agitation. The passengers, watching through the portholes at the greater drama outside, paid no attention to this domestic struggle of wills between a

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neurotic woman and an aroused husband, both of whom had forgotten the others as they were also forgotten.

"A lot you care about me or the children! If it hadn't been for you, with your wild ideas . . ."

The tense hate in her face was matched by the loathing in his. This was the woman to whom he was bound for life. It was she who had committed him to slavery at a desk with no hope of eventual liberty. At last she had gone too far. For the first time since they had married, William Wilson struck his wife. With all his strength, he slapped her face. "Shut up, I said. Get below and take the kids with you!"

She reached up and felt with unbelieving hand at the smarting hurt which reddened her cheek. The blow completely broke her resistance and she pleaded, frightened and tremulous, "Oh, Bill, how could you? How *could* you? And don't make me go down. I'd be scared to death down there. Please let us stay here—with you. *Please, Bill.*"

William Wilson had no time to enjoy his victory. A series of awe-stricken cries from the others sent him to the nearest port, through which he could see a vast wall of water racing toward them. Then the whole world outside was blotted from sight as a green flood boiled and frothed over the ports, leaving the passengers in a gray semidarkness within. The ship keeled over to the shock—over and farther over—while Wilson held desperately to a bench that was fastened to the deck. The crash of breaking dishes and clatter of tinware came from the galley, succeeded immediately by noises from all directions—of things falling, banging, thumping. There were shrieks and screams, and

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he turned his head, glancing reproachfully toward his wife, but she was crouched, dry-eyed and silent, clinging to her children.

The sounds of swirling water not only came from outside the bulkhead that separated them from the well-deck—it beat upon them from overhead. They were engulfed so completely that any second might be the one in which the *Hawkeye State* would gather impetus for its final dive, and only when it was past, and doom was upon them, would they recognize it. This was the most desperate, the most vital moment that any of the passengers had known, and to the exclusion of all other sensations they waited with held breath for that time when the slow, inexorable canting of their vessel would change into the quick, accelerated plunge of its end. The deck had become almost perpendicular and only the most frantic grips upon furniture that was securely cleated in place prevented the group from tumbling together in the far end of the room.

When the huge wave struck, Cedric Weatherwax and Dr. Brandt buttressed themselves against the same table. The doctor shouted a question and Weatherwax shook his head, realizing for the first time the volume of noise that filled the room: the noise of water swishing and beating, of the wind's roar and whistle, of passengers endeavoring to make themselves heard, of their vessel's groaning in extreme distress. The doctor tried again, still more loudly. "How far . . . can we go over . . . without capsizing?"

He waited anxiously for the engineer's answer, but there was only the shake of his head, and then, as from a great distance, "Don't know—too far now, I'd say."

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There came a time when the ship appeared to hesitate, when their fate was most surely in the balance. Everyone understood that this was the limit, that the slightest further pressure of wind or water would be catastrophic. Then, almost imperceptibly at first, the *Hawkeye State* began to right itself and the passengers slowly exhaled their long-pent breaths. The seas trailed away from the portholes, and now that it was again possible to move, Dr. Brandt ran to Alice's side and together they rushed back to the vantage point of one of the ports, to see through its thick round pane the sea's ravage.

It was a scene they could not possibly have imagined. Sections of bent and twisted railing and a stove-in lifeboat were caught between the mast and the winches. A crumpled stanchion caused the boat deck opposite to sag. The boats themselves were gone and most of the railing was missing. A boom that had been cradled and lashed in place swung freely to the new motion of the ship.

As each of these changes was noticed, the passengers exclaimed over the discovery. Then, simultaneously, a cry went up that was almost a cheer. The swimming pool was gone! Only a few tattered remnants of it still fluttered from frayed cords. For too long the swimming pool had been a symbol of their class inferiority. With it destroyed, all those on the ship, of no matter what color or station, were only equal human beings hoping for survival.

Weatherwax was shouting to Dr. Brandt, who shook his head: "I didn't get that."

"Do you think it will be safer below?" Weatherwax

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repeated. "Or in the galley? And the steward—if he isn't here one of us should take charge, what?"

Before the doctor could answer, someone cried, "Look, the ventilators—they're gone!"

It was true, and Dr. Brandt wondered why he had not noticed their absence or the gaping holes in the combings from which they had raised their graceful lengths. How many tons of water had poured through them into the hull beneath? Weatherwax was right: someone should take charge, something should be done.

Doctor and engineer anxiously searched each other's expression for some answer to the question that rose in their minds. But there was no time for further discussion or action as the wind came. It cut off the tops of the waves and sent them in continuous flow through the channel made by the deck-well, effectively cutting off the third-class quarters from the rest of the ship. The wind did not blow in gusts but in constantly increasing force. It whined through the rigging, whistled in distinct tones about every surface that offered it resistance, shrieked through the key-holes and the cracks of the doors. These noises combined into a single, sustained note that was like that of an unimaginably huge siren, and it continued until the passengers felt that their ears could no longer endure its single-keyed vibration. Although they were protected from the wind, and actually suffered from the closeness of the air within their refuge, the fury of the hurricane's attack completely daunted them. It robbed them of thought, of action, of the power of speech. They were oppressed by the complete

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silence within their room, as though the noise outside had drained it of normal sounds.

When this condition had become almost maddening, it was relieved, not by the wind's lessening, but by a chorus of cries and curses that billowed up the companionway from the deck below.

Among those passengers who had decided to go without breakfast, David Bloom had submitted to his better judgment with the least grace. He satisfied his conscience with the promise that when luncheon arrived he would do double justice to it, but already suspected that this meal also would hold little interest for him.

He had, he thought, experienced every possible kind of weather from breathless calm to heavy gale. As the latter had come first, he had endured several uncomfortable hours while crossing the Atlantic, but they had been forgotten; and for several months past he had often stated that nothing exhilarated him like a bit of rough weather. A forsaken little man, tossed about in a lonely berth, he would gladly have recalled those assertions; yet, because he had made them, he fought off active seasickness as long as possible—indeed, until the emptying of his stomach would have come as a wholly desirable relief from his present misery. He clung to his pillow, fearing that one of the wilder plunges of the *Harvey State* would throw him to the deck, and regretted for the first time in his year's Odyssey that he had ever left the safety of the schoolroom.

Mr. Bloom could feel the recurring blows of waves against the hull, the increasingly frequent pounding of a



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screw out of water, the ship's wild careenings. But the noises of the gale were muted between decks so that he did not realize the full force of wave and wind, and when the vessel shuddered under that first wall of water he was unprepared for its effect. His immediate shock turned to fright as he heard the ocean make a clean sweep of the deck above his head.

When the *Hawkeye State* heeled to the terrific impact he began to struggle in a welter of mattress and bedclothes. He heard the sudden rush of water pouring into their quarters and knew that he was doomed. His belief was confirmed by a phenomenon of the mind about which he had often read. Within a minute's time there unfolded upon the screen of memory scenes from his entire life.

This was the end! The sacrifices of his youth had been to no better purpose. Pennies saved from hawking newspapers, the struggle to obtain the means for an education, the hours during which he had crammed a tired brain with textbook facts, the theses upon dreary subjects to acquire degrees, the qualms experienced before examinations, his pride in his knowledge and the conscientiousness with which he had imparted it to his pupils, the years of working and saving without a single indulgence—and the reward was this.

In seeing his life pass in review he knew that he had wasted it. He found satisfaction only in that one occasion when he had abandoned himself to pleasure. A few hours squandered in Panama City were little to show for an entire existence. In a life spent in accumulating knowledge, he had acquired too late that which was most important: that

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happiness was not in the struggle toward a distant goal, the gaining of learning, or the attainment of worldly glory—it was in living fully from day to day, in seizing pleasure as it came and making the most of it. He regretted that even during the one golden day of memory he had counted the dollars that he threw on bar and table, and returned to the ship instead of accompanying the Spanish seductress who called him “Chico.”

His berth was tipping over until it had become almost perpendicular. Pillows, mattresses, and sheets slipped away and he clung to the wire mesh of the spring like a squirrel to a cage. He began to slide off as the wire cut his fingers, until he felt water beneath him and held on with the desperation of a drowning man. Gradually the ship righted, the berth resumed its normal position, and he lay panting from his effort, his seasickness forgotten.

Then terror gripped him. They were sinking, and instead of drowning here like a rat there was still a chance that he might have time to get outside and perish as befitted a man. With purely animal instinct, he plunged into the water he had hitherto struggled to escape, and ran through it, knee-deep, toward the stairway.

Mr. Bloom's thoughts and reactions were much the same as those of the other passengers who had stayed in their berths, and when he reached the top of the stairway and ran toward the bulkhead door, he was leading a company of frantic, wild-eyed men who very nearly communicated their fear to the startled group in the public room. It would have been suicidal for Bloom to open the door, and dangerous to all of them. Already a stream of water trickled under

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it, staining the carpet a deeper red, and in all probability the wind's force would have immediately wrung the knob from his grasp. When Weatherwax's warning cry went unheeded, Dr. Brandt tackled in a manner reminiscent of his college football days, and he brought up, scrimmagelike, with the teacher, while the rest of the terrified men from below piled on them.

When they were finally unscrambled, Dr. Brandt and Weatherwax tried to allay their fears, though only key words here and there could be heard. "Nonsense!" the doctor shouted. ". . . Ship . . . flood . . . engines . . . stopped . . . feel propellers . . . hope . . ."

There was a lull in the wind and Erica van Nijden's voice sounded thin and distant. ". . . Newcombe . . . not here. Hurt . . . going down . . ."

Nels and Karl, who had been comforting the Hawaiians, volunteered to search in Erica's stead, and Dr. Brandt, in counting over the faces in the room, realized that John Smith was also missing. Even the hurricane, then, had failed to bring the poor sailor out of his lethargy. He shouted to the Danes, "Careful . . . find . . . Smith . . . sailor."

"It's all right . . . I'm coming," a voice that was practiced in making itself heard boomed over the wind. A grinning John Smith appeared at the stairs, a coil of rope draped over each shoulder and a smile of terrific enthusiasm lighting his face. He looked around the room, taking in every detail: the wet men from below, some of them still whimpering in fright; the women huddled on the bench next to the doctor, and the children with them; Wilson at a porthole lookout, making excited comments that no one

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heard; the Danish boys, alert and eager; the mutes, even in the stress of hurricane withdrawn from the others in the farthest corner of the room; the doctor and Weatherwax, tall, with open shirts and harassed faces, but each in his way undaunted. None among them were men of the sea who knew how to take care of themselves in an emergency such as this, and Smith pitied them a little. Then he raised his voice again in the certain tones of command. "You two—give a hand with these lines!" The Danish boys, understanding immediately, sprang forward and began to string ropes the length of the room.

Dr. Brandt was chagrined that he had not thought of this himself. The ropes would enable the passengers to keep their footing with relative ease. He was also proud of his erstwhile patient as Smith roared, "Get below, Doc! Everything's awash down there. May need your medicine . . ."

As Dr. Brandt turned to obey, he saw Weatherwax respond with alacrity to another order. At last they had found a leader, and in the most unexpected quarter! As he descended the stairway, clinging to the ropes that John Smith had already made fast there, he thought about this phenomenon and about the effect of leadership in general. The crew, united by its common interest, had been ineffectual in dealing with the Master because it had lacked leadership. Among the third-class passengers the material existed, but not the experience. Weatherwax had spent most of his life in giving orders to others; so too, probably, had some of the oil workers and woodsmen. But, like himself, they knew too little of actual seafaring to meet the present emergency.

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The riddle of John Smith was still not answered. . . .

By this time, Dr. Brandt had stumbled along the aisle that led to his berth. Beneath the water the iron deck was slippery, and he could hear plainly the seas cascade into their quarters whenever the *Hawkeye State* rolled deeply into them. He wondered if there were any means by which the ventilators could be closed from inside, and decided that the quantity of water they shipped was not enough to be dangerous; the pumps could probably take care of it.

An inspection of his berth revealed damage enough. His luggage was sodden with dirty water, and his most cherished possessions, which he had placed on the berth above his own, had presumably been thrown off when the tidal wave had almost done for all of them. In these dimly lit quarters, their portholes constantly obscured by wave and rain, it was impossible to find any of the articles he had lost, although he would have settled gladly for his instrument case and medicines. As Smith had said, they might have need of those.

The doctor's regret over his loss was tempered by the sight of Delos Newcombe, disheveled and wet to the skin, the dirty white bandage around his head lending a macabre touch to his appearance. The near catastrophe of the tidal wave and the subsequent behavior of the *Hawkeye State* had neither frightened him nor aroused any complex emotions. He saw the expensive and ostentatious luggage with which he had selfishly barricaded the whole end of an aisle suddenly slide away, tumbling against pipes, rubbing on exposed rivet heads, coming open and distributing his finery along the rusty deck. While men had clung to their

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berths, fearing for their lives, Delos had crawled under tiers of berths and raced along the aisles in pursuit of errant bags and cases. When the water began to flood their quarters he exerted superhuman efforts to put the heavy leather pieces up into the empty berths. While the others fled in panic he fought on. Then the extreme rolling of the ship tumbled back into the water all the cases he had so laboriously rescued, and he dove for one and then another, to save them as much as possible from wetting. Never in his life had Delos worked so hard, and against such odds. In the end he had lost. Now the bright brass was dulled; the highly polished hide of two dozen gems of the luggage maker's art was no more than so much sodden leather in the miniature seas that broke around his knees. When he saw Dr. Brandt sloshing his way toward him, Delos braced himself against one of the ship's ribs, surveyed those sadly damaged remains of former prosperity, and cried out like a petulant child robbed of his toys, "Gone—all gone! My entire wardrobe! I won't have a stitch. What *will* I do in New York?"

"You'll be damned lucky if you ever arrive there at all! Come on, let's get out of here. There's no use fussing about it. I lost my instruments and medicines, worse luck. Man, this is a hurricane!"

"I don't care about the weather, Doctor. But my clothes are *important*. I can't replace them. Everything monogrammed—by hand. My suits alone . . ."

In no mood to hear more, Dr. Brandt led a protesting Delos toward the door to the stairs. A hail revealed that still another passenger had not vacated his berth in the general

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panic. Darrow! The doctor could not remember his location and called out an answer, to hear a calm, "Right this way, Doctor. I've sprained my ankle a bit. I'm growing somewhat lonely, so if you could lend a hand I'd appreciate it."

As they helped the professor from his berth, he explained, "I slipped getting down—nothing serious, but I couldn't join the rest of you. Apparently we're having a considerable storm."

"A full-sized hurricane! Delos, slip your arm around him and I'll lift from this side. When we get to the stairway it will be easier—there are ropes we can hang to."

When the sorry trio reached the deck above, they realized how little the sound of the storm's fury penetrated their sleeping quarters. Down there they had been able to talk with fair ease; but now, though the wind did not snatch away the words as they were uttered, as would have happened outside, they were lost just as effectually under the sustained siren note.

While helping the first casualty to a seat, Dr. Brandt learned that there had been a second and much more serious one. He dropped down beside Erica van Nijden and Alice, who between them held Billy Wilson while his parents watched anxiously.

What had happened was evident without Erica's shouted explanations. An unexpected lunge of the ship had thrown Billy against the bulkhead, and he was crying from the pain of a fractured arm. As the doctor assessed with gentle fingers the extent of the injury, he began to wonder if they were wise in staying in this room. It was drier than below,

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although even here the carpet was soaking wet from the water seeping under the doors; but they were farther aft and a deck higher, so that the motion from the ship's careenings was greatly increased. As compensation, there were occasions when they could obtain glimpses of the smoking funnel through the portholes that looked across the well-deck and know that they were still a part of a functioning vessel.

The fracture was compound—far too extensive to be set under existing conditions and with not even a sedative to administer. The thing to do was to get Billy to the ship's hospital, but right now this was out of the question. To control the bleeding, Dr. Brandt contrived a pressure bandage from a sea-soaked handkerchief, realizing the while that it was not adequate. Even a magazine might have served as a temporary splint, but those in the room were sodden paper pulp.

The boy's expressions of suffering cut through their hearts, although his screams could not be heard except at rare intervals, when the wind momentarily decreased in force. Unable any longer to endure the sight, Alice cried out in an anguish of her own, of which Dr. Brandt caught separate words: "Carl . . . must . . . something . . ."

With sudden inspiration he pulled William Wilson close to him and shouted in his ear, "Stories . . . good one . . . quiet . . . motion bad . . ."

The bank clerk nodded in understanding, lay down on the wet carpet, and took into his arms his son's pain-racked body. Holding him close with one hand and cup-



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ping his mouth to the boy's ear with the other, he began a new romance that was inaudible to the rest of them.

Gradually Billy's face lost its expression of pain and took on the same rapt look that was in his father's as William Wilson went on: ". . . Glorious sight, son, and I'm proud of the way you led us! A bloody time it was, too, while it lasted. How you wielded your cutlass against the dirty Frogs will be told wherever brave men gather. After your right arm was shattered by that foul blow from the rear, you accounted for ten more Frenchies with your left, until they retreated in dismay to their sinking craft. What's a slash in the arm to the glory of this day—to the newly won bullion in the treasure chest below . . . ?"

According to the ship's clock at the head of the stairs, over three hours had passed since the hurricane first struck in force. That had been just long enough after breakfast for the Chinese to have cleaned up and gone off watch, amidships. It was now one o'clock and of course the Steward's crew had not been able to return, though not even Miss van Nijden mentioned lunch. The wind had not abated and the continued, ear-splitting noise had a hypnotic quality. It weakened one's will and destroyed one's power to communicate his ideas to the others, even to think clearly for himself.

The passengers slumped in chairs and on benches, bracing themselves against the ship's motion. A number of the men were stretched out on the carpet, wet and miserable, allowing their bodies to roll over, first one way and then the other. Everyone was gripped by a sense of complete

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helplessness. The world outside had lost all interest for them; for a long time now no one had even glanced through a porthole. There was nothing for them to do but endure.

Gradually the passengers had broken up into little groups. The Texans were together, and the woodsmen; the Danish boys and the cousins; Mr. Bloom with his protégés; the mutes, utterly dejected in their corner. The men of the plains and the forest were proving to be extremely bad sailors, and it was doubtful whether John or Ernie (whichever was the stowaway) was getting the kind of free ride he had expected.

Erica van Nijden had succeeded in bandaging the professor's ankle with a piece torn from his shirt-tail, and was now engaged in comforting Mrs. Wilson, who had begun to cry again—not from fright, but from some undefined distress over the change in her husband. As for William Wilson himself, he and Billy still continued their journey through the far reaches of the father's imagination, a stifled moan now and then being the boy's only indication of his suffering.

Seasickness and the ordinary bodily functions had both become major problems. The bathrooms were all on the lower decks and inaccessible, so those who had to be were sick where they lay. For a time, Dr. Brandt tried to help them, but actually there was nothing that he could do, and eventually he found the place where he belonged, at Alice's side. There was comfort for her within his embrace, with her head against his shoulder, and both were reconciled to whatever fate was in store for them, so that they might face it together.

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Only John Smith still moved about. The wildest plunges of the *Hawkeye State* did not upset him, either actually or figuratively. He made a journey to the galley, returning with a lukewarm liquid that could pass for coffee, half of which had spilled on the way. Now he had disappeared again, but no one cared or noticed, except Dr. Brandt, who wondered what his ex-patient was up to and thought of following him. Alice's presence at his side kept him from doing so, and he had resolved, furthermore, that if they were to perish, as seemed imminent, it must be in each other's arms.

The impossibility of making herself heard, so that she might cheer the other passengers, began to rob Erica of her own faith in their survival. She had moved over to sit by the side of a disconsolate Delos Newcombe, who accepted her sympathy with pathetic eagerness. His petulance was gone, his spirit broken. As in a lesson learned by rote, he listed again all the finery he had lost, and she nodded mechanically from time to time, although she couldn't hear a word. Gradually her face began to look as dully apathetic as the others'. Then suddenly she roused herself, regained her feet, and by pulling along the ropes reached one of the forward portholes, as though to reaffirm her faith by discovering for herself that they were a part of a larger firmament, that there still existed for their little world in limbo the heaven of amidships and the hell of the engine-room.

The rain beat against the thick glass of the round port, not in individual drops, but in a solid, continuous sheet that had a distorted opacity of its own to which her searching gaze gradually got accustomed. Close at hand she could

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make out the stumplike combings of the missing ventilators and the dark-brown rectangle of the nearest hatch. Dimly she could see the ocean and the waves flattened by the same wind that kept the *Harweye State* heeled over to a degree that seemed at times to defy the laws of gravity, but everything beyond was gray spume. There was no other world—no other continent—no other island beyond their own. They were cut off completely by the elements and truly in God's hands.

To reassure herself, Erica tried desperately to think back to the time when she had seen with her own eyes, beneath a bright and smiling sun, that part of their ship which now had vanished. The effort was useless. The only experiences of which she could conceive were immediate ones—none others existed for her.

Then the constant but irregular pulsing of the screws renewed her courage, and dimly, out of a past that seemed years away, she could recall the begrimed figures who but yesterday had lain panting on the deck. If they had reached the limit of their endurance then, how were they now to continue, far below the waterline, this uneven battle against wind and wave?

From the same past she evoked the ruddy features of Captain McVeigh. Ahead, somewhere, there was a bridge, on which he still commanded. She wondered if the thought of the third-class passengers increased his sense of responsibility when his mind was so full of other things. Erica was sympathetic to the weaknesses of men and she held none of the Captain's against him. He needed strength now and she was confident that he had it—that was a quality in men.

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As though to confirm her belief in their command and their destiny, the wind stopped as suddenly as it had begun, though the sound of it persisted in their ears for so long that a considerable time passed before Weatherwax shouted into the new quiet, "Jove! The wind! Brandt, I believe it is over!" He was at once abashed, with that peculiar sensitiveness that characterized him, but the others used equal tones in the unaccustomed stillness, and he quickly regained his poise.

With the lifting of the wind, the *Hawkeye State* rolled more freely than ever, but the seas, though they still seemed mountainous, actually subsided until only an occasional one swept across the well-deck. Winches, masts, and hatch covers remained, but everything else was gone: railings and gear, companionways, stanchions and trusses, ventilator hoods and the wreckage the deck had trapped earlier. Nor was the damage limited to the deck-well; forward lay an unrecognizable vessel, from whose broken decks runnels of water still cascaded.

There was a feeling in third-class that the hurricane was over, but the extreme oppressiveness of the atmosphere quickly brought a general realization that this was only a lull and that there was as bad—or worse—to follow.

Mr. Bloom emerged from his lethargy sufficiently to proclaim, "A hurricane travels counterclockwise. Quite evidently we are in the center, and shortly the wind will begin again from the opposite direction."

John Smith reappeared from below in time to interrupt. "Plenty of dirty weather ahead. How about that kid? If the wind shifts that bulkhead might go . . . no picnic to

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get between decks. He'd be better off amidships, in the hospital."

This was no time to consider the fascinating problem of John Smith, who thought of everything, met every emergency. Dr. Brandt upbraided himself that he had so far forgotten his own duty. He got to his feet and Alice inquired, in alarm, "Carl, you can't go. It's not over yet. Didn't you hear Mr. Bloom?"

"I did, my dear, and I agree. But Billy Wilson should be moved while the deck is passable. It is my job, not Smith's. Besides, he is going to be needed here."

"Do be careful. The way we are rolling you might both be dashed overboard. Surely Billy would be better off here than drowned."

"No, Alice, I'm sorry. Smith is right. Billy ought to be in the hospital and I'm the one who should get him there."

Smith shook his head impatiently. "Can't take a chance on you, Doc."

William Wilson returned from the Napoleonic wars to suggest, "I'll take him," and then, forgetting that he was no longer spinning a yarn as sedative to Billy's pain, "Father and son—we've braved French and Saracen too long . . ."

Again Smith interrupted. He could not assess the clerk's stout heart, or make sense of his talk, but it was evident that those narrow shoulders and scrawny arms were not equal to the task. "No, I guess I'd better take him. You want him held so his arm ain't moved—that it, Doc?"

"Just about . . ."

What impelled Delos Newcombe to volunteer? Even now the actor managed to keep a touch of cinema romanti-

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cism in his appearance. A tear in the sleeve of his stained shirt revealed bulging muscles, and beneath the open collar he displayed a thick and brawny chest. The bandage above his eye, carefully applied by Erica from a length of striped gingham shirting, imparted a devil-may-care effect. "You also are needed," he insisted. "I'll get through with the boy." Undoubtedly he was again playing a role, but he leaned forward and lifted Billy more deftly than even Smith could have managed. His was the skill of long practice; in the past he had rescued many a celluloid heroine under worse circumstances.

There was no time for argument. The bulkhead door was thrown open and the sailor bellowed final instructions. "Over the hatches, mister, and sit down if you feel yourself going!"

This was an adventure more exciting for Billy than the wildest yarn his father had ever told. He felt safe in the strong grasp of his bearer and almost forgot the dull, throbbing pain of his injury as he hooked his good arm over the actor's shoulder and smiled a brave good-by toward the anxious faces of his parents. The *Hawkeye State* rose to meet a fresh sea and he was borne to the nearest hatch, where Newcombe rested, clinging to its cleats with free hand while a spent wave splashed under foot. Another dash, and they found sanctuary against the mast.

Dr. Brandt's gaze rose to the top of the slender shaft which, like a giant finger, was writing huge arcs across the sky. He began to doubt that he had been wise in subjecting boy and man to so great a risk. At every wallowing motion of the ship the deck sloped away precipitously, and with

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the rails gone there would be no chance for either of them if once they gained momentum down its unstable incline. Then he consoled himself: Nothing would happen. They were already halfway across the deck-well, and soon Billy would be in a place of comparative safety, with proper facilities available for his care.

As though he could hear the cameras clicking behind him, Delos coolly awaited the moment when the *Hawkeye State* poised for its next shuddering dive, and made a final sprint toward the door in the opposite bulkhead. He reached it! Then, with the *élan* typical of him, he turned and waved to his audience, obscured behind the third-class ports.

The doctor again asked himself what had impelled Newcombe's action—the suffering of the child, or the need to dominate a scene in which for a short time he had played a minor role. In any case, Newcombe had proven himself, and the doctor agreed with the taut, nervous tributes exchanged among his fellow-passengers. Billy Wilson was no light weight to carry under such conditions, and his fractured arm had been protected with considerable skill. No time had been wasted, either, which was fortunate, for the wind was setting up again from another direction, as Mr. Bloom predicted. It came more gradually, and instead of the sirenlike note held a thinner, higher-keyed sound, like the distant wail of a locomotive's whistle.

Those passengers who were well enough to maintain any interest in living shrank at having to experience again the discomfort and terror through which they had so recently passed. Again they felt the push of the hurricane against the



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hull and the wind's tentacles sliding over each exposed surface in search of a hold. Again mounting seas began to sweep through the deck-well in an almost continuous current. Then the horrified passengers saw Delos Newcombe walking toward them. Apparently he had opened the door in the opposite bulkhead while they were otherwise engrossed, for no one had seen him do so. Indeed, nobody had expected that he would attempt to rejoin them. He walked slowly, the once famous features wreathed in a quiet smile, while the ocean eddied around the soiled and brine-stained trousers which were all that was left of his wardrobe.

The bandage was missing that Erica had made for him, and the cut on his forehead gleamed angrily red, but Newcombe seemed unworried and undisturbed. He made no attempt to take advantage of the hatches—showing, now and then, above the water—and proceeded as though the deck were still dry and protected by railings. The scene had a visionary quality, like one of those nightmares in which the sleeper tries vainly to warn his dream self that he is in great danger. The actor walked like a man in a trance, or like a somnambulist who possessed a charmed life. Without leaning into the wind he seemed to foil it; without apparent exertion he walked through the knee-deep torrent.

Erica van Nijden began to scream, as though the actor could possibly hear her above the tumult. "Go back . . . GO BACK, DELOS . . ." She ran to the bulkhead door, pushing against it. Fortunately for the others, the pressure of the wind prevented her from opening it before Smith and Weatherwax sprang forward to restrain her. While she

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fought with them her agonized cries continued. "Let me go . . . let me go! Dear Delos . . . poor head . . . doesn't know . . . hurt . . . needs me . . ."

The *Hawkeye State* lay far over until the portholes were again obscured. "At least let me see!" Erica sobbed, and Weatherwax, by clinging to a stanchion, helped her while she peered hopelessly into the green and frothing flood before the ports. Their vessel slowly righted and shook off the water; the deck-well again became visible. Erica van Nijden, looking out over its emptiness, slipped through the engineer's supporting grasp and, for the first time in her life, fainted away.

## *The Ninth Day (Continued)*

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THE CHANGE in the wind's direction raised seas more tremendous than any that had hitherto buffeted the *Hawkeye State*. They no longer flooded across the deck-well in comparative harmlessness, after spending their force against the hull—they now hit full against the more lightly constructed bulkhead that formed the side of that iron valley from which the third-class passengers had watched the disappearance of one of their number.

The plates, beams, and scantlings of the bulkhead shivered to each blow, so that those who crouched behind it could feel the constantly increasing force of the waves. To Dr. Brandt it became evident that the bulkhead would not long withstand the successive impacts. There was a hollow boom from overhead, and he realized that an avalanche of water had struck the deck house, which meant that waves were breaking over the whole after-section of the ship. While Alice clung more closely to him, he tried to resign himself to the end, which seemed inevitable.

Delos Newcombe had demonstrated the simplicity of dying. He had planned his exit—of this the doctor was certain. It was dramatic, befitting the actor's life and profession, but of greatest interest had been his expression, as

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though at the last he anticipated the peace which was now his.

Smith was shouting into his ear, “. . . Bulkhead . . . safer . . . below . . . some chance.” Dr. Brandt shook his head. The room was already too full of sound to hold any other. The noise of the wind tortured the eardrums as though the hand of God Himself lay upon a whistle cord that was signaling the end of the day’s—or of life’s—work. Smith tried again. “. . . Below . . . get below . . . walnuts . . . I’ll try . . .”

The doctor partially understood and nodded. Smith wanted them to go below, and he had said something about walnuts. How many hours had passed since they had eaten? Perhaps the sailor thought they were hungry, but surely no one else could think of food now. Smith moved on to the Wilsons. The doctor saw him pick up Peggy and carry her toward the companionway while her parents followed. It was hazardous to move, and what purpose could it serve? If the sea smashed in the bulkhead, there would be no chance for them, anyway. But apparently Smith had some plan in mind. Possibly he had found a passage between decks that would take them amidships where they might at least perish in the greater comfort of first-class.

It was impossible to convey thought, except by motions and gestures, but gradually a number of the men formed a line to the companionway along which the women, the crippled Darrow, and other of the less able men were assisted.

Dr. Brandt met the pleading gaze of the mutes, and he motioned for them to hurry. Their frightened faces had

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taken on a look of such eagerness that even under the immediate stress Dr. Brandt was conscious of a deep regret. During the whole time of the voyage he had never attempted to penetrate into their thoughts or lives. How lonely they must have been, cut off from their fellows by their affliction—not only during these few days but for all of their existence—until now they were able to find some measure of human companionship in the common wretchedness of the moment.

Left behind were the sufferers from the terrible dry retchings of long-continued seasickness. Dr. Brandt turned from where they lay on the carpet and made his way to the stairs down which eventually the able ones descended. The sound of the wind was deadened by the hull so that they could talk again.

With Smith in the lead, the passengers struggled forward through their recent sleeping quarters. Mattresses and pillows were submerged where they had fallen and formed hazards under foot. Dr. Brandt stubbed his toe on a piece of sodden luggage and found a kind of obscure amusement in his annoyance over this trifling incident when they were so beset by greater perils. Then he realized what the sailor had been up to during the time that he had disappeared. While the others waited for the end he had toiled alone, using bags of walnuts to raise above the water an island upon which there was room for all. Down here there was relief from the screaming of the wind, a measure of safety, and even some food—for those who wanted walnuts.

Undoubtedly the sailor was right in his judgment, and they were better off; but all of them would have preferred

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to take their chances above, where they could die as free men instead of plunging bottomward within the vast bowels of the *Hawkeye State*. The passengers fretted that they could no longer glimpse the outside world, and the Danes proposed returning to the public room. The pleas of the Carpenters and a diversion caused by walnuts avalanching from a burst bag weakened their purpose, and gradually Nels and Karl subsided with the others into an apathetic acceptance of whatever might be in store for them.

With his own complete resignation of responsibility, Dr. Brandt felt a peace such as he had not known for years. Even the walnuts that bobbed in the dirty water—each trademarked in the way that had once, a lifetime ago, symbolized the futility of a new, war-born epoch—meant nothing now. Whatever was to happen had been written in the book of fate. That he was at Alice's side, his arm around her, where it belonged, was all that mattered any more. For her, China was not only far away, it was forgotten. Life had begun little more than a week ago, when she had first seen Carl. She pictured him as she remembered seeing him first. He had been standing at the rail, throwing something. Why, throwing walnuts, of course—at the corrugated tin of the wharf roof. She laughed softly and pressed more ardently against him. If this was the end of living, she had much to be thankful for.

After her first anguished cries and subsequent collapse, Erica van Nijden exhibited no grief over Delos Newcombe's heroic death. She sat with her back bent to fate, first welcoming the doubly lonely mutes into the circle with a thoughtfulness that was typical of her. She sat be-

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tween them, a quieting hand on the sleeve of each, while she shared with Elizabeth Wilson the task of calming Peggy's fears as the child shuddered at each new manifestation of the hurricane's fury. From her relaxed position one might have imagined that Erica had given up hope, but Dr. Brandt realized that with her it was a matter of husbanding resources in case there might still be need of them. Wisely she recognized the frailty of human effort against the elements, but she would still have courage when it was required. She was the mother of all of them—the mother of the world; though, as the doctor supposed, she had never borne a child herself.

William Wilson and Mr. Bloom sat next to each other, the teacher continuously wiping damp glasses with a wet handkerchief while the bank clerk slumped against the burlap bags. With him, actuality and day-dream had become inextricably confused. In his most unrestrained fancies he had endured no greater peril than this, and although reality lacked the gloss of romance it carried even greater conviction. William Wilson had always escaped from a prosaic life through his dreams of adventure, and now he reversed the process. He imagined that he was at his desk again, entering invoices, and that it would soon be five o'clock, when he'd hurry home and take Billy for their evening walk in the park and continue yesterday's story of shipwreck.

John Smith's voice resounded in the confined space. "This ain't bad. Been in worse. Last time all hands was lost—but me." He stopped suddenly, as though realizing that the same thing might happen again and that there was

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something indelicate in suggesting it. He looked hopefully toward Nels. "If we had some music, now . . . ?"

The Dane shook his head, feeling his loss too keenly to explain that when he had last seen his concertina it was only a sticky cloth and some wet cardboard, its song forever stilled.

Dr. Brandt tried to visualize what was going on in the rest of the ship. What was Captain McVeigh doing and thinking? And the mates whom he so detested—were they now proving their bravery on the bridge or in the wheel room? Was there still a bridge—still a wheel room? He began to doubt it when for periods that seemed of unendurable length the screws could not be felt or heard. Then again their renewed vibration indicated that the *Hawkeye State* still lived.

How about the crew? Frantically working to save their own skins, probably, with no time to think of strikes or red ribbons. Ralph, the boy whose finger he had treated, was he still in the brig along with Al Connors and the others who had rebelled against the ship's authority?

Al Connors! He could feel a slight lump in his pocket—the pitifully thin package which was all the sailor had to bequeath his next of kin. It was wet and its contents probably illegible by now, and Al's mother's heart would never know the sweet sorrow of reading them. Al Connors! All the vile, cheap, melodramatic trash that had been mouthed about the Al Connorses he had known. Unctuous men who had orated about "our brave boys who were wounded over there." They had been called heroes and martyrs, but they had come back to be cheated . . . jerked around . . .



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At least Al had gone on fighting—and it would be an irony of fate if hero and coward should meet the same end.

Were the first-class passengers lying in each other's arms, awaiting the end? Of what solace now to Thorndyke Spruance was the fair body of his bride? Did they face the prospect of death with less fear than the others on board?

A series of unusually violent shocks jarred the whole vessel. Had the after bulkhead of the deck-well stove in at last? Or was the whole deck house gone, with those of their fellow passengers who had remained in it?

If this were so, there would be little time for complacency over their better situation before the rest of them would follow. They waited tensely, and then, when nothing occurred, sank back into apathy.

Martin Darrow, sitting opposite the doctor, changed the position of his sprained ankle and with the greatest patience tried to light one damp match after another. When finally he coaxed forth a sickly flame, his tobacco was too wet to burn. Though the rest were thus spared the reeking pipe, the professor sucked on it, nevertheless, as he began to appraise their position. "No, Doctor, I don't believe that we shall make it. In the first place, there's the command—a drunken Captain and officers who have displayed over and over again their lack of good judgment. The crew is inexperienced as well. That the screws are still turning I hold to be more a matter of machinery than of men." He paused, as though inviting comment.

Dr. Brandt had no wish to analyze their condition further. In the little while that was left to them, he and Alice had to experience a whole lifetime of that communion of the

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soul which is the greatest, though often the least appreciated, joy of human love. Whatever else was denied to them, this they shared.

Weatherwax watched them with sympathy and interest. He sat erect as ever, his face impassive, the once aggressive mustaches limp. It was twenty years since he had been in love—really in love, and women had meant little to him since, except for an hour's companionship. Still able to recapture the feeling of oneness that came of sharing a bed with one's beloved, at this late date he still regretted the code that had made him relinquish that idyllic existence and suffer in retrospect during all the years of emptiness since.

Darrow was still talking. "Of course our perspective is limited because we are so completely cut off from the rest of our chaotic world. To each man's mind springs unbidden the stuff of which, under other circumstances, rumors would be made: that the bow is smashed, that we've lost a screw, or that even now the ship is in a sinking condition. But we are too resigned to fate to be afraid. I don't see real fear written on a single face among us—or even regret . . ."

No one listened to the professor's discourse, Dr. Brandt least of all. He was conscious that he could actually feel the stresses that racked the *Hawkeye State*. There were times when she was supported at bow and stern and sagged with the load of cargo and engines. Then the strain was reversed as the ship moved sufficiently to hog amidships from the weight of her unsupported extremities, while her wildly threshing propellers further tried both shafts and engines.

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Gradually Darrow's monotone compelled attention. ". . . What an undistinguished ship's company this is! To each other we have become separate personalities, but there is nothing heroic, nothing profound, nothing great about any of us. You don't mind my saying this?"

Actually Dr. Brandt minded very much, but words, like actions, had become useless and were better saved. Darrow's low-voiced, unimpassioned discourse annoyed the doctor more than the whistling of the wind, which had grated for hours upon his nerves. Darrow failed to consider the human qualities possessed by their fellow-passengers. Greatness that was measured by wealth, scientific achievement, or fame was still of comparatively small stature. Faith in mankind and the unselfishness that came of love for it, humility that required courage of a type higher than a general might conceive—these had the true character of greatness. Who could say that the third-class passengers had less than their share of these qualities? But let Darrow talk if it pleased him.

"It seems inevitable that we shall capsize or break in two," Darrow was saying. "But I, for one, shall have no regrets. Look over the roster of names: some oil workers and lumberjacks, a couple of pedagogues and an engineer, a disillusioned missionary, a nurse and a doctor, an assortment of young people who have not yet reached the age of experience. There are millions like us—millions. We die every day. Instead of dying ashore, we shall die at sea, but essentially it is the same. We pay fare or we pay taxes. We place our confidence in a Captain who is chosen for us and we helplessly follow him to eventual destruction. Our privi-

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lege—all that we have—is to pick our ship or line, but the destination is set, the fare approved by a rate commission, the accommodations standardized. . . .”

The dreary, relentless flow of words had become unbearable. “Keep quiet, in Christ’s name!” Dr. Brandt cried. “Let us at least die in peace. The *Hawkeye State* was built for war. What can you expect of her? Or of us? We were built for war too—destined as cannon fodder from the day we were conceived, codified, and numbered before we were christened. Between wars we are converted, patched up, kept alive.” Oh, what *was* the use? His passion ebbed and his words trailed away. “Sorry, my dear,” he whispered into Alice’s ear, and then with a return of his sense of humor, “I shut him up, anyway. Alice . . .”

“Hold on, everybody! It’s coming.” There was no time for the doctor or anybody else to wonder at the sailor’s prescience. A shudder ran the length of the *Hawkeye State* and the passengers felt themselves lifted higher . . . higher . . .

This was the end! A blow of inconceivable proportions thundered upon them, as though the entire ship were being overwhelmed by a single giant wave, beneath which she shivered, fought for a time, and then, after a second blow of equal force, gave up the struggle.

Between decks there was a bedlam of noises—of torrents of water, of the rending of metal, of the tearing of wood. Erica van Nijden thought of a day that she had spent, as a child, on the beach at Scheveningen, when she had watched the thick, creamy seafoam blow across in lovely cottony balls. Cedric Weatherwax thought of the warm, velvety

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skin of the Indian girl he had once held and loved—and deserted, because she was of a color different from his own. Mrs. Wilson cried for herself and for her injured son, who would drown with no comforting arm about him. Dr. Brandt raised Alice's face and placed his lips to hers in a kiss that might have to do them forever. Martin Darrow closed his eyes, smiling to think that he had prognosticated so correctly the end of their voyage. William Wilson entered due-bills, and Smith, the sailor, listened tensely, hoping that the screws would soon resume their familiar throbbing.

With the shock the electric lights grew dim, brightened, and went out, robbing the passengers of the yellowish half-light in which they had been sitting. Long ago, time had ceased to have a meaning. They had endured minutes of endless length, hours of which they had no count, a day that was already an eternity. It might have been a moment or a lifetime that they waited in the dark before Mr. Bloom, with some faint resurgence of curiosity, began to wonder that the *Hawkeye State* still floated, instead of making the inevitable plunge.

Ernie and Johnny, the stowaway and his companion, crouched close to their protector in a stupor of fear and exhaustion. Mr. Bloom shook them into wakefulness and prodded them with increasing excitement into accompanying him. All three jumped from their island of walnuts to discover that the water had subsided. Hand in hand they groped toward the companionway. Although they lost their footing more than once, they realized that the ship's motion had changed to a slow, extreme, but easily predictable roll. They pulled themselves up the stairs, hanging on desper-

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ately once or twice, and entered a space in which balmy air circulated with reviving freshness.

Ernie cried, "Look—the whole roof has fallen in!"

Through the darkness a pale radiance revealed in outline the twisted remains of bulkhead and stove-in upper deck. Voices came out of the shadows, and Mr. Bloom was surprised to find that Smith was already here, aiding the sick passengers who had been caught in the hurricane's final blow.

"None hurt, so far as I can see," the sailor called, and Mr. Bloom was surprised that he could hear perfectly. The wind had ceased! He dashed to a gaping hole where once the bulkhead door had been. Ahead, stripped clean but still recognizable, the superstructure gleamed whitely in the night, and above it was the familiar funnel. He looked skyward, peering through rime-obscured glasses, then ran to the stairway and began to scream, "Doctor . . . Miss van Nijden . . . everyone . . . the stars . . . they're out . . . the stars are out . . . the stars . . ."











LIST OR MANIFEST OF OUTWARD-BOUND PASSENGERS (ALIENS AND CITIZENS) FOR IMMIGRATION OFFICIALS AT PORT OF DEPARTURE

All passengers sailing from a port of continental United States bound for a foreign port or a port of a foreign port, a port of continental United States, or a port of another insular possession, in whatsoever class of travel, must be fully listed or manifested according to the headings printed at top of columns and as soon as possible following the departure of the vessel, or in any event not to exceed 60 days therefrom, by the master, commanding officer, or resident agent of any vessel having such passengers on board.

12-15857

U. S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE

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Passengers sailing from LOS ANGELES, CAL.

NOV. 5, 1921  
(Date)

Bound for Port of NEW YORK

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